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Loomis Joseph Campbell, Mark Bailey

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NEW FRANKLIN

FTH READER.

WITH

A NEW ELOCUTIONARY TREATISE,

SSENTIALS OF READING.

By PROF. MARK BAILEY.

By LOOMIS J. CAMPBELL.

WITH NEW AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK
TAINTOR BROTHERS & CO.

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ILLUSTRATIO

SHOOTING THE OSWEGO FALLS . .
A SCENE IN MIDSUMMER . . . . .
A RACE IN THE BAHAMAS . . . . .
PHŒBE AND HEPZIBAH . . . . . .
THE SOLITARY REAPER . . . . . .
THE LIGHTHOUSE . . . . . .
THE FIORDS OF NORWAY . . . . .
A NEW ENGLAND SNOW-STORM . .

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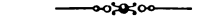
PREFACE.



NEW FRANKLIN FIFTH READER is the result of a
ing endeavor to furnish a choice selection of pieces
ol reading. No piece has been taken without care-
iny, and consideration ot its fitness in matter, expres-
d elocutionary merit. The compiler has constantly
ie questions: Is this selection of interest to the chil-
io will use the book? Is the subject-matter within
ge of their experience or sympathy? Has it sufficient
ce of thought or sentiment, and of style, to be read
id again with profit and satisfaction?

ll be seen by a glance at the List of Authors, that
number of the best writers, both American and Eng-
e represented in this book. From these have been
nany of the choice gems which enrich the treasures
English tongue.

of these selections appears in the Franklin Fifth
Many of them are here presented in a reading-
r the first time. The others, it is thought, are of
during merit, that nothing could be found worthily
their place and leave no cause of regret for their
n.

much explanation should be made a part of the read-
rcise has been a subject of considerable thought. It
seemed best wholly to supersede the teacher by pre-
everything in a finished shape to the pupil, leaving
nost nothing for research and exercise. The plan
has been to give a few definitions of the more un-
ords, and such explanations of proper names as pupils

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ing and disgusting learners by many q
tions. These should be supplied by t
to his judgment. Enough of such que
been given to indicate the various poi
attended to in order to make sure that
text is clearly understood, and that son
lence of the author's expression is felt
other words may be required, as the y
of the meaning and use of many not
apt to be vague and misty.

The ELOCUTIONARY PART, which
teacher and pupil, has been written exp
and is the fruit of PROFESSOR BAILEY'
teaching vocal expression. It is confi
nothing on this subject has heretofore
small compass, which will so richly repay

The BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of
brief, have been carefully considered.

The editor gratefully acknowledges hi
Samuel Thurber, late Submaster of the
in Boston, for valuable aid, and to Mess
Charles Scribner's Sons, Estes & Lau
Mifflin, & Co., for their courtesy in pe
matter from their copyrighted publicat
rangement was made with the last-nam
right to take selections from certain sta
list.

The thanks of the editor are also due
corrector at the University Press, Mr.
read the proof-sheets while the book
the press.

January 2, 1884.

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ESSENTIALS OF READING.

BY

PROF. MARK BAILEY, A. M.,

Instructor of Elocution in Yale College.

PART I.

PREPARATORY STUDY.

ESSENTIALS of good reading are

I. Distinct Enunciation, to be heard.
II. Right Emphasis, to be understood.
III. Right Expression, to be felt.

first essential, Clear Enunciation, as well as the correct ciation of words, we do not discuss in these lessons ding ideas. What is needed on these points is not heory, but *constant correction of faults* as they occur chool work, till the habit of good usage is formed.

liscussing the second point, Right Emphasis, we ask Vhat is the general character of the selection? that we ave a rational basis for the degree of emphasis in render- e sense. "Read the emphatic words *louder*," says the r. Louder than what? "Louder than the unemphatic " But how loud are they, — the unemphatic words? uestion must be answered first, or we have no *standard* by; and the answer to this question is determined al- by the *general spirit* of the piece. If that is unemo- the standard force required is *moderate;* if earnest, the rd force is *loud;* if subdued or pathetic, the standard is *soft.*

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ıe ideas.

In the nature of things, thought and ex
fied, the relations of sense and sound
hen ideas are classified by this sympa
ame of the class suggests the kind of
eas should have, as may be seen in t

CLASSIFICATION OF IDEAS FO

1. UNEMOTIONAL, including all matte
oned ideas.

2. EARNEST, including all ideas that a
ıe unemotional, and yet not marked by

3. SUBDUED, comprising the gentle, te
eas naturally expressed by the "still, sm

4. IMPASSIONED, including all intense
onate ideas.

5. JOYOUS, including all pleasing, bea
g, happy ideas.

6. PATHETIC, including all ideas of s
nder pity, contrition, etc.

7. GRAVE, comprising all impressive
espair, and awe, of dread and horror.

8. NOBLE, embracing all great and
eroic, glorious, sublime, and divine ide

9. HUMOROUS, including pleasantry, j
ry, and good-natured wit and mimicry.

10. SARCASTIC, including ill-natured
ion, and taunt, scorn, irony, mockery, e

When selections are of a *mixed* charact
natter-of-fact,' some 'earnest,' some 'no
uestion, What is the general characte
ust be asked as often as there is a m

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we hear a word spoken, as "hand," we do not
the separate sounds of *h*, *a*, *n*, *d*, but of the mono
their union makes. When we hear a longer word,
pendence," we do not mind the syllables separately,
e- pend- ence, but their union, the one word. So,
e hear a group of words spoken that express a
as, "The sun is the source of light," we do not
the seven words individually, but of the meaning,
of thought.
eader would read as well as he talks, he must learn
nd read, not separate words, but *groups* of words, as
nits; and he must speak all the words in one group,
impulse of mind and voice, just as he speaks all the
in one long word. In short, he must learn to see
l *ideas.*
most important ideas are the two essential to a
and a thought; viz. the *subject*, or thing about
omething is said, and the *predicate*, or what is said
. These are emphatic when *first introduced* in the
n read.
tory is a *useful* study. History is also an *interesting*
as a useful study."
ne first sentence the subject is new, and what is said
t is also new, and both are therefore emphatic. In
ond sentence neither 'history' nor 'useful' is new,
only the new predicate, '*interesting*,' is emphatic.
n, the subject may not be general history, but some
part of history, as *ancient* history, or *modern;* or a
ly of modern history, as *American* history, or history
United States of America, or the yet more definite part
, as 'The *Colonial* history of the United States of
a'; and each idea is in turn new and emphatic, and
rd understood and unemphatic, so that in the last and
group only '*Colonial*' is new and distinctive.
too, the predicate may be no longer the general idea
story is 'interesting,' but some more definite one; as
treats of our *forefathers*, or the still more definite one
trials and *sufferings* of our forefathers; or even this
yet more definite, and the distinctive point be of their
ngs from the *Indians*. In any case, the new and most

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Ideas are made clear and distinct in

I. By *separation;* as, when a sub
bout, it is made distinctive by no s
lection from all other subjects. And
e an independent idea; as, "Ours i
nment."

II. A more distinct view of an un
ened up to us by a happy *comparis*
which is well known; as, "Like a
ildren, so the LORD pitieth them that

III. The most striking way of maki
contrasting it with its opposite; as
th *to seem*, etc.

These distinctive points in clear think
arate, and *compare*, and *contrast* thi
as which should be distinguished by
Thus from facts which all may verify

Principle of Logical Ar

New and distinctive ideas are emp

EXAMPLES.

"And it was the *Sabbath* day whe
opened his eyes."

hat Jesus had made the clay and
stated in this ninth chapter of S
therefore is now well known. Tha
bath' day is the only *new*, emphatic
ls should form but one group, and be

"'T is a con
Devoutly to be *wished.*"

'devoutly' only is emphasized, we
f its being wished distinctive. as

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other way. But Hamlet is speaking of the "*sleep* of
" which shall *end* his "heartache," etc. 'Consumma-
conveys the same idea as *end*, and so is not new or dis-
e. 'To be *wished*' is the distinctive idea (in contrast
ot dreaded, understood).

'It argues, I think, a *sweet* and *generous* nature to have
dship for forest trees."

aste for the cultivation of forest trees has been spoken
ore, and is not new here. 'Nature' is not distinctive,
rse, as that must be understood in any case. But
' and 'generous' (as distinctive from *sour* and *selfish*,
tood) are emphatic.

'Suffer not yourselves to be BETRAYED with a *kiss*."

kiss' alone is emphasized, we make Patrick Henry
villing to be betrayed, only not for so paltry a price as
But the great distinctive idea with him was not to be
ed at all.

"Love thyself *last*; CHERISH those hearts that hate

injunction is to cherish (not to hate in return) those
that hate thee. But if 'hate' alone is emphasized, it
'cherish' to 'hate,' and makes Wolsey (King Henry
Act iii. Sc. 2) say that we must not cherish those
ove us, but only those who hate us.
, whether we intend it or not, we make an idea dis-
e by emphasizing it. If, for instance, in reading the
e of the Prodigal Son, we say: "Bring forth the best
and put it on him; and put a ring on his *hand*, and
on his *feet*"; thoughtlessly emphasizing the last word
h clause, we put in place of the gracious command of
ther to give to the ragged, barefoot son "the *best robe*,"
a *ring*," and "*shoes*," the absurd direction *where* to put
as if the servants might put the shoes on his hands or
head.

"The atrocious crime of being a young *man*."

man' is emphasized, (and it is a common fault to em-
e the last word of a sentence,) it changes the charge,

young *woman*.

7. "My father should wear a broad

This reading of the line in Whittier makes 'coat' distinctive, as if he had no broadcloth; but when Maud Muller is r have a '*coat*' also of that costly kind, meaning, a *broadcloth* coat, in place of he has.

8. "He would dress me up in *silks*

If 'fine' is emphasized, it gives the fa silks now, but not so fine ones, instead o she would have *silks* in contrast with t which she now wears.

9. "And for *him* who sat by the chi
Dozing and *grumbling* o'er *pipe*
A *manly* form at her side she
And JOY was duty, and LOVE

In the first couplet, the ideas which des are emphatic, as marked. In the third is distinctive, by contrast, with 'him,' 'duty' and 'law' (however noble in the tinctive ideas in this ideal home she is dre she had been the Judge's bride, duty an lowed her, and she has little else than real home. But 'joy' and love' are th which she imagines would govern her i these alone should be emphasized.

10. "You have done *that* you should

would be the natural reading of the line when we read what Cassius said in the t
"Do not presume too much upon
I may do that I shall be sorry

we learn that 'that' and 'sorry' ar distinctive ideas, in the reply of Brutus,

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d' are the emphatic words, in contrast with 'may' and '; as, —

"You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for."

"When that the *poor* have cried, *Cæsar* hath wept."

ept,' the last word of the line and of the sentence, is apt falsely emphasized; but being the same as 'cried,' it is r new nor distinctive.

"O Judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And *men* have *lost* their reason!"

e 'reason' is the same in sense as 'judgment,' and ore should not be emphasized. Judgment is fled to , and men have lost it.

13. "Then saw in *death* his eyelids close
Calmly as to a *night's* repose."

e distinctive idea is not 'repose,' as that is understood in oet's idea of death. The repose of *death* is compared *night's* repose.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:
o *forgiveth* all thine iniquities; who *healeth* all thy diseases."

iquities' and 'diseases' are assumed as understood. else could be forgiven or healed? These are not there- istinctive and emphatic, but should be read as the unac- l words of the group.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as *I*` pronounced it to *rippingly*` on the tongue; but if you *mouth*´ it, as many ur players do, I had as lief the *town-crier*` spoke my "

e distinctive idea is, Speak the speech as 'I' (Hamlet) it to you. And this is made more distinctive by 'trip- y.' 'Mouth' is in emphatic contrast to 'trippingly,' and n-crier' an emphatic comparison.

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l EXPRESSION in *Nature* and in *A*
l of *lights* and *shades*, as of color, or
'or the lights and shades of expressi
e the following elements: —

. FORCE, *standard* and *emphatic*, var
sense from moderate degree to the
s of the voice.

. TIME, *standard* and *emphatic*, va
erate to fastest and slowest moveme
l medium to longest and shortest quan

. INFLECTIONS, *simple* and *compou*
ng through short, moderate, long, and
ıe speaking scale.

VOLUME, varying from medium to
and *thinness* which respectively m
ch.

STRESS, or *smooth* and *abrupt* empha
ee with the more or less agreeable or
ts read.

QUALITY, *pure* and *aspirated*, varyi
t is pleasing or displeasing, from the c
joy to the half-whisper of fear and dr
ecrecy and horror.

PITCH, with its natural *key-note*, var
the emotion read, and its closely re
melody, *modulation*, and *compass*, u
nce.

ere surely is no lack of means for
e have the will and wit to learn t
T II.

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PART II.

VOCAL EXPRESSION.

FORCE.

rce in Elocution has two meanings.

Standard Force, — as when we say subdued ideas should ad with soft force, we mean that general force which is to all the words.

Emphatic Force, — as when we say such a word is atic, we mean that it should be read with more than the ral force to give it special importance.

e *standard force* varies with the general spirit of the . If that is unemotional, the general force is *moderate;* nest, it is *loud;* if subdued, it is *soft.*

e *emphatic force* varies with the distinctive ideas.

Principle for Force.

etermine the standard force, for the unemphatic ls, by the general spirit of the piece. Give addi- l force to the emphatic ideas according to their rela- importance.

Unemotional Ideas. — Moderate Force.

. Three *poets*, in three *distant* ages born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England* did *adorn:*
The *first* in GRACEFULNESS of thought surpassed;
The *next* in MAJESTY; in BOTH, the *last.*

ANALYSIS.

e general spirit is unemotional. The standard force is fore moderate. The subject '*poets*' is new and distinct- and requires the first degree of emphasis (marked by s). The only distinctive word in the clause "in three nt ages born" is '*distant.*' This word, being a subordi- idea, is less emphatic than 'poets.' What is asserted

England," is new and distinctive, and e
line is emphatic except 'and' and 'did.'
'next,' and 'last' are distinctive, but less
marked with the same italics. 'Gracefulne
more relative worth, and is also more dis
fore should have the larger emphasis (ma
'Surpassed' needs no emphasis, as it may
such famous poets as are here referred to,
thing. 'Majesty' is of the same distinctiv
fulness,' and 'both' has the united import
and this is indicated by its larger capital l

2. "I am charged with *ambition*. The
I GLORY in its truth. Who ever achieve
in *letters*, *arts*, or *arms*, who was NOT *ambi*
not *more ambitious* than *Cicero*. It was b
ALL GREATNESS is born of *ambition*. L
a NOBLE one, and who shall *blame* it?

3. "The *plumage* of the *mocking-bird*, t
homeliest, has nothing *gaudy* or *brilliant*
nothing *else* to recommend him, would scar
notice; but his *figure* is *well-proportioned*
SOME. The *ease*, *elegance*, and *rapidity* of
animation of his *eye*, and the INTELLIGE
listening, and *laying up lessons* from almo
the feathered creation within his hearing, a
ING, and mark the *peculiarity* of his genius

4. *Portia.* That light we see is burni
How far that little candle throws his bea
So shines a good deed in a naughty worl
Nerissa. When the moon shone, we di
Portia. So doth the greater glory di
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

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Verissa. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Portia. Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Verissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
en neither is attended; and I think
nightingale, if she should sing by day,
en every goose is cackling, would be thought
better a musician than the wren.
v many things by season seasoned are
their right praise and true perfection!

Shakespeare, Merchant of Venice

Earnest Ideas.—Loud Force.

y friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land
never *lost*, that has a *son* to *right* her,—
nd here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!
rong in her *children* should a *mother* be:
hall *ours* be HELPLESS, that has sons like US?
od SAVE our NATIVE *land*, whoever pays
he ransom that redeems her! Now what wait we?
or *Alfred's* word to *move upon* the *foe?*
PON him, then! *Now think* ye on the things
ou *most* do *love! husbands* and *fathers* on
heir WIVES and CHILDREN; *lovers* on their BELOVED;
nd ALL upon their COUNTRY!

Knowles.

Our Fatherland is in danger! Citizens! to arms! to
! Unless the whole nation rise up, as one man, to de-
itself, all the noble blood already shed is in vain; and,
e ground where the ashes of our ancestors repose, the
an knout will rule over an enslaved people! We have
ng to rest our hopes upon but a righteous God and our
strength. And if we do not put forth that strength, God
also forsake us. Hungary's struggle is no longer our
gle alone. It is the struggle of popular freedom against

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Italians, Germans, Poles. With our
of freedom over all. — *Kossuth.*

Subdued Ideas. — Soft F

. Little Nell was *dead.* No *sleep* so
ree from trace of *pain*, so *fair* to look
eature FRESH from the hand of GOD,
uth of *life;* not one who HAD *lived* a
· *couch* was dressed with here and the
and *green leaves*, gathered in a spot s
or. 'When I *die*, put *near* me some
LIGHT, and had the SKY *above it al*
words. — *Dickens.*

. I thought to pass away before, and
l in the fields all round I hear the ble
w sadly, I remember, rose the morning
die before the snowdrop came, and no
weet is the new violet, that comes ben
l sweeter is the young lamb's voice to
l sweet is all the land about, and all th
l sweeter far is death than life to me t

INFLECTIONS.

When we assert anything earnestly, th
tinuously from a higher to a lower pi
able; as, "Thou` art the man." A
stion earnestly, the voice slides up
ıer pitch, on the emphatic syllable;
ther's keeper?" And when we contr
ositive idea, we give both slides; as, —

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in
But in ourselves` that we are un

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gain, when Cassius speaks in ridicule and sarcasm of he voice bends or waves upward on the negative, and rd on the positive emphasis; as, —

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf˅,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep^;
He were no lion˅, were not Romans hinds^."

e peculiar slides and waves of the voice (heard only emphatic syllables) are the "INFLECTIONS," which e most distinctive part of emphasis and expression tion. By 'force' and 'time' alone we could not dis- a question from an assertion in tone, a negative from e idea, ridicule from praise.

ANALYSIS OF THE INFLECTIONS.

main use of speech is to *assert* something, and the ntence of the language is *assertive;* as, —

l is love˴."

e touch of nature makes the whole world kin.˴"

uch assertions naturally take the *falling* slide.

in importance to the assertive is the interrogative , which *asks* others to assert something in answer;

ll you tell me what I wish to know´?"

such questions naturally take the *rising* slide.

these assertions and questions, these positive and e ideas, are other ideas, too well known to be as- and too true to be questioned, which are merely , and therefore are naturally read with the *suspense* e marked, if at all, with the level sign, thus, ¯, in ion from the rising, ´, or the falling, ˴.

"To every man upon this earth
Death¯ cometh soon or late¯."

, I know the *uncertainty¯* of human affairs¯; but I see clearly, through this day's business."

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o THREE CLASSES.

The *First*, and altogether the most
ses all positive assertions and impera
as in contrast with negative ones, de
ıcessions, and all subordinate clauses
the positiveness of the main ideas.

›SITIVE IDEAS.

The *Second* class includes all simple
assertions, all negative, in contrast wi
sions in contrast with denials, and
as as take something from the positiv
as. This class we call NEGATIVE ID

The *Third* class is comparatively une
as too well known to be asserted and
ned, which therefore should have n
rising slide, — which are clearly un
ned, and so spoken naturally with t
is class we call NEUTRAL IDEAS.

To this class belong also those othe
ich form no distinctive part of the tho
cumstances, incomplete in sense, or p

Principles for the Infle

Positive ideas should have the fall
Negative ideas should have the ris
Neutral ideas should be read with t

The emphatic *slides vary in length* w
l the special emphasis required. T
expression of unemotional ideas; lo
d noble ideas; very long, in impassio
d pathetic utterance they are short.

EXAMPLES.

1. Nature rallied the wasting powers
ıve, for a brief period. But it was
had left no *duty unperformed*`; he
d`; no *ambition unattained*`; no *re*
vr`, no *remorse*`. He could not *shake*

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ed on his brow¯. He could not *pierce* the thick
it rose up before him¯. But he knew that *eternity*`
by the shores of time. *Eloquence*` even at *that*
red him with his ancient *sublimity*` of utterance.
said the dying man, "*this*¯ is the END¯ *of earth*`."
for a moment, and then added, "*I am content*`."

W. H. Seward, Death of J. Q. Adams.

y tell us, sir, that we are weak`, — unable to cope
rmidable` an adversary. But when shall we be
? Will it be the next week´, or the next year´?
e when we are totally disarmed´, and when a
ard´ shall be stationed in every house´? Shall
strength by irresolution and inaction´? Shall we
ne means of effectual resistance by lying supinely
acks, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope´,
enemies shall have bound us hand and foot´?
are not` weak, if we make a proper use of those
hich the God of nature` hath placed in our power.
llions` of people armed in the holy cause of liberty`,
ch a country as that which we possess, are invincible`
orce which our enemy can send against us. — *Henry.*

voice falls on 'year' in the question above; as,
be the next week´, or the next year`?" one idea
positive, as if the answer might be 'next week`' or
ar`.' But *both* are negative in Henry's mind, and
uld therefore be read with the rising slide.

ssions, in Contrast with Assertions, take the Rising

Louis. What! so haughty?
member, he who made can unmake.
Rich. Never`! your anger can recall your trust´,
nul my office´, spoil me of my lands´,
e my coffers,´ — but my name`, my deeds`,
royal in a land beyond` your scepter!

Bulwer, Richelieu.

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4. Such men *do* not, *cannot die*.

the charter of independence is, indeed
quent *lips*⁻ that sustained it are *hushed*
that conceived, resolved, and maintain
to such men make it life to live⁻), *thes*

Cold in the *dust*⁻ the perished
But that which *warmed*` it onc

Everett, Eul

Sometimes a whole stanza is assum
with the suspense, as in "Paul Revere

5. You know the rest⁻. In the boo
How the British Regulars fired a
How the farmers gave them ball
From behind each fence and farm
Chasing the red-coats down the la
Then crossing the fields to emerg
Under the trees at the turn of the
And only pausing to fire and load

When the sentence ends with the n
trast, the negative idea has the same
precedes the positive.

6. "I come to *bury*` Cæsar, not t

7. "The mate f
Should be a *man*`, and not a

8. "She seemed a creature FRESH` r
and waiting` for the breath of life; no
and *suffered* DEATH´."

9. We live in deeds`, not years´; in t
In feelings`, not in figures on a d
We should count time by heart`-t
Who thinks` most, feels the noble

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I have bought
den opinions from all sorts of people,
it would be *worn now in their* NEWEST *gloss*ˋ,
; cast *aside*´ so *soon*´.

Shakespeare, Macbeth.

nly the negative part of an antithesis is expressed,
ould be read with the rising emphasis to *suggest* the
ea, as in Longfellow's lines, —

Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of *doubt*´ or *fear*´."

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the *soul*´."

Antithetical Ideas.

ilip. But if we *fail*´ —
ael. They NEVERˋ *fail* who die
GREAT CAUSEˋ! The *block* may soak their *gore*´;
heads may sodden in the *sun*´; their *limbs*
rung to city *gates*´ and castle *walls*´, —
till their *spirit*ˋ walks *abroad*ˋ.

Byron, Marino Faliero.

ttentionˋ it is– (though other qualities belong to this
lent power), attentionˋ it is, that is the very soulˋ
sˋ; not the fixed eye´, not the poring over a book´,
ixed thoughtˋ. — *Dewey.*

he people whom Lafayette came to succor were not
ple; he knew them only in the melancholy story of
ongsˋ. He was no mercenary wretch´, striving for
l of the vanquished´; the palaceˋ acknowledged him
ord, and the valleysˋ yielded him their increaseˋ. He
nameless´ man, staking life for reputation´; he ranked
noblesˋ, and looked unawed upon kingsˋ. — *Sprague.*

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These are more positive expression
therefore take the long falling slides.

16. "'Halt`!'—the dust-brown ra
'Fire`!'—out blazed the rif

17. "'*Shoot*, if you must, this old g
But *spare`* your COUNTRY'S f

18. "*Horatio.* O day and night,
strange!
Hamlet. And therefore as a stra
There are more things in heaven a
Than are dreamt of in your philos

19. "*Hamlet.* What a piece of
noble in reason! how infinite in facul
ing how express and admirable! in
angel! in apprehension how like a g
world! the paragon of animals!"

Compound Questi

Questions beginning with who, wh
how, etc., as, "Where are you *going
doing`?*" take the *falling* slide. Beca
has one *positive* idea, which comes last,
"You are *going`* somewhere," is pos
me *where´?*" "Where" only is inter
emphasized when the question is read
"Where are you *going`?* Where are
generally given as a rule, that, when s
are repeated, they take the rising slide
fact or principle; for, when such a qu
first time, it is repeated in the very
positive emphasis, until the person spok
it. *Then* only, if his answer is not dis
tion may be given with the rising sli
emphasis is taken from the positive, ar
— the interrogative — idea; as, "*Whe*

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:ession! Peaceable secession! Who is so foolish
erybody's pardon) as to expect to see any such
Vhy, what would be the result? Where is the
drawn? What States are to secede? What is
American? Where is the flag of the republic to
Where is the eagle still to tower? or is he to
l shrink, and fall to the ground? — *Webster.*

Positive Questions or Appeals.

he simple question (which may be answered by yes
y, as we see in the last of the series above, take the
r imperative spirit, and demand the falling slide.

Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said an elder` soldier, not a better´.
Did` I say better?"

ppeal is positive. Cassius has no doubt, and our
should have none.

Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.
Brutus. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine *enemies`*?
nd, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?"

Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height,
en dead´? Can you not still` see him, not pale´ and
e´, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his
wound´, but moving resplendent over the field of
with the rose of heaven` upon his cheek, and the fire
y` in his eye`?"

The Address.

positive respect is intended, the address takes the
slide; as, "*Mr. President`*," "*Ladies and Gentle-*
"*Fellow-citizens`*"; and, like other ideas, the address
atic only when first introduced. After that it needs

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The familiar address, when unemph
her opening words. "Friends, I co
Gentlemen, you will please come to
When the address is meant to win
aphatic rising slide; as, "*Mr. Speake*
cause it is really asking recognition i

The Emphatic Monc

The unemphatic suspense of voice
se of a tone, and occurs on nearly al
cept those of the cadence. But wl
rising equably through the interval
dical pitch with lengthened quantity
usic, it is the EMPHATIC MONOTONE
There is no wider difference in hu
tween the indifferent suspense of voi
onotone.
Serious and Sacred Address shoul
onotone.

1. "Lochiel⁻! Lochiel⁻! beware of
When the Lowlands shall meet

Note the difference between the fa
ueen and the serious monotone of Ha

2. "Hamlet´, you have your father
"*Mother⁻*, *you`* have *my father* m

Note also the marked change in the
l son, from the familiar "Father´, g
ods which falleth to me," to the prolo
nfession: —

3. "Father⁻, I have sinned` against
ght, and am no more worthy to be

4. "Our Father⁻ who art in heave
me."

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" Rock of Ages¯, cleft for me¯,
Let me hide myself in thee."

COMPOUND OR CIRCUMFLEX SLIDES.

re in nature is the sympathy between *sound* and
e marked than in the contrasted uses of the simple
ound inflections of the human voice.

IMPLE INFLECTION is a direct, single, straight slide
up the speaking scale; and it naturally *expresses*
mple and direct, single and straightforward, in sense
; that is, sincerity, frankness, earnestness, upright-

OMPOUND INFLECTION is an indirect, double, crooked,
ıg slide, which falls and rises, thus, ˇ; or rises and
s, ˆ; and it as naturally *expresses* what is indirect
ıated and double in meaning, irony, punning, sar-
ıat is crooked or suspicious in intent, what is said
ncerity and earnestness, but in jest and fooling, in
lerision, and scorn, in wit, or humor, or mimicry of
urd dialect. The last part of this double slide is the
nd rises on negative and falls on positive ideas, and
ıe slide accordingly the 'rising compound' or the
compound.'

Authorityˇ! noˆ, to be sure! If you wanted author-
me, you should have adoptedˆ, not marriedˇ me."

arullus. You, sir, what trade are you?

tizen. Truly, sir, in respect of a fineˇ workman, I
as you would say, a cobblerˆ.

But what tradeˋ art thou? Answer me directlyˋ.

it. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
ceˇ; which is, indeed, sir, a menderˇ of bad solesˆ.

What tradeˋ, thou knaveˋ? thou naughty knave,
adeˋ?

it. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not outˇ with me:
ou beˇ outˇ, sir, I can mendˇ you.

What meanest thou by that? Mend´ me, thou saucy

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Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art tho

2*d Cit.* Truly sir, all^v that I live by

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy

ost thou lead these men about the stree

2*d Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out^v their

nto more work^. But, indeed, sir, we

æsar^, and to rejoice in his triumph^.

In the last sentence, the citizen d

nswers directly, therefore with the st

Examples of Sarcasm and

3. O, but you "regretted the partitio

egretted! — you regretted the violence

id. — *Fox.*

4. "They boast they come but to impr

ur thoughts, and free us from the yoke

ill give enlightened freedom to our n

elves the slaves of passion, avarice, an

s protection! yes, such protection as vu

– covering and devouring them! Tel

eek no change, — and least of all such

ring us!"

TIME.

Time has the same general and relativ

Principle for Time.

Determine the standard time by t

he piece.

If the general spirit is unemotional

s moderate.

If joyous, the standard time is fast.

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ve, subdued, or pathetic, the standard time is

g the standard time for the unemphatic words,
itional time to the emphatic ideas, according to
ative importance.

QUANTITY AND PAUSES.

tic time has two forms. 1. That of actual sound,
ty. 2. That of rest, or *pause*.
an emphatic idea is found in a word whose accented
s *long*, give the emphatic time in *quantity*. When
ble to be emphasized is *short*, give to it so much
as good usage allows, and the residue in a *pause after*
; thus holding the attention of the mind on the idea
ll time demanded by the principle.
extraordinary emphasis of time is required, long
ould be added to long quantity.
reat use of pauses is to group the words and ideas
t to present the meaning to the eye and the ear.
rammatical pauses are valuable helps, so far as they
l wisely. Yet in very emphatic sentences many
uses than the printed ones are needed to give the
ning; and in long unemphatic sentences the written
hould be observed only when the omission would
the sense. Hence the need to observe, in reading,

THE LOGICAL PAUSES.

he upright line indicate the extra pause needed to
e sense; — *one* line for the standard time, and *two*
for extra emphasis, and the *half*-line for any paren-
clause. Where the usual commas, semicolons, and
sufficiently indicate the groups, no logical signs are
ed.
he emphatic sentence (page 36), — from Pitt's reply
pole, — no less than six extra pauses are needed;
e in the succeeding sentence of President Lincoln's;
ut one pause of any kind is needed in the long verse
ollows.

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ivanced | in age, has receded | from
ore | wicked | with less | temptation."

"The world will little note, nor long
y | here, but it can *never* forget | what

But the Jews did *not believe* concern
en blind, and received his sight, |
rents of him that had received his sigh

Examples for Moderate

1. "The young man" (it is often said
he would only *study*." Now the tru
e liberty to state it, that *genius* | WIL
the mind | which *does* || study: that
I care not to say that it will alw
udy | is not *reading*, any more than a
TTENTION || it is, — (though other qu
anscendent power). ATTENTION ||| i
UL || of genius; not the fixed *eye*, n
ok, but the fixed THOUGHT. — *Dewey.*

The parenthetic marks are here use
dicate less than the standard time.
so usually read with less force, and
e ideas they separate.

2. "What polish is to the diamond, r
dual. It heightens the value and the
in some sense, the mirror of the mi
presents the thoughts and emotions
ways be engaged in expressive action.
e silent, even when we are not in actio
our air and manner which expresses
hat is low; what is human and benigna
id harsh."

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Examples for Fast Time.

I come! I come! ye have called me long!
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

Mrs. Hemans.

very one is doubtful what course to take, — every
Cæsar! He causes the banner to be erected, the
o be sounded, the soldiers at a distance to be recalled,
a moment. He runs from place to place; his whole
in action; his words, his looks, his motions, his ges-
hort his men to remember their former valor. He
em up, and causes the signal to be given, — all in a
. He seizes a buckler from one of the private men,
himself at the head of his broken troops, — darts into
k of the battle, — rescues his legions, and overthrows
my! — *J. S. Knowles.*

Examples for Slow Time.

ut where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle
g been over; they have gone down amidst the roar
tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of
p. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over
and no one can tell the story of their end. — *W. Irving*

Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

Willis.

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Volume is the fullness or the thinnes
full swell may be greatest when the f
the expression of reverence and awe.
be least when the force is loudest, as i
anger.

Moderate volume is to be used with
and slides, in unemotional reading. Fu
tial element in the expression of noble s

Full volume magnifies, *thin volume* mi

Unemotional Ideas. — Modera

Cleopatra was only sixteen years
came an object of admiration to Cæ
beauty fascinated Antony, and lost for
Roman Empire. She was Greek in f
Egyptian only in the color of her skin.
of her enchantment about these warri
compelled them to do her bidding. — *J*

Noble Ideas. — Full Vo

1. MIND` is the NOBLEST` part of
VIRTUE` is the NOBLEST *distinction*`.
ear of *Wisdom*, is a *grander*` name, is a
title, than *peer* of the *realm*´, or *princ*
cording to the eternal rules of *celestial*
immmortal heraldry of *Nature* and of *H*
place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of
MAJESTY of GOD`! — *Fawcett.*

The second sentence ends with the ri
all *external titles* with the *intrinsic virtu*
of the realm' and 'prince of the bloo
really grand names, then *comparison*
slides should fall.

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But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind —
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high? —
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws: —
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

T. Campbell.

Example for Contempt. — Thin Volume.

He made me mad
e him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
ns and drums and wounds, — God save the mark! —
telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
parmaceti for an inward bruise;
that it was great pity, so it was,
villainous saltpeter should be digged
of the bowels of the harmless earth,
h many a good tall fellow had destroyed
owardly; and, but for these vile guns,
would himself have been a soldier.

Shakespeare, King Henry IV.

STRESS.

ss is the quality, rather than the quantity, of emphatic
It is of two general kinds, *smooth* and *abrupt.*
ooth, swelling tones are pleasing to the ear; abrupt,
tones are displeasing to it. Hence the first sort natu-
expresses what is agreeable to the mind; the other,
is disagreeable.

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Pleasing ideas require the smooth
Displeasing ideas require the abru

Abrupt Stress.

The Roman Tribune, angry that the people c

1. *Marullus.* Wherefore rejoice? V
he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wh
You blocks, you stones, you worse than
you hard hearts, you cruel men of Ro
Knew you not Pompey? . . . .
And do you now put on your best attire
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his wa
That comes in triumph over Pompey's b
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knee
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude

S

2. I have returned, *not*´ as the right
is said, to raise another *storm*´, — I hav
that *constitution*`, of which I was the par
om the *assassination*` of *such* men as t
an` and his unworthy *associates*`. Th
ey are SEDITIOUS`, — and they at this
CONSPIRACY` against their *country*`!
npeachment or *trial*`! I *dare*` accusa
onorable *gentleman*`! I *defy* the GOV

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ole PHALANX`! Let them come *forth`!* I tell sters I will neither *give them* quarter, nor *take`* it!

Grattan, Reply to Mr. Corry.

Smooth Stress.

llow-Citizens, — I congratulate you, I give you joy, eturn of this anniversary. I see, before and around ass of faces, glowing with cheerfulness and patriotic This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites rican hearts. Every man's heart swells within him, an's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud , as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled nd that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; iminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original is to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to enerations. — *Webster.*

At last, Malibran came; and the child sat with his iveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that id lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody to worship, would really sing his little song? Breath- waited; — the band, the whole band, struck up a little e melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for

l oh! how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, subduing; — many a bright eye dimmed with tears; ight could be heard but the touching words of that ng, — oh! so touching!

tle Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in ope had sung his little song, and thousands had wept rief."

last example should be read with suppressed force, but arnest, though delicate, springing, smooth, swelling to express the intense rapture of little Pierre.

3. *Israel.* We must forget all fe
We must behold no object save
And only look on death as beau
So that the sacrifice ascend to h
And draw down freedom on her
Philip. But if we fail —
Israel. They ne
In a great cause! The block n
Their heads may sodden in the
Be strung to city gates and cast
But still their spirit walks abroa
Elapse, and others share as darl
They but augment the deep and
Which overpower all others, an
The world, at last, to freedom!

The middle lines in the above sele
ncessions, should have the abrupt str

4. "O liberty! O sound once delig
r! O sacred privilege of Roman cit
now trampled on!"

The last idea should have abrupt str

5. "The Lord is my shepherd; I sh
"He maketh me to lie down in gree
beside the still waters. He restore

QUALITY.

Quality, as here used, refers to the
aspirated. When all the breath exh
and is vocalized, the tone is pure in
rt of the breath thus used is vocalize
quality.
Pure Quality, like smooth stress of

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naturally expresses what is pleasing in spirit, such
and noble ideas.
ted Quality, like abrupt stress of voice, is displeas-
so as naturally expresses what is disagreeable or
n spirit.

Joyous Ideas.—Pure Quality.

What *change*` has made the *pastures sweet*`,
And reached the *daisies*` at my feet,
And *clouds*` that wore a *golden* hem?
This *lovely world*–, the *hills*–, the *sward*–,
They all look FRESH`, as if our Lord
But YESTERDAY` had finished them.

Jean Ingelow.

ed Quality, with Loud Force, Long Slides, and very Abrupt Stress.

the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike,
not the courage to give the blow! I will not call
ain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a
ouncillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens
ancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who
ed the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate,
ttering of language which, if spoken out of the House,
answer only with a blow! I care not how high his
, how low his character, or how contemptible his
whether a Privy Councillor or a parasite, my answer
e a blow!

Grattan to Mr. Corry.

Quality, with Long Quantity, Full Swelling, Smooth Stress.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

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What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrough
To sympathy with hopes and fe

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, th

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts ar
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rap

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou sco

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must kno
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as

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the simple assertive sentence as the unit of thought
lody, as "Old events have modern meanings." The
s the pitch we begin with on 'Old'; the *cadence*
h we end the last two or three syllables with. The
pitch which unites the key-note and the cadence in
nce is the *current melody.* The range of tones used
ıle is the *compass.*
y-note is the standard pitch, on and above which the
ıust be made.
if this base-note is pitched too high, natural melody
ible, as the tones below the key-note and cadence are
available. This is one reason why "school reading"
o unmelodious.
st thing, then, for naturalness, as well as for melody,
l out the *natural key-note* of each reader's voice.
y be done by asking him to inhale freely, and to
ut the sound of 'a' in arm, or 'ha,' once or
en *vocalize* the same as a question and answer, as
letting nature take the pitch which comes easiest:
be the reader's natural key-note and cadence.
vill leave most of the natural voice above the key-
cadence, for melody.
adence is simply the fall of the voice to the key-note
nd of the sentence. It is recognized by the ear as
of completed sense.
laws of natural melody may be stated negatively

avoid disagreeable monotony, *not more than two or*
ısecutive syllables should be read on the same note.
o avoid extravagant changes, *the voice must rise or*
t varies from syllable to syllable, but one tone at a time.
o avoid using too wide a compass, *even this change of*
ust not be continued up or down the scale on more than
hree consecutive syllables.
o avoid melodic monotony, *the very same changes must*
epeated over and over on consecutive phrases.
emphatic slides and suspense of voice, which give the
s incomplete or negative, suspended, or positive and
e, direct the melody also in the same way and for the
asons.

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1. Art is long, and time is flee
And our hearts, though stou
Still, like muffled drums, ar
Funeral marches to the gra

2. It is these which I love and ven
should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm
did I not also feel it for a land like t
it would seem to me degenerate and u
passion upon the traces of Homer a
without emotion the nearer and plain
speare and Milton. — *Everett.*

Wider Compass and M

3. There was a sound of revelry by
And Belgium's capital had ga
Her Beauty and her Chivalry;
The lamps shone o'er fair wo
A thousand hearts beat happily;
Music arose with its voluptuo
Soft eyes looked love to eyes wh
And all went merry as a marr

4. "Suppose that you see, at once,
day and all the seasons of the year, —
and a morning of autumn, a night bril
night obscure with clouds; — you will
notion of the spectacle of the universe.
that, while you are admiring the sun
vault of the west, another observer is
quits the region of the east, — in the
weary, from the dust of the evening, a
youthful, in the dews of morn!"

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PART III.

GENERAL CLASSES OF IDEAS.

learned separately the use of each element of vocal
ı, we are prepared to take up their united use in the
ıding of the various classes of ideas.

Unemotional Ideas.

tional ideas should have moderate standard force
and slides and volume, middle pitch, smooth stress,
quality of voice, and moderate compass and variety
.

is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the
n of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and
nature, to have a strong relish for the beauties of
ı, and a friendship for the hardy and glorious sons
rest. He who plants an oak looks forward to future
l plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish
. He cannot expect to sit in its shade and enjoy its
but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has
the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall
flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind,
r he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

W. Irving.

Earnest Ideas.

st ideas should have loud standard force, long slides,
e time, with long quantity on the emphatic syllables,
ıitch, slightly aspirated quality, and abrupt stress and
mpass and melody.

Who, then, caused the strife
at crimsoned Naseby's field, and Marston's Moor?
was the Stuart; — so the Stuart fell!
victim, in the pit himself had digged!

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In secret and in shade, — no eye t
The one step from their prison to
He died in the eyes of Europe, —
Of the broad heaven; amidst the
Whom he had outraged; by a sole
Passed by a solemn court. Does
You pity Charles! 't is well; but
The tens of thousand honest humb
Who, by the tyranny of Charles c
To draw the sword, fell, butchered

Bulwer, Crom

Joyous Ideas.

Joyous ideas should have fast time, lo
ress, pure quality, long slides, higher
melody.

ou must wake and call me early, call
o-morrow 'll be the happiest time of a
f all the glad New-year, mother, the
or I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mot
o' the May.

sleep so sound all night, mother, that
you do not call me loud when the da
ut I must gather knots of flowers, and
or I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mo
o' the May.

Example for Softer Force and S

And what is so rare as a day in
Then, if ever, come perfect day
Then Heaven tries the earth if
And over it softly her warm ea

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Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.

J. R. Lowell.

Noble Ideas.

e ideas should have full swelling volume and smooth ith long quantity and long slides, loud force, pure middle pitch, and wide compass and melody.

vish that this column, rising towards heaven among ted spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may te also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of nce and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last n the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and to gladden him who revisits it, may be something nall remind him of the liberty and glory of his coun- et it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and on its summit.

Webster, Bunker Hill Monument.

Subdued and Pathetic Ideas.

ied or pathetic ideas should have soft force, short ow time, gentle smooth stress, pure quality, and less derate volume and compass.

're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
he last New-year that I shall ever see,
you may lay me low i' the old and think no more
of me."

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Grave ideas should have low pitch, l
pass and melody, slow time, with lon
full volume, soft force, and moderat
stress and pure quality when the id
solemn, but more or less abrupt stres
in dread, awe, and horror.

And, — when I am forgotten, as I
And sleep in dull cold marble, wh
Of me more must be heard of, —
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the w
And sounded all the depths and sh
Found thee a way, out of his wre
A sure and safe one, though thy r
Mark but my fall, and *that* that ru
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling aw
By that sin fell the angels; how
The image of his Maker, hope to
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if th
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

Sha

Humorous and Sarcast

Good-natured wit and pleasantry ha
in common with ill-natured wit and sar
for the fun and wit good-naturedly,
by the *smooth stress*. The force and
with long time, and wide range of com

Good-natured Wit and

Beatrice. I *wonder* that you will *st*
Benedick: nobody *marks*˅ you.

Benedick. *What*˅, my *dear* Lady
yet-living˅?

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. Is it *possible Disdain*^ should *die*^, while she hath
eet˅ food to feed it as Signior *Benedick*˅? *Courtesy*^
ust convert to *disdain*^, if YOU˅ come in her presence.
. Then is courtesy a *turncoat*˅. But it is certain I
ed of *all* ladies, only *you*˅ excepted: and I would I
ind in my heart that I had not a *hard*˅ heart; for,
I˅ love *none*.
. A *dear happiness*^ to *women*^: they would else
een troubled with a PERNICIOUS^ suitor. I thank
nd my *cold*˅ *blood*, *I*˅ am of *your*˅ humor for *that*^:
rather hear my *dog*^ bark at a *crow*^, than a *man*^
he *loves*^ me.
. God *keep* your ladyship *still*^ in *that*^ mind! so
entleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate *scratched*˅

. *Scratching* could not make it *worse*^, an 't were
face as *yours*˅ were.

Shakespeare, Much Ado about Nothing.

Sarcasm and Envy.

be read with abrupt stress, circumflex slides, and aspi-
uality.

And this^ man
now˅ become a god^, and Cassius is
wretched^ creature, and must bend his body^,
Cæsar carelessly but nod^ on him.
e had a fever` when he was in Spain,
nd, when the fit was on him, I did mark
low he did shake^; 't is true, this god^ did shake^:
is coward^ lips` did from their color^ fly,
nd that same eye`, whose bend doth awe˅ the world˅,
id lose his luster`. I did hear him groan^;
y`, and that tongue` of his, that bade the Romans
Mark` him, and write his speeches^ in their books,
Alas`! it cried, "Give me some drink^, Titinius,"

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A man of such a feeble^ temper sh
So get the start of the majestic wo
And bear the palm alone`!

Impassioned Ideas

Impassioned ideas require very loud f
very marked stress, more or less aspirat
compass of voice and melody.

Sarcastic and Impassio

I speak not to you, Mr. Renwick, of
dition; — perhaps you delight in the pe
speak not to those around us, who, in
substance, and their families, have end
erty, and irremediable dishonor. The
hallowed men, willing to endure. But
this meeting, — I am speaking not of
of feelings, — if there is one here that fe
to feel, he will draw his sword and say
house of Stewart! woe to the oppressor

Noble and Impassione

The slides on the first sentence are
rest, impassioned.

W

Through the famed course of thirte
Aloof` hath held invasion` from yo
And sanctified` their name`? And
Shrink´ from the hopes of the expe
Bid your high honors´ stoop´ to for
And in one hour´ give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years´ of
Die` — all` first! Yes`, die by pie
Leave not a limb` o'er which a Dan

Brooke, Gus

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ad poetry well we must study, —

The ideas, — the sense and spirit.

The meter, — the kind and number of "feet" in the e lines.

The proper blending of the sense and the measure, — hm of the verse.

irst and most important part — the right reading of e and spirit — we have anticipated in our general ons.

MEASURE AND METER.

greeable variety of accented and unaccented syllables, er and shorter quantities, in our English speech, is l more pleasing to the ear in English verse by being l in some regular proportion, order, and recurrence.

e regular proportion of *one accented* to *one unaccented* we have, as a unit of measure, the dissyllabic foot, n *iambus*, or a *trochee*, according as it is arranged in or the other of two regular orders.

First Order (*iambic*).

'Must wé | but blúsh? | our fá | thers bléd."

Second Order (*trochaic*).

"Líves of | greát men | áll re | mínd us."

e regular proportion of *one accented* to *two unaccented* s we have, as a unit of measure, the trisyllabic foot, n *anapest*, or a *dactyl*, according as it is arranged in or the other of two regular orders.

First Order (*anapestic*).

s the clíme | of the éast, | 'tis the lánd | of the sún."

Second Order (*dactylic*).

éw the fair | gárlands where | slúmber the | déad."

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the unaccented syllables.

The *meter* is determined by the nu
respective lines; as 'five-foot,' 'four-
'four-foot,' in the order given in the l
measure.'

"There wás | a tíme | when méad | ow
The éarth | and év | ery cóm
To mé | did seém
Appár | eled ín | celés | ti

PROSAIC READING AND S

The two great faults in the reading
reading, which aims to give the meanin
for the music of verse, and *scanning*
chops the lines into their metric parts,
foot separately, with a monotonous n
pause, which destroy both the sense a

To remedy the first fault, which tu
the *measure* must be made the promin
Musical lines, in which the thoughts an
into and fill the meter, must be often r
taste learn to appreciate their metric ch

To remedy the fault of sing-song,
meter, the *sense* must be especially e
and the words grouped to give the me
meter.

But to remedy both of these extrem
harmonizes the sense and the measure,

RHYTHM.

The foot and meter of verse may
scanning it, but the rhythm can be hea
whole is read.

Rhythm is the opposite of scannin
analysis or cutting up of the lines int
Rhythm is the synthesis, or flowing to

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to such larger groups, and with such varying accent and
red time, as give both the sense and melody of verse.
ttle scanning is introduced here partly to show *what not*
n reading, and partly to present more clearly, by con-
he nature and use of rhythm.

Rhythmic Grouping, Accent, and Pauses.

mél | anchól | y dáys | have cóme, | the sád | dest óf |
the yéar,
váiling wínds, and náked woóds, and méadows brówn
and sére."

scanning this first line of 'seven-foot' meter in the
way, it is divided into *seven* groups, with seven uniform
s and pauses.
the rhythmic reading, which accords with the sense,
seven feet flow naturally into only *two* groups.
l the seven monotonous accents also are changed to
ignificant ones which give the meaning, and three un-
atic ones merely metric, so light as not to mar the sense
w, and yet distinct enough to preserve the meter; as
—

"The *mel*ancholy *days* have come, —
The *sad*dest of the *year*."

e seven feet of the second line flow into *three* groups.
how the sense so fills the measure in this line that the
atic and metric accents agree in number.

"Of wailing winds — and naked woods —
And meadows brown and sere."

serve, also, that the 'seven-foot' meter of the lines just
d may as well be written and read as they are here
ped, in the "common meter" of alternate 'four-foot'
three-foot' lines.
is shows that mere meter has less to do with natural
ng than rhythmic grouping. The lines in Shakespeare
nearly all of one measure and meter, and would sound
alike in scanning. Yet what infinite variety of group-
nd expression they demand in their perfect reading!

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In lines like the last, the feet are nu
and so they are in trisyllabic measure.

"For the móon never béams without
Of the beaútiful Ánnabel Lée,
And the stars never rise but I feel
Of my beautiful Annabel Lee."

The number of accents is the same i
movement and time mark the differen
measure. Time is the chief element i
verse.

The standard time, as fast or slow, v
the spirit of the poem; but the relative
—that is to say, the several feet whi
given logical group should have an eq
given to that group. One whole grou
the next group may be sad, and so the
suddenly from fast to slow; but the as
should be measured with equable time
words allow of it; and if they do not
verse is not musical, and the sense alone

THE FINAL PAUS

Pauses in verse, as in prose, are used
The lines are usually separated from e
demanded by the sense. But when th
the last of one line with the first of th
and rhythm both forbid any final paus
linger on the final foot long enough t
quantity, and to mark the rhyme, but no

"And dark as winter—was
Of Iser, rolling rapidly."

"All is finished! and at leng
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength."

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"Ready *to be*
The bride of the gray old sea."

ıe last example the quantity of the foot "to be" is
ned to fill the metric time, and to mark the rhyme
sea."

ryant's "Forest Hymn," in five-foot iambic verse, sev
ısecutive lines flow on with no *final* pause.

"For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised?"

THE CÆSURAL PAUSE.

cæsura is a peculiar pause of the sense in the line
breaks a foot, one part of which foot flows with the
before the pause, and the other part of the same foot
ith the group after the pause.

cæsura does not affect the rhythm or reading of verse
re than other pauses. It affects the scanning merely.
sural foot is often made of two *short* and *unaccented*
s, and is then marked by time only.
time of the natural pauses of emphasis, and pauses
eparate the ideas, is counted in reading the lines only
s it is needed to equalize the measure. When thus
the pause affects the measure like a *rest* in *music.*

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Unfurled | her stan | dard — to
She tóre the ázure róbe of níght,
And sét the stárs of glóry théré

In the second foot of the first, and i
second line, occurs the *cæsural* foot, u
these lines, a *rest* equivalent to a *shor*
complete the time in the cæsural feet.

"When Frēe | dŏm ⏑ frŏm | hĕr r
Unfūrled | hĕr stān | dărd ⏑ tŏ

The poet in this example has utilized
ing it an essential part of the measure,
In the other lines the syllables alone fi

Sometimes the *pause of emphasis* is
portional part of the measure of a line.

"*Hárk!* | 't is the voíce | of the
And it spéaks | to our heárt
And it tells | of the bear | ing
Who com | passed its sum |

Observe the use of the emphatic *mon*
and of the *dissyllabic foot* at the begi
"*who com.*" Such feet are allowed,
they can take the same time as the re

It is not claimed that all lines can
ured. The pause is often *extra* time
verse.

When the regular rhythm will give
assumed to be the poet's reading. In t

"Líves of gréat men áll re
Wé can máke our líve

the trochaic reading must be preferred,
by a strong accent on "*we,*" and pre
harmony with the other lines.

"We can make *our* lives sublime" gi

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agreeable variety in the *flow* of verse is often intro-
into dissyllabic measure by the use of a foot of three
les.

And whát | is so ráre | as a dáy | in Júne?
Thén if | éver | come pér | fect dáys;
Then Heáven | tries the éarth | if it bé | in túne,
And ó | ver it sóft | ly her wárm | ear láys."

e measure of time is the same in the first line as if writ-
us: "And what | so rare | as days | in June."
the added syllables give a pleasing rhythmic variety,
makes half the charm of the verse. Note, also, that
cond line begins with trochaic feet and ends with iam-
hus still further varying the rhythmic beauty.

netimes these exceptional "feet" are used to give va-
o the verse, and often to accommodate the sense.
e trisyllabic measure often begins or ends with a foot
o syllables, and sometimes of *one* long syllable, which
be read with the same time as the standard feet, thus
ving to the ear the regular trisyllabic measure.

h, young | Lochinvár | is come oút | of the Wést!"

ēar Fá | ther, take cáre | of thy chíl | dren, the bóys."

e unaccented syllable in the first foot is long, and equals
tric time the two unaccented syllables in the standard

éar to each | heárt are the | námes of the | bráve;
Résting in | glóry, how | swéetly they | sléep!
éw-drops at | évening fall | sóft on each | gráve,
Kíndred and | strángers bend | fóndly to | wéep."

ese dactylic lines end with a foot of *one* accented sylla-
hich, being at the end of the line and emphatic, can be
ably prolonged to fill the standard time.

netimes the emphasis of the sense overmasters the regu-
etric accent.

Has there án | y old fél | low got mixed | with the bóys?"

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most emphatic syllable in the line, be
and must therefore take the strong acc

"Has there án | y *óld* fel | low got n

The change does not affect the tim
the rhythm, by putting the accent on
the second foot.

Iambic lines very often begin with a

"Úp from | the méad | ow ríc
Cléar in | the cóol | Septém

When consecutive trisyllabic words
trochaic line, they give in reading the
other measure.

"Beaúti | ful Év | elyn Hóp

This line may be scanned in severa
reading it takes this form best, —

"Beaútiful | Évelyn | Hópe

with two dactyls, one monosyllabic foot
is the natural grouping of the words
preserves the rhythm and music of the

Finally, GROUP the words so as be
VARY THE ACCENT in force and place t
the general time to the general spirit o
the feet associated in any given group
relative EQUABLE TIME, as far as the po

In a word, read the SENSE ALWAYS,
you can.

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SENTENCES FOR ARTICULATION.

1. The earth is veiled in shades of night.
2. Nor doth remain a shadow of man's ravage.
3. The fair-haired babe reposes sweetly there.
4. Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star?
5. I ask but a last grasp of thy honest hand.
6. The wild horse hears thy falling waters.
7. For life, for life, their flight they ply.
8. Urge not high birth, but modest worth.
9. The rule would prove him dupe or fool.
10. The foot of wolf could never thread this wood.
11. Thy hand imbues the clouds with all pure tints.
12. It is the voice of joy, and boisterous mirth.
13. Earth smiles around with boundless bounty blest
14. Eden's pure gems angelic legions keep.
15. Here rest the great and good in lowly graves.
16. Up the high hill he heaved a huge round stone.
17. Wave your tops, ye pines, in praise and worship.
18. The lark carols clear in yonder pure sphere.
19. The wild and wanton winds there wail and weep.
20. And will you yet call yourself young?
21. Three sixths are three times one sixth.
22. Then thou wilt loathe thy wasted life.
23. With short, shrill shriek it flits along the shore.
24. Where the white winter wheat will grow.
25. Rising and leaping, sinking and creeping.
26. The shade he sought, and shunned the sunshine.

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KEY

TO THE SOUNDS OF THE M

fāme, mē, pīne, ōld, ū
lăd, lĕd, lĭd, ŏn, sŭn,
färr, åsk, fâre, fa̤ll, nô
çent, iṣ, ġem, ḡo, ṫhis

The Marked Letters are used to indicat
in cases where there might be doubt as t

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READING LESSONS.

I.—THE VOICE.

EMERSON.

H WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, but lived
ost of his life in Concord, Mass., where he died, April 27, 1882.
graduating at Harvard College, he taught five years, and then
awhile to a Unitarian congregation in Boston. In 1833 he was in
and formed a warm and lasting friendship with the great Scottish
arlyle.
son wrote both prose and poetry, remarkable for wealth of thought
ity of expression. His mode was rather to declare truth than to
by a course of reasoning. Seekers find many a golden nugget and
in the treasures of Emerson.
of his prose essays were first delivered from the platform, as lectures.

A GOOD voice has a charm in speech as in song; imes of itself enchains attention, and indicates a ensibility, especially when trained to all its powers. voice, like the face, betrays the nature and dis- on, and soon indicates what is the range of the er's mind.

Many people have no ear for music; but every one n ear for skillful reading. Every one of us has at time been the victim of a well-toned and cunning , and perhaps been repelled once for all by a harsh anical speaker.

The voice, indeed, is a delicate index of the state of nind. I have heard an eminent preacher say, that earns from the first tones of his voice on a Sunday ning whether he is to have a successful day.

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will make any words glorious. T
holds of the good reader. In the cl
a good reader who can read sense
hymn in the hymn-book.

5. Plutarch, in his enumeration
tors, is careful to mention their exc
pains bestowed by some of them i

6. What character, what infinite
voice! sometimes it is a flute, some
what range of force! In moments
deeper sympathy, the voice will att
tration which surprises the speal
auditor.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's
So charming left his voice, that h
Thought him still speaking, still s

Her voice w
Gentle, and low, an excellent thin

sen-si-bil'i-ty, capacity to feel, or delicacy of feeling.
in'dex, a pointer; indication.
e-nu-mer-a'tion, numbering.
in'fi-nite (*-nit*), unlimited.
au'di-to
trip'-ha which
Plu'tarc writer

Explain: to have no ear for music (2); a m

[*The numeral in parentheses indicates the par term or phrase is to be found.*]

Point out the figure of speech in paragraph page 431, II.

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II.—A BROOD OF PARTRIDGES.

BURROUGHS.

JOHN BURROUGHS was born at Roxbury, New York, in 1837. He is a keen-eyed observer of nature, and his sketches of what he sees in his rambles in field and forest, and by the water-side, have a delightful freshness and vivacity. Among his chief works are "Wake-Robin," "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," and "Locusts and Wild Honey."

1. I PASS on through the old "Barkpeeling," now threading an obscure cowpath or an overgrown wood-road; now clambering over soft and decayed logs, or forcing my way through a network of briers and hazels; now entering a perfect bower of wild-cherry, beech, and soft-maple; now emerging into a little grassy lane, golden with buttercups or white with daisies, or wading waist-deep in the raspberry bushes.

2. Whir! whir! whir! and a brood of half-grown partridges start up like an explosion, a few paces from me, and, scattering, disappear in the bushes on all sides. Let me sit down here behind this screen of ferns and briers, and hear this wild-hen of the woods call together her brood.

3. At what an early age the partridge flies! Nature seems to concentrate her energies on the wing, making the safety of the bird a point to be looked after first; and while the body is covered with down, and no signs of feathers are visible, the wing quills sprout and unfold, and in an incredibly short time the young make fair headway in flying. The same rapid development of wing may be observed in chickens and turkeys, but not in water-fowls, nor in birds that are safely housed in the nest till full-fledged.

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a young sandpiper, a most beautifu
in a soft gray down, swift and nim
week or two old, but with no sig
of body or wing. And it needed
me by taking to the water as read
with wings.

5. Hark! there arises over there
persuasive cooing, a sound so subtle
trusive, that it requires the most a
to hear it. How gentle, and solicito
ing love! It is the voice of the mo

6. Presently a faint, timid "Y
eludes the ear, is heard in vario
young responding. As no danger
ing of the parent bird is soon a v
call, and the young move cautiou
Let me step never so carefully fr
and all sounds instantly cease, and
either parent or young.

7. The partridge is one of our n
acteristic birds. The woods seem g
find him. He gives a habitable a
one feels as if the rightful occupan
The woods where I do not find him
thing, as if suffering from some neg
then he is such a splendid success, s
I think he enjoys the cold and th
seem to rustle with more fervency

8. If the snow falls very fast, a
storm, he will complacently sit dow
to be snowed under. When you a
times, he suddenly bursts out of th

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ing the flakes in all directions, and goes humming through the woods like a bombshell, — a picture ive spirit and success.

ng (*thrĕd′-*), passing through
ow way.
u′sive (*-trōō′sĭv*), modest.
ous, full of care.
com-pla′cent-ly, as if pleased.
bomb′shell (*bum′-*), a hollow iron ball, which bursts after being fired from a mortar.

and pronounce: enveloped, persuasive, raspberry, subtle, de-t, partridges, plumage (*-ej*).

in: never so carefully (6), (so carefully as never before). "Never" er" are thus used to intensify the meaning.

out similes in paragraphs 2 and 8. See page 431, I.

III. — CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

ANDERSEN.

CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, a celebrated Danish writer, was born in died in 1875. His parents were in humble circumstances, and it was for him to get an education. In "The Story of My Life," he pleas-ks about his early struggles. But he found good friends to help him was able to complete his studies at the royal college of Copenhagen. rote novels, poems, dramas, and travels, but the best known of all ngs are his wonder stories and fairy tales. They have been read ght by children, and grown people too, in most, if not all, modern s.

AT a rich merchant's house there was a children's and the children of rich people and the children t people were there. The merchant was a learned for his father had sent him to college, and he had his examination. His father had been a cattle- and always honest and industrious, so that he ade money, and his son, the merchant, had man- increase his store

was less said of his heart than of
scriptions of people visited at th
some who had "birth" as it is ca
had "mind," and some who had
had neither.

3. But to-day it was a childre
was children's prattle, which alwa
from the heart. Among the young
tiful little girl, who was extremely
been taught her by the servants, an
who were far too sensible people.

4. Her father was Groom of the
high office at court, and she knew
the court," she said; — now she mi
been a child of the cellar, for no on
— and then she told the other ch
well-born, and said that no one wh
could rise in the world. It was o
be industrious, for if a person had
never achieve anything.

5. "And those whose names end
"can never be anything at all. We
akimbo, and make the elbows qu
keep these 'sen' people at a great
then she stuck out her pretty little
elbows quite pointed, to show how
and her little arms were very p
sweet-looking child.

6. But the little daughter of t
very angry at this speech, for he
Madsen, and she knew that the na
and therefore she said, as proudly

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papa can buy a hundred dollars' worth of bonbons, give them away. Can your papa afford to do that?"

"Ah, but my papa," said the little daughter of an r and writer, — "my papa can put your papa and papa, and everybody's papa, into the newspaper! k of that! All sorts of people are afraid of him, mamma says, for he can do as he likes with the r." And the little maiden looked exceedingly l, as if she were a real princess, who may be ex- d to look proud.

Meanwhile outside the door, which stood ajar, was or boy, peeping in through the chink. He was of a lowly station that he had not been allowed even ter the room. He had been turning the spit for the and she had given him permission to stand behind oor and peep in at the beautifully dressed children, were having such a merry time within; and for that was a great deal.

"Oh, if I could be one of them!" thought he, and he heard what was said about names, which was enough to make him more unhappy. His parents at had not even a penny to spare to buy a newspaper, less could they write in one; and worst of all, his 's name, and of course his own, ended in "sen," herefore he could never turn out well. That was ndeed! And then this "birth," — what could it ? Had he not been born like everybody else? d this is what happened on that evening.

. . . . .

Many years passed, and most of the children be- grown-up persons. There stood a splendid house town, filled with all kinds of valuable and beauti- rniture and works of art. Everybody wished to

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to be permitted to view the treasure

11. Which of the children who described was the owner of this suppose it very easy to guess. No, easy. The house belonged to the had stood on that night behind the become something great, although 'sen," for it was Thorwaldsen.

12. And the three little girls,— three aristocracies, of birth, of mon Well, something good and pleasant three, for all three were good at he that evening at the party was only

lev'er, possessing skill or talent.
a-chieve' any-thing, do any great or heroic deed.
on'bons, candies or sweetmeats; sugar-plums.
spit, an i sometin
ăr-is-toc' chief cl
court, th

Thorwaldsen (*tor'wawld-sen*), a famous Dani

Explain: passed his examination (1); some n the world (4); works of art (10).

Spell and pronounce: cellar, college, pret lonkey, turkey, attorney, valley.

Substitute a word of similar meaning in place o ollowing sentences: —

Clever as he was, he had a heart.
All *descriptions* of people visited t
He could not hope to *achieve* anyt
He had not been *allowed* to enter

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IV.—THE BUILDERS.

LONGFELLOW.

RY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, one of the most popular poets of the day in every English-speaking land, was born in Portland, Maine, y 27, 1807, and died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. A gradu- Bowdoin College at the age of eighteen, he became the Professor of Languages there, after having studied and traveled several years in From 1836 to 1854 he filled a similar position in the University at lge, where he went to reside.

y of Longfellow's shorter poems have become favorites with all of poetry. No other poet is so welcome a visitant at the fireside. his longer poems, all of which have met with popular approval, we Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles h," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn." He has also written several s of prose which has much the charm of poetry. His writings are ished by rich and delicate fancy, and pure sentiment, expressed in beautiful diction.

1. ALL are architects of fate,
   Working in these walls of time;
   Some with massive deeds and great,
   Some with ornaments of rhyme.

2. Nothing useless is, or low;
   Each thing in its place is best;
   And what seems but idle show
   Strengthens and supports the rest.

3. For the structure that we raise,
   Time is with materials filled;
   Our to-days and yesterdays
   Are the blocks with which we build.

4. Truly shape and fashion these;
   Leave no yawning gaps between;

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Such things will rema

5. In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with
Each minute and unseen
For the Gods see every

6. Let us do our work as we
Both the unseen and t
Make the house, where g
Beautiful, entire, and c

7. Else our lives are incomp
Standing in these walls
Broken stairways, where
Stumble as they seek t

8. Build, to-day, then, strong
With a firm and ample
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find it

9. Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where
Sees the world as one vas
And one boundless reac

tŭr'ret, a small tower topping a building; a spire.
ar'chi-tect (*ar'kĭ-*), a skilled builder.

mass'ive
wrought
reach, ex

Write out what you think is the leading idea of

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V.—SHOOTING THE OSWEGO FALLS.

COOPER.

ES FENIMORE COOPER, the chief of American novelists, was born in rsey in 1789, but lived nearly all his life at Cooperstown, New York, anks of the beautiful Otsego Lake. He died in 1851.
best of Cooper's stories are about the sea, or about wild life on the , and portray the period when this country was at war with England, n the Indian was still dreaded by the settlers.
ng his most admired works are "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deerslayer."
el Dunham and Master Cap, her seafaring uncle, are under the escort mous scout Pathfinder, the young man Jasper, or Eau-douce (*o-dooce'*), Indians. They are descending the Oswego River.

THE vessel in which Cap and his niece had em- d for their long and adventurous journey was one canoes of bark which the Indians are in the habit nstructing. Its workmanship was neat; the tim- vere small, and secured by thongs; and the whole , though it was so slight and precarious to the eye, robably capable of conveying double the number rsons it now contained.

Cap was seated on a low thwart, in the center of noe; the Big Serpent knelt near him. Arrowhead is wife occupied places forward of both. Mabel eclining on some of her own effects, behind her , while the Pathfinder and Eau-douce stood erect, ne in the bow, the other in the stern, each using a e, with a long, steady, noiseless sweep.

. . . . .

Just at this moment a dull, heavy sound swept up venue formed by the trees, borne along by a light hat hardly produced a ripple on the water.

hat sounds pleasant." said Cap, pricking up his ears

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the shores of your lake, I suppose?

"Not so, not so," answered th
merely this river tumbling over sc
below us."

4. "Master Pathfinder, had you
canoe a sheer and get nearer to the
falls generally have rapids above
as well get into the Maelstrom at
their suction."

"Trust to us, trust to us, friend
finder; "we are but fresh-water sa
cannot boast of being much even c
stand rifts, and rapids, and cataract

5. "You do not dream of going
this egg-shell of bark!" exclaimed

"The path lies over the falls, and
shoot them than to unload the canc
all it contains around a portage of a

6. Mabel turned her pallid cou
young man in the stern of the ca
moment a fresh roar of the falls v
by a new current of the air, and i
rific, now that the cause was und

"We thought that by landing the
Indians," Jasper quietly observed, "
all of whom are used to the water, r
over in safety, for we often shoot th

7. Cap was puzzled. The idea o
fall was perhaps more serious in hi
have been in those of one totally
pertained to boats; for he underst
element, and the total feebleness o

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fury. Still his pride revolted at the thought of ing the boat, while others not only courageously, olly, proposed to continue in it.

"Sheer in, Eau-douce, sheer in," said the Path- ; "we will land the Sergeant's daughter on the f that log, where she can reach the shore with a ot."

injunction was obeyed, and in a few minutes the party had left the canoe, with the exception of nder and the two sailors. Notwithstanding his sional pride, Cap would have gladly followed, but not like to exhibit so unequivocal a weakness in esence of a fresh-water sailor.

"I call all hands to witness," he said, as those ad landed moved away, "that I do not look on ffair as anything more than canoeing in the woods. is no seamanship in tumbling over a waterfall, is a feat the greatest lubber can perform as well oldest mariner."

"Nay, nay, you need n't despise the Oswego " put in Pathfinder, "for though they may not iagara, nor the Genesee, nor the Cohoes, they are h for a beginner. Let the Sergeant's daughter on yonder rock, and she will see the way in we ignorant backwoodsmen get over a difficulty we can't get under. Now, Eau-douce, a steady and a true eye, for all rests on you, seeing that we ount Master Cap for no more than a passenger."

As soon as the boat was in the stream, Pathfinder on his knees, continuing to use the paddle, though s slowly, and in a manner not to interfere with the s of his companion. The latter still stood erect, s he kept his eye on some object beyond the falls

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proper for their passage.

"Farther west, boy; farther w
finder; "there where you see the
the top of the dead oak in a li
the blasted hemlock."

12. Eau-douce made no answer,
the center of the stream, with its
the falls, and it had already begu
tion by the increased force of th
moment Cap would cheerfully h
claim to glory that could possibly
feat, to have been safe again on s
roar of the water, thundering as i
screen, but becoming more and mo
louder; and before him he saw its
below, along which the green and a
stretched and shining, as if the pa
lose their principles of cohesion.

13. "Down with your helm! d
man!" he exclaimed, unable any l
anxiety, as the canoe glided tow
falls.

"Ay, ay, down it is, sure enou
finder, looking behind him for a si
silent, joyous laughter.

14. The rest was like the pas
wind. Eau-douce gave the requi
paddle, the canoe glanced into th
few seconds it seemed to Cap that
caldron. He felt the bow of the
raging, foaming water careering ma
the light fabric in which he float

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SHOOTING THE OSWEGO FALLS

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to his surprise, he discovered that
the basin of still water, below the f
impulse of Jasper's paddle.

thong, a strap to fasten anything.
thwart (*thwąrt*), seat for rowers.
bow (*ow* as in *cow*), the rounded fore-part of the boat.
av'e-nue, a passage with a row of trees on each side.
Mael'strom (*māl'-*), a celebrated whirlpool off the coast of Norway.
pre-ca'ri
pōrt'age commu and st
ser'gean cer nex
re-vōlt'e
un-e-qui

Where are the Niagara Falls? the Genesee F
Falls are in the Mohawk, near its mouth.

Define: baying (3); backwoodsmen (10); ca

VI. — HOW FRANKLIN LEAR GOOD ENGLIS

FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, Ja
Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. He was not kep
years of age he was taken to help his father, wh
soap-boiler, and at twelve years he was apprenti
printer. Being fond of reading and having a b
teach himself. How he improved his compositi
direct, and idiomatic style which characterizes h
lesson which follows, taken from his Autobiograp

At the age of seventeen he went to Philadel
tudes became the proprietor and editor of a ne

He continued his habits of study and observ
wise projects for the good of mankind. His disc
his fame widely. By means of a kite he first dre
clouds, and showed it to be the same as lightning

He was one of the leading patriots of the Rev
Declaration of Independence. Afterwards the g
court of France, to persuade the French to aid hi
gle with Great Britain.

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AFTER some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. new Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, who frequented our printing-house, took notice of nvited me to his library, and very kindly lent me books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to y, and made some little pieces; my brother, think- might turn to account, encouraged me, and put n composing occasional ballads.

One was called The Lighthouse Tragedy, and con- l an account of the drowning of Captain Worthi- with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard) the pirate. were wretched stuff, in the Grub-Street ballad and when they were printed he sent me about the to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event recent, having made a great noise.

This flattered my vanity; but my father discour- me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me makers were generally beggars. So I escaped be- poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose g has been of great use to me in the course of my nd was a principal means of my advancement, I tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what ability I have in that way.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the ator. It was the third. I had never before seen f them. I bought it, read it over and over, and much delighted with it. I thought the writing ent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it.

With this view I took some of the papers, and, g short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, hem by a few days, and then, without looking at ook, tried to complete the papers again, by express-

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had been expressed before, in any
should come to hand. Then I co
with the original, discovered som
corrected them.

6. But I found I wanted a stock
ness in recollecting and using the
should have acquired before that t
making verses; since the continua
of the same import, but of differen
measure, or of different sound for th
laid me under a constant necessi
variety, and also have tended to fi
mind, and make me master of it. T
of the tales and turned them into ve
when I had pretty well forgotten th
back again.

7. I also sometimes jumbled my
into confusion, and after some weel
duce them into the best order, bef
the full sentences and complete the
teach me method in the arrangemen

8. By comparing my work afterw
nal, I discovered many faults and
I sometimes had the pleasure of fan
particulars of small import, I had l
improve the method or the languag
aged me to think I might possibly
a tolerable English writer.

in-ġĕn′ious (*-yus*), clever; skillful.
oc-ca′sion-al (*-zhun-al*), produced on some special event.
trag′e-dy (*trăj′-*), a mournful play or dramatic poem; a dreadful event.
bal′lad,
sen′ti-m
rhyme (
the end
o-rig′i-n

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Street (2), formerly a street in London, once noted for literary and inferior literary productions; hence the name is often used as a contempt. — **The Spectator** (4), the name of a periodical of popular the best of which were written by Addison. It was published in in 1711 and 1712, and in 1714.

ain: turn to account (1); come to hand (5); to suit the measure (in verses) (6).

writing the way Franklin learned to write good English.

VII. — THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

HARK! the warning needles click,
Hither, thither, clear and quick;
He who guides their speaking play
Stands a thousand miles away
Here we feel the electric thrill
Guided by his simple will;
Here the instant message read,
Brought with more than lightning speed.
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

Let the sky be dark or clear,
Comes the faithful messenger;
Now it tells of loss and grief,
Now of joy in sentence brief;
Now of safe or sunken ships,
Now the murderer outstrips;
Now of war and fields of blood,
Now of fire, and now of flood.
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire!

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Borne o'er mountains, lakes,
To the far antipodes.
Melbourne speaks at twelve
London reads ere noon the s
Seems it not a feat sublime?
Intellect has conquered Tim
Sing who will of Orphean
Ours the wonder-working

4. Marvel! triumph of our day
Flash all ignorance away;
Flash sincerity of speech,
Noble aims to all who teach
Flash till Power shall learn
Flash till Reason conquer M
Flash resolve to every mind,
Manhood flash to all mankin
Sing who will of Orphean
Ours the wonder-working

an-tip'o-des (*-o-dēz*), those who live on the
Orphean lyre. Orpheus was a mythical Gree
tamed wild beasts and moved rocks by the ench

Where is Melbourne? London? What figu
speaks" (3)? See page 432, III. Point out an
Explain "Intellect has conquered Time" (3).

Express fully the sense of the last two lines i
Write examples illustrating the news sent by
of 'loss and grief,' then of 'joy,' etc. (See stan

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VIII.—A HAPPY FAMILY.

BURRITT.

IU BURRITT, known as "the learned blacksmith," was born in New Connecticut, in 1811. While plying his trade as a blacksmith he ed his leisure in study, and became acquainted with Latin, Greek, , Arabic, and the principal modern languages. He has delivered ctures and written much on social questions. He died in 1879.

AMONG the novel sights which abound in the s of London, for the cheap entertainment of the e, none of them has made a more pleasant im- on on my mind than a family circle of differ- nimals, whose deportment is truly an admirable ation of the reign of peace. The proprietor of ovel menagerie calls it, very appropriately, "The y Family."

A cage would be too harsh a name for this place of nce, which is almost simple enough to have been ucted by the occupants. It is a large, square hen- placed on a low handcart, which the man draws from one street to another, and gets a few pen- day from those who stop to look at the domestic y of his motley family circle.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes the eye is a cat, "washing her face," with a dozen large rats g under her, like so many kittens, whilst others mbing up her back and playing with her whis- In another corner of the room, a dove and a hawk lling and cooing on the head of a dog, which is across the neck of a rabbit.

The floor is covered with the oddest social circles able. Here weasels, and guinea-pigs, and funny

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The slats above are covered with l
antipathies have been subdued into
the law of kindness. For instance,
sitting bolt upright, and meditating
twittering, keen-sighted sparrow pe
cat ears, and trying with sharp bill
the old sage.

5. I never pass this establishmer
to look at the scene it presents. Its
eloquent than a hundred lectures on
brotherhood.

6. I love to see the children stop
know they will carry away a lesson
good; they will think of it on their v
home too, I hope, when anything cro
family circle or the playground. I
this "Happy Family" might be exhi
to all the unhappy human families i

men-ag'e-rie (*-ăzh'e-rĭ*), a place for keeping and showing wild animals.
fe-liç'i-ty, happiness.
mot'ley, c
an-tip'a-t
de-pōrt'm

To what are the words "old sage" (4) applied,

IX.—THE ART OF OB

KINGSLEY.

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley was born in Eng
1875. He was distinguished as a novelist, and
gious, and scientific subjects. He also wrote some
chief novels we name "Alton Locke," "Hypati
He has written some charming books on natural

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e Wonders of the Shore," "Madam How and Lady Why," and "Town gy."

ingsley was an earnest helper and teacher of the poorer classes. He ed hard to procure for them pure air, pure water, and better dwellings. lieved that healthy souls should have healthy bodies.

THE great use of a school education is not so much each you things as to teach you how to learn — to you the noble art of learning, which you can use yourselves in after life on any matter to which you se to turn your mind. And what does the art of ning consist in? First and foremost, in the art of rving. That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on book, and *observes* the words and letters of his lesson accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns esson best.

You know as well as I how one boy will sit star- at his book for an hour without knowing a word t it, while another will learn the thing in a quarter n hour; and why? Because one has actually *not* the words. He has been thinking of something else, ng out of the window, repeating the words to him- like a parrot. The other has simply, as we say, ked sharp." He has looked at the lesson with his e mind, seen it, and seen into it, and therefore 's all about it.

Therefore I say that everything which helps a powers of observation helps his power of learn- and I know from experience that nothing helps so much as the study of the world about us, and ially of natural history: to be accustomed to watch rious objects, to know in a moment when you have upon anything new, — which is observation; to be at seeing when things are like and when unlike,— n is classification All that must, and I well know

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for whatever may happen.

4. When we were little and go we used to have a jolly old book, Home," in which was a great story, Eyes," and that story was of more dozen other stories I ever read.

5. A regular old-fashioned story one, and thus it begins: —

"Well, Robert, where have you afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to the close of a holiday. O, Robert Heath, and round to Campmount, a meadows. But it was very dull, he person. He had rather by half ha pike road.

"But where is William?"

O, William started with him, bu always stopping to look at this t Robert would rather walk alone, a

6. Presently in comes Master doubt, as we wretched boys used ago, — frill collar, and tight skele and tight trousers buttoned over it which always came off if stepped and terribly dirty and wet he is, bu a pleasant walk in his life, and he handkerchief full of curiosities.

7. He has got a piece of mistleto what it is, and seen a woodpecker got strange flowers off the heath, because he thought its wing was br led him into a bog, and wet he got

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n the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, told him all about turf-cutting, and then he went hill, and saw a grand prospect, and because the was called Campmount he looked for a Roman , and found the ruins of one; and then he went on aw twenty things more; and so on, and so on, till ad brought home curiosities enough and thoughts gh to last him a week.

Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman, him all about his curiosities; and then it turns out Master William has been over exactly the same d as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

Whereon says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough, in his n, old-fashioned way: "So it is. One man walks gh the world with his eyes open, and another hem shut; and upon this depends all the superi- of knowledge which one acquires over the other. e known sailors who had been in all quarters of orld, and could tell you nothing but the signs of ppling-houses, and the price and quality of the . On the other hand, Franklin could not cross hannel without making observations useful to nd.

"While many a vacant, thoughtless person is d through Europe without gaining a single idea crossing the street for, the observing eye and ing mind find matter of improvement and delight ry ramble. Do you, then, William, continue to use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes given you to use."

And when I read that story as a little boy, I said self, I *will* be Mr. Eyes; I will *not* be Mr. No and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since; and

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wish to be happy and successful.

12. Ah! my dear boys, if you k
useless life which many young m
day's work is done, continually t
shame and ruin by their own idlen
opportunities of making valuable d
guishing themselves, and helping th
life; then you would make it a du
observing, and of having some healt
suit with which to fill up your leisu

turn'pike road, a road which has a gate or bar across it to hinder passage till toll is paid.

mis'tle-toe (*miz'l-to*), a plant sometimes found attached to the apple tree, the oak, etc.

wheat'ear, a small bird, called also fallow-finch.

heavy (6)

heath, a
a small
shrub c

pe'wit, th
on moo

va'cant,

rā'tion-a

natural history (3), the study of animals an
See Lesson VI. — **Channel** (9), the sea between

X. — THE FIERY C

1. Long ago, in the Highlands of
chiefs who had each a large extent c
authority. The people were arrange
subject to these chiefs, and bound t
and to fight under them against any
was a little king in his own country.

2. There were often feuds amon
chieftain with his clan would invad

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her, and carry off cattle and whatever valuable
gs he could lay his hands upon. This caused a
iation; and often the feud was handed down from
ration to generation. Many a terrible fight oc-
d; many a clansman fell, and many a lovely glen
filled with wailing and woe.

It was sometimes necessary to call the clan to-
r in great haste. Another clan would make a foray
the district, and the invaders must be met, else they
d lay all waste with fire and sword. On such an
ion, or on any other that required an immediate
er of the clan, the chief slew a goat, and, making a
of light wood, burnt the ends of it in the fire, and
guished them in the blood of the goat. This was
l the Fiery Cross, or the Cross of Shame.

It was given into the hand of a swift messenger,
ran with it, at full speed, to the next hamlet, where
ave it to the principal person, with a single word
g where the clan was to assemble. He who re-
d the symbol was bound to send it forward,
equal dispatch, to the next village or cluster of
es; and thus it went on, the bearer telling as he
the place of rendezvous. In this way the whole
ct of country could be roused in a very short

At sight of the fiery cross, every man from sixteen
to sixty was obliged to hasten to the place ap-
ed, fully armed. If any one failed to appear, and
not give a sufficient reason, shame rested on him,
he was doomed to the extremities of sword and fire,
n were indicated by the bloody and burnt marks
the cross. Generally the answer to such a call
given at once, and most heartily; and the chief

) go whither, or do what, he requir

ud (*fŭd*), a long and bitter strife.
-tal-i-a'tion, a paying back with like, or evil for evil.
fo-ray', i
ren'dez-v place o

Where are the Highlands of Scotland?

XI. — THE HIGHLAND C

SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott, the famous Scottish po
inburgh, August 15, 1771, and died at Abbotsf
nk of the Tweed, September 21, 1832.

The genius of Scott was first revealed in his
the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady
ese are charming metrical romances, written i
en with the fire and swing of the best heroic
nding to "ballad ding-dong." They treat of
tory and border-land adventure. But Scott gai
vels, the first one of which was "Waverley."
lliant historical romances which followed it: "
The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Ken
ey were received with rapturous acclamations
ued to delight hosts of readers, especially the y
Sir Walter had "the genius to be loved."
ıdliness and geniality, gained the affections o

This extract is from "The Lady of the Lake."

Malise is sent by his chief, Roderick Dhu, t
clan to instant battle; the signal he bear

1. Speed, Malise, speed! — the du
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cau
Thine active sinews never brac
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill th
Rush down like torrent from it

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With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;

Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap;
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
Then poured each hardy tenant down;
Nor slacked the messenger his pace;
He showed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamor and surprise behind.

The fisherman forsook the strand;
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changéd cheer the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swath the scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed;
The plow was in mid-furrow stayed;
The falconer tossed his hawk away;
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms.

Speed, Malise, speed! The lake is passed,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,

Google

Half hidden, in the copse so g
There may'st thou rest, thy la
Their lord shall speed the sign

[*The order for the gathering is given, and Ma*
messenger.]

6. Angus, the heir of Duncan's li
Sprang forth and seized the fa
In haste the stripling to his si
His father's dirk and broadsw
But when he saw his mother's
Watch him in speechless agon
Back to her opened arms he fl
Pressed on her lips a fond adi
"Alas!" she sobbed, — "and y
And speed thee forth, like Du

7. Then, like the high-bred colt, v
First he essays his fire and sp
He vanished, and o'er moor an
Sped forward with the fiery cr
O'er dale and hill the summon
Nor rest nor pause young Ang
The tear that gathered in his e
He left the mountain breeze t

8. Swoln was the stream, remote
But Angus paused not on the
Though the dark waves dance
Though reeled his sympathetic
He dashed amid the torrent's

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His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-ax grasped, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.

He stumbled twice; — the foam splashed high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasped the cross of strife;
Until the opposing bank he gained,
And up the chapel pathway strained.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And redd'ning the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.

From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow,
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong; —

Till at the rendezvous they stood,
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood;

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Dwelling he dare but to his Sire
No oath but by his chieftain's
No law but Roderick Dhu's co

dun, dark brown.
braced, made tense; strained.
mo-rass′, soft, wet bog.
quest′ing, searching.
roe′buck, a small, nimble deer with branched horns.
scaur (*skawr*), or **skar** (*skär*), a bare and broken place on the side of a hill or mountain.
clam′or, noisy talk.
brand, sword.
cŏpse, or growth.
blithe (*th*
făl′con-e birds w
heath′-er the shru
braes (*br*
ra-vine′
se-ques′te
mus′tered

dun deer's hide (1). A kind of shoe was hide. — **son of Alpine** (4), clansman. — **midni** tough, dry heath is often set fire to, that young h

Explain: false morass (1); fatal symbol (3); s

XII. — A YOUNG DES

ALDRICH.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, born in Portsmouth ber 11, 1836, has been a frequent contributor to th His poems and prose sketches have also been publ entertaining style in which they are written, and gained for them a wide circle of admiring reader humor is very pleasing.

1. WHEN Johnny is all snugly cur his rosy cheek resting on one of his s little hands, forming altogether a f peace and innocence, it is hard to re restive, pugnacious, badly ingenious li

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There is something so comical in those pygmy and stockings sprawling on the floor, — they look they could jump up and run off if they wanted here is something so laughable about those little rs, which appear to be making futile attempts to up into the easy-chair, — the said trousers still ng the shape of Johnny's active legs, and refus- go to sleep; — there is something, I say, about things, and about Johnny himself, which makes icult for me to remember that, when Johnny is , he possesses the cunning of Machiavel and the *oid* of the Capitaine Fracasse.

I verily believe he was not more than eleven days d twenty-two inches long, when he showed a de- f temper that would have been respectable in an iant. On that occasion he turned very red in the - he was superfluously red before, — doubled up diculous hands in the most threatening manner, nally, in the impotency of rage, punched himself eye.

By the time he was two years of age I had got the ing bitter maxim by heart: "Whenever J. is par- ly quiet, look out for squalls." He was sure to be ne mischief. I am not thinking so much of the when he painted my writing-desk with raspberry s of the occasion when he perpetrated an act of al cruelty on Mopsey, a favorite kitten in the nold.

We were sitting in the library. Johnny was play- the front hall. In view of the supernatural ss that reigned, I remarked suspiciously, "Johnny y quiet, my dear." At that moment a series of ic mews was heard in the entry, followed by a vio-

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into the room with three empty spo
tail. The spools were removed w
especially the last one, which fitte
After that Mopsey never saw a
arching her tortoise-shell back and
to three times its natural thickness

6. Sometimes the temptation to
him was too strong for poor humai
ways regretted it afterwards. Whe
in his tiny bed, with one tear drie
vety cheek, and two little mice-teeth
parted lips, I could not help thinkin
a fellow he was, with his funny litt
little nails and it did not seem to
sort of person to be pitched into by
like me.

7. One day last week he was v
grief. By my directions, kindling
placed every morning in the library
I may have a fire the moment I ret
ter Johnny must needs apply a lig
arrangement early in the forenoon.
discovered until the blower was on
cent iron, and the wooden mantel
with the intense heat.

8. When I came home, Johnny wa
room, where he had been imprisoned
employed himself in eating about tw
preserved pears. "Johnny," said I, in
one could use in addressing a person
tened with syrup, — "Johnny, don't
I have always told you not to meddl

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It was something delicious to see Johnny trying to
nber. He cast one eye meditatively up to the ceil-
hen he fixed it abstractedly on the canary-bird,
he rubbed his ruffled brows with a sticky hand;
eally, for the life of him, he could n't recall any
ctions concerning matches.

can't, papa, truly," said Johnny at length. "I guess
t have forgot it."

"Well, Johnny, in order that you may not forget
uture — "

re Johnny was seized with an idea. He inter-
l me. "I 'll tell you what you do, papa, — *you*
ut it down in writin'."

th the air of a man who has settled a question
tely, but at the same time is willing to listen
ly to any crude suggestions that you may have
ow out, Johnny crossed his legs, and thrust his
into those wonderful trousers pockets.

I turned my face aside, for I felt a certain weak-
creeping into the corners of my mouth. I was
In an instant the little head, covered all over
brown curls, was laid upon my knee, and Johnny
rying, "I 'm so very, very sorry!"

I am thoroughly aware that, socially speaking,
y is a black sheep. I know that I have brought
p badly, and that there is not an unmarried man
man in the United States who would n't have
ht him up "very differently." It is a great pity
he only people who know how to manage children
have any.

At the same time, Johnny is not a black sheep
er. He has some white spots. His sins — if
folks had no greater! — are the result of too

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all events, a good citizen, after he

A Young Desperado.

des-pe-rā'do, a reckless fellow; a daring and wicked person; here used in a *playful sense.*
pug-na'cious (*-shus*), inclined to fight; quarrelsome.
res'tive (*-tiv*), uneasy.
fu'tile (*-til*), of no effect; useless.
sang-froid' (*sänh-frwä'*), two French words
ness of
su-pĕr'flu
max'im,
pĕr'pe-trā
in-can-de
with he
in-junc'ti

Machiavel (*mak'-*), an Italian writer who app in political affairs (2). — **Capitaine Fracasse** (acter in a novel of the same name by the Fren (*ta-o-feel' go-tyä'*). — **tortoise-shell back** (*5*). yellow, and white is called a *tortoise-shell cat.* who is unlike the rest in a family, and makes tro so common nor so valuable as white sheep.)

Spell and pronounce: innocence, trousers, aged, tortoise (*tôr'tis*), tiny.

Explain: impotency of rage (3); coming to gr acts is the word "perpetrate" used?

REAL WORTH.

For 't is the mind that makes th
And as the sun breaks through t
So honor peereth in the meanest
What is the jay more precious th
Because his feathers are more bea
Or is the adder better than the e
Because his painted skin contents

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XIII. — MY DOG BLANCO.

HOLLAND.

IAH GILBERT HOLLAND was born at Belchertown, Mass., in 1819, and
1881. He practiced medicine for a short time, and then became a
ist. During many years he was one of the editors of the Springfield
ican, and he wrote for its columns several of his popular works. His
s, both prose and verse, have that simplicity and directness which suit
ular comprehension and taste. Some of them have had a circulation
equaled in this country. They have been especially commended for
oral tone and teaching.
land wrote under the assumed name of Timothy Titcomb.

1. My dear dumb friend, low lying there,
   A willing vassal at my feet,
   Glad partner of my home and fare,
   My shadow in the street,

2. I look into your great brown eyes,
   Where love and loyal homage shine,
   And wonder where the difference lies
   Between your soul and mine!

3. For all of good that I have found
   Within myself or human kind
   Hath royally informed and crowned
   Your gentle heart and mind.

4. I scan the whole broad earth around
   For that one heart which, leal and true,
   Bears friendship without end or bound,
   And find the prize in you.

5. I trust you as I trust the stars;
   Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,

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361701 A

Can move you from my side!

6. As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

7. More playful than a frolic bo
More watchful than a sentine
By day and night your consta
To guard and please me well.

8. I clasp your head upon my b
The while you whine, and lic
And thus our friendship is co
And thus we understand!

9. Ah, Blanco! did I worship G
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master t
With your humility, —

10. Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at m
And watch Him with a love
My life would grow divine!

vas'sal, a servant; a follower.
leal (*lēl*), loyal; faithful.
roy'al-ly, nobly.
hom'age (*h*
act of rev
hu-mil'i-ty

What is to be supplied after "understand," st
meaning?

Write in your own words the leading idea of this
Write out what you understand to be the full mea

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XIV.—A LAPP CAMP.

1. In the evening we crossed some barren mountains; and our guide, the Lapp, desired us not to fire at a pack of ptarmigan which got up close to us, lest we should disturb the reindeer, as he said he expected every moment to find his countrymen. Soon after, as we were walking in single file and keeping perfect silence, he stopped suddenly, and, pointing with his finger, directed our attention to some smoke just seen through the twilight, curling up the side of the opposite hill. The man's manner and attitude were quite dramatic.

2. He now tied up his dog, and ran off, evidently much rejoiced at the idea of rejoining his wife and family. He was also anxious to inform his countrymen who we were, and what brought us here, as he had some fear lest they should take alarm, and move off with their herd. He soon returned, and at the same time we saw a large number of reindeer being driven up the valley to their quarters for the night, by a man and a boy, accompanied by a dog.

3. Upon our arrival we found the encampment consisted of two circular tents, built of poles joined together in the center, in the form of a cone, with cloth stretched over them. The door of the larger one was so low and small that we had some difficulty in crawling in.

4. The whole scene was highly picturesque. Each tent was occupied by a Lapp family, every member of which gave us a most kind reception, and, heartily shaking us by the hand, at once offered us a share of their tent. We thankfully accepted their hospi-

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large and cheerful fire. The in
nprised three generations; nam
ın and his wife, with four children
ɔther.

5. The second family, which occup
ısisted of our late guide, Peter Joh
o children. They soon came to p
fe and daughter had light hair a
d were pleasing in appearance. H
ent boy, although under ten yea
:n with the men in watching the
ght.

6. The little fellow was dressed
tirely made of skins, with a gird
d had such a protuberance in front
pearance of being stuffed, and grea
'. He wore his knife in its case
ıall ornaments by his side, thus f
lliputian Lapp in full costume.

7. The head of the family, Joha
ıve, sedate-looking man. In repl
ɔut to him through my interpreter
ppy in the enjoyment of their wan
ıt they confined themselves to the
ıich separates Norway from Swed
en in their present encampment e
ıded to remain a fortnight longer,
ɔve onwards for a change of pastu

8. He told me that in summer t
imals, which constitute their weal
rts of the mountains, and in the v
untry. His herd consisted of abo

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appears that a family requires nearly that number its support.

The Lapps have but few wants, and appear perfectly satisfied; having no bread, they subsist almost entirely on the produce of their herds, with the occasional assistance of fish and game. They have no can-

When we required additional light, one of the women took a firebrand in her hand and held it up

The sun and stars are their only clock. They have no spirituous liquors of their own making, but it is well known that they are greatly addicted to ine- when they go down into the valleys of Sweden Norway. Both Nielsen and Johansen were great hunters, and were frequently absent from the encampment for many weeks together, in search of bears, seals, and other game.

It was nearly midnight before our interesting conversation was brought to a close. At length Nielsen asked in a civil, I might almost say in a polite manner, whether we felt disposed to sleep. To this we assented; and when all was quiet, I surveyed with no little interest the scene around me.

Our host lighted his pipe, by way of a soporific, laid down his head on his hard pillow, and comfortably composed himself to sleep. One of the children coming in contact with the old grandmother lifted up her large reindeer skin covering, and enclosed the young herdsman within its capacious folds. It was a fine night, and we felt no inconvenience either from heat or cold.

We rose at five o'clock, and, after breakfasting on the flesh and milk of the reindeer, went up the hill to see the animals themselves. The whole herd

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sleek skins, and were in the finest
ble, many of their branching antle
size, and covered with the softes
informed that they suffered more
cold.

14. Nielsen's eldest boy, a fine y
threw a species of lasso round the
deer, and the process of milking th
yield a very small quantity of milk,
for by the richness of its quality.
quiet and gentle, and the Lapps ar
them as of their children.

ptar'mi-gan (*tär'mĭ-*), a bird of the grouse kind.

pic-tūr-esque' (*-esk'*), beautiful like a picture.

pas'to-ral, of or relating to shepherds or herdsmen.

in-e-bri'e-ty, drunkenness.

con'fer-e convers

sop-o-rif' **ant'ler**, a

las'so, a catch a

sin'ew, te

Lilliputian (*-pu'shan*) (6), very small, like a n
nary island described by Swift in his "Gulliv
of Lilliput were not six inches high.

Explain: in single file (1); to accept their
ance (6); costume (*kŏs'tūm*), (6); sedate-looking (

*Write an account of the mode of life of these Lap
unce of different members of the families.*

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XV. — STRINGING THE NERVES.

AN ENGINE-DRIVER'S TALE.

OURS was a new line, running through miles of
led country, where it is no wonderful thing to
out in the far distance half a dozen Indians gal-
along with hair and blanket streaming out be-
For years past I have driven on that line. I
there when it ran only twenty miles; and I ran
that line as it stretched out farther and farther
ıe great region westward.

One of the settlers in that new country built him-
log-house close to the railway, where he had made
of a clearing. Perhaps he thought it would be
ny for his wife and little ones to see the trains
with people in them, besides being some protec-
om the wandering tribes about.

may say I got quite to know those people, and
orking folks they were. Before they had been
six months, that bit of wilderness began to look
little garden of Eden; and before long two more
s came and built their log-houses in the neigh-
d. I felt acquainted with those first folks, though
ver spoke, for I always went by them at twelve
an hour. But the little ones used to stand at the
nd cheer, and, as time went on, I would wave
t to the husband and wife too, so that they gen-
used to come out when they heard me coming
down.

We got to be such friends at last, that I used to
andy and cakes, and throw them into the door-

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and that is what it was that caused it was.

We were going comfortably along as we got near the clearing where called them) were living, I began ets for a couple of papers of some when my fireman said, "Hollo! line?"

5. "Cow?" said I.

"Cow? no," he said; "why — wh dren!"

"Sound —" I did not stop to fi little valve myself, making the still with the shrill scream it sent far and

6. "That's moved them," said m to see the little distant figures scar

"I thought it would," I said; and on the valve, I made the thing shri for there was one of the children stil of the track.

7. In a moment I had forgotten a the papers, for a queer sort of feeling that for a few moments took all limbs, so that I could not move; v same feeling, my fireman stood s might straight at the poor child.

8. We were too near for it to h even if we had reversed the engine that seemed to force itself out of myself it was in consequence of e children with presents that this w There, seeing no danger, was a brig

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hing dancing about and waving its hands as
ıe swiftly on.

takes me some time to tell it, but what hap-
ook only a few moments: and there it all is now,
)icture that having once seen I can never forget.
a sunshiny afternoon, with all looking bright:
-house, with its patch of flowers; the children
side of the line, and their mother running out
ıd frantic, but only to drop down in the path,
y between the door and where the child was
and waving its little hands as we glided on.

I felt as one sometimes does in a nightmare
when the will is there to do something, only a
l fear holds the dreamer back, and he can see
coming nearer and nearer, and yet can do
to avoid it. We neither of us spoke, but stood
ne on each side, leaning forward as helpless as
)r little child in front, till, with almost a yell,
ıt clear of the power that seemed to hold me,
ith the feeling that it was all in vain, crept
he side of the engine, and lay down with my
xtended in front of the cow-catcher.

Only moments, but moments that seemed like
as, with its strange, hurrying, jumping motion,
ine dashed on, as I told myself, to crush out the
that poor little innocent. I wanted to shut my
keep out the horrible sight, but I dared not; and
now I seemed to be doing what might save the
life, I could not think it possible. There it was,
front, and yet we appeared to come no nearer.

Twenty yards — ten yards! Were we never going
over the spot? or would some miraculous power
ıe engine? I tried to shout, but only a strange

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my hands, but they remained sta
towards the child.

Five yards — four — three!
laughing in its innocent glee, for i
little present from me, its murd
myself, who lay there motionless

13. Two yards — one! At las
was a shock, — so I thought, —
upon the little thing, who seem
hands to mine, and to leap, act
arms, and then, with it tightly g
going on and on; I with my eyes
I had the child tightly held to m
able to look to see if it was hurt.

14. Then I don't know how it
must have got up, and crawled
the fireman; but I can't recollect
ollect finding myself sitting down
in my arms, and feeling stunne
child myself.

15. We dared not stop to take
but we sent it from the next statio
me when I tell you that we were
wards than ever, so that whene
place we used to make signals e
at the house, and they to me. Bu
that little one getting out upon the

Pronounce: Indians, engine, cow-catcher, l

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XVI. — GOOD BY.

EMERSON.

OD BY, proud world! I 'm going home;
Thou 'rt not my friend, and I 'm not thine
ıg through the weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
ıg I 've been tossed like the driven foam;
t now, proud world, I 'm going home.

od by to Flattery's fawning face;
Grandeur, with his wise grimace;
upstart Wealth's averted eye;
supple Office, low and high;
crowded halls, to court and street;
frozen hearts and hasting feet;
those who go, and those who come.
od by, proud world! I 'm going home.

ım going to my own hearthstone,
somed in yon green hills alone, —
secret nook in a pleasant land,
hose groves the frolic fairies planned, —
here arches green, the livelong day,
ho the blackbird's roundelay,
ıd vulgar feet have never trod, —
spot that is sacred to thought and God.

when I am safe in my sylvan home,
tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
ıd when I am stretched beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,

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At the sophist schools, and t
For what are they all, in the
When man in the bush with

roun'de-lay, a simple, lively, rural strain.
syl'van, forest-like; woody; rural.
gri-mace' (*gri-mās'*), distortion of the countenance to express some feeling.
lore, l
soph'i
spec
con-ce
vul'gu

In the bush with God (4). See Exodus, chap

Pronounce: grandeur, hearthstone, nook
Pronounce the unaccented syllable of 'gran
not with affected preciseness. The same cau
ure; as, nature, creature. (*gran'jo͝or* is bet
than *nā'tyo͝or*.)

Why is "Office" (2) called *supple*? What
Explain the first personification in stanza 2
supposed to have the look of those who fa
"fawning face.") Explain the other cases of

Write out the leading sentiment of this poem

XVII. — QUEEN ISABEL

Queen Isabella of Spain, Don Go

Isabella. And so, Don Gomez,
that we ought to dismiss the pro
Genoese.

Don Gomez. His scheme, your
fanciful in the extreme; but I an
man, and do not see visions and d

Isa. And yet Columbus has g
for believing that it is practicabl
coast of India by sailing in a west

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G. Admitting that his theory is correct, namely, ıe earth is a sphere, how would it be possible for return, if he once descended that sphere in the ɔn he proposes? Would not the coming back be ıill? Could a ship accomplish it with even the avorable wind?

mbus. Will your majesty allow me to suggest the earth is a sphere, the same laws of adhesion otion must operate at every point on its surface; e objection of Don Gomez would be quite as valid our being able to return from crossing the Strait raltar.

G. This gentleman, then, would have us believe ɔnstrous absurdity, that there are people on the who are our antipodes, who walk with their heads like flies on the ceiling.

But, your majesty, if there is a law of attraction makes matter gravitate to the earth, and prevents ı flying off into space, may not this law operate at point on the round earth's surface?

Truly, it so seems to me; and I perceive nothing in the notion that this earth is a globe floating or ing in space.

G. May it please your majesty, the ladies are ged to give credence to many wild tales which we matter-of-fact men cannot admit. Every step I ɔnfutes this visionary idea of the earth's rotundity. l not the blood run into my head if I were stand- ɔside down? Were I not fearful of offending your y, I would quote what the great Lactantius says.

We are not vain of our science, Don Gomez; so have the quotation.

G. "Is there any one so foolish," he asks, "as to

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to ours, — that there is a part of
things are topsy-turvy, where the
branches downward, and where it
ward ?"

Col. I have already answered th
are people on the earth who are ou
be remembered that we are theirs

Don G. Really, that is the ve
matter-of-fact men abide by the
senses. We know that we are n
heads downwards.

Isa. To cut short the discussion
enterprise which the Genoese prop
of our serious consideration, and
unknown shore to the westward o

Don G. As a plain, matter-of-fac
that I so regard it. Has your n
ambassador from this unknown co

Isa. Don Gomez, do you believe
world of spirits? Have you ever
from that unknown world?

Don G. Certainly not. By faith

Isa. Even so by faith does the C
far over misty ocean, to an undisco

Col. Your majesty is right; but
have reasons, oh! most potent and
the faith that is in me; the testim
tors who have picked up articles th
from this distant coast; the natur
that the earth is round; the repor
people of one of the Northern nat
ago their mariners had sailed many

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reached a shore where the grape grew abundantly;
ese and other considerations have made it the fixed
asion of my mind that there is a great discovery
ed for the man who will sail patiently westward,
ng in God's good providence, and turning not back
has achieved his purpose.

G. Then truly we should never hear of him
Speculation! mere speculation, your majesty!
this gentleman can bring forward some solid facts
ill induce us practical men to risk money in for-
ng his enterprise, it will then be time enough for
y to give it heed. Why, your majesty the very
n the streets point at their foreheads as he passes

And so you bring forward the frivolity of boys,
g at what they do not comprehend, as an argument
sabella should not give heed to this great and glo-
scheme? Ay, sir, though it should fail, still it has
rged in language so intelligent and convincing by
rave and earnest man, whom you think to under-
by calling him an adventurer, that I am resolved
the "absurdity," as you style it, and that forth-

G. Your majesty will excuse me if I remark,
have from your royal consort himself the as-
e, that the finances are so exhausted by the
ars that he cannot consent to advance the ne-
y funds for fitting out an expedition of the kind
ed.

Be *mine*, then, the privilege! I have jewels by
edging of which I can raise the amount required;
have resolved that they shall be pledged to this
rise without any more delay.

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lay at your feet such a jewel as ne
an imperishable fame, — a fame tha
your memory the benedictions of mil
climes yet unknown to civilized ma
lifting presentiment in my mind, a
majesty will live to bless the hou
decision.

Don G. A presentiment! A plain
like myself, must take leave of your
tical common sense is to be met and
sentiment. An ounce of fact, your
ton of presentiment.

Isa. That depends altogether upo
presentiment, Don Gomez. If it co
tain of all truth, shall it not be goo

Don G. I humbly take my leave o

prop-o-si'tion (*-zish'un*), something offered to be done.
ad-he'sion (*-zhun*), a sticking.
con-futes', proves to be wrong.
vis'ion-a-ry (*vizh'un-*), fanciful, absurd.
fal'la-cy, that which misleads, from being apparently, but not really, well founded.
am-bas'sa rank sen or goveri
spec-u-la' view.
fri-vol'i-t
bon-e-dic'
pre-sent'i- thing is

Don Gomez (*don go'meth*). — **Gen'o-ese** (*-* (*jen'o-a*), a seaport of Northern Italy. Columb
Lactan'tius (*-tan'shi-us*), an eloquent defender about 325 A. D.

Spell and pronounce: scheme, privileged, sup presentiment, credence, finances.

Explain: achieved his purpose; your royal c at their foreheads.

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XVIII. — THE SHIP OF STATE.

LONGFELLOW.

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave, and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

What is meant by the Ship of State?

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XIX. — MIDSUMM

TROWBRIDGE.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, novelist and
of Ogden, in Western New York, September 18,
mon-school education, and studied French, Latin,

At the age of twenty-one, he was in Boston wi
the periodical press. These, being graphic and
and gave the young author assurance of success
one of the most natural and amusing delineators o
scenes.

The reader is charmed with the rich fancy o
the liquid melody of his versification.

1. AROUND this lovely valley ris
The purple hills of Paradise.
O, softly on yon banks of haz
Her rosy face the Summer la
Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a sl
Far off their pearl-white peak

2. Through all the long midsum
The meadow sides are sweet v
I seek the coolest sheltered se
Just where the field and fores
Where grow the pine-trees tal
The ancient oaks austere and
And fringy roots and pebbles
The ripples of the rivulet.

3. I watch the mowers as they g
Through the tall grass, a whit

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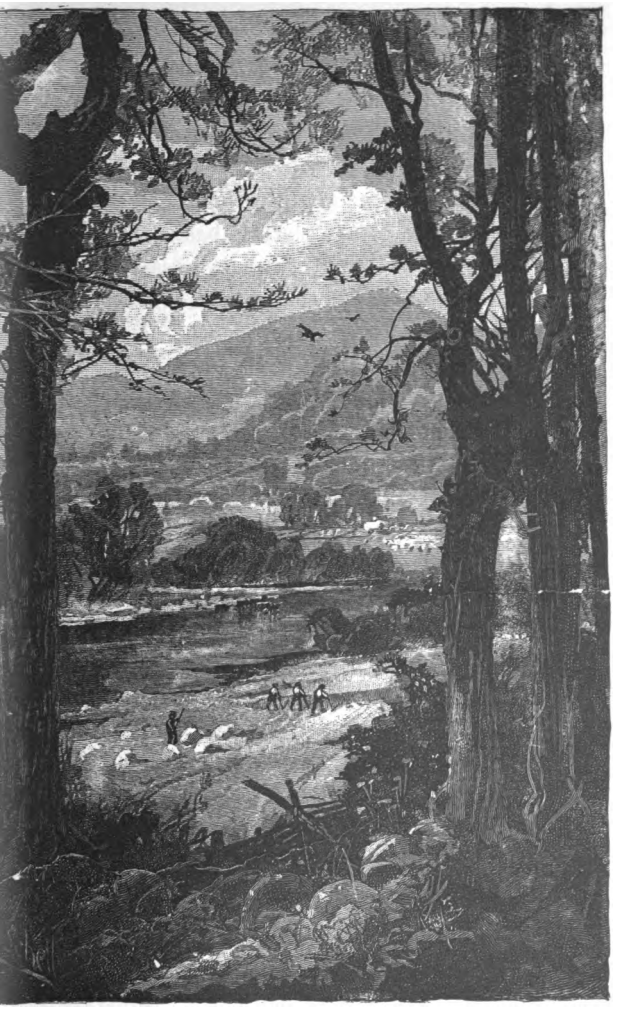

A SCENE IN MIDSUMMER.

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In tune their merry whetston
Behind, the nimble youngster
And toss the thick swaths in

4. The cattle graze, while warm
Slopes the broad pasture, bask
And bright, where summer br
The green wheat crinkles like
The butterfly and humblebee
Come to the pleasant woods w
Quickly before me runs the qu
Her chickens skulk behind th
High up the lone wood-pigeon
And the woodpecker pecks an

5. Sweet woodland music sinks a
The brooklet rings its tinkling
The swarming insects drone ar
The partridge beats his throbb
The squirrel leaps among the l
And chatters in his leafy hous
The oriole flashes by; and, loo
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims
Two tiny feathers fall and floa

6. As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on
Oh, this is peace! I have no r
Of friend to talk, of book to re
A dear Companion here abides
Close to my thrilling heart He

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The holy silence is His voice;
I lie and listen and rejoice.

(*ä'zhōōr*), of a delicate blue.	**rift,** opening; cleft.
sies (*är'go-siz*), merchant ships ly laden.	**aus-tere',** severe in look. **fret,** rub against and wear away.

obbing drum (6). The partridge is said to drum when it makes : by beating its breast with its wings.

olain: the argosies of cloudland (1); white-sleeved row (3).

at is the difference between a *river* and a *rivulet*, a *brook* and a *et?* Give other words in which the suffix *let* has this meaning.

t out personification in stanza 1; a metaphor in stanza 1; a simile nza 4. See pages 431 and 432.

—A DROP OF WATER ON ITS TRAVELS.

MISS BUCKLEY.

ss ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY was born at Brighton, England, in 1840. me years she was secretary to the well-known geologist, Sir Charles

e following extract is taken from her "Fairy-land of Science," an sting and instructive book, in which well-known facts and aspects of e are explained in pleasant language.

ALTHOUGH we never see any water traveling from earth up into the skies, we know that it goes there, it comes down again in rain, and so it must go up sibly. But where does the heat come from which es this water invisible? Not from below, as in the of the kettle, but from above, pouring down from sun. Wherever the sun-waves touch the rivers, ls, lakes, seas, or fields of ice and snow upon our h, they carry off invisible water-vapor.

. It has been calculated that in the Indian Ocean e quarters of an inch of water is carried off from the

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as twenty-two feet, or a depth of wa
height of an ordinary room, is sil
lifted up from the whole surface o
year. It is true this is one of the
earth, where the sun-waves are mo
in our own country many feet of v
in the summer-time.

3. What, then, becomes of all th
follow it as it struggles upward to
it in our imagination first carrying
air up with it from the sea, till it
heads, and above the highest mountai
laden air rises, its particles, no long
together, begin to separate; and, as a
expenditure of heat, the air become
you know at once what must happ
vapor, — it will form into tiny wa
steam from the kettle.

4. And so, as the air rises and l
vapor gathers into visible masses.
in the sky, and call it *clouds*. Whe
highest, they are about ten miles fr
when they are made of heavy dro
down, they sometimes come withi
ground.

5. Look up at the clouds as you g
that the water of which they are m
drawn up invisibly through the air.
cessarily here, where we live, for air
over the world, and so these clouds
vapor collected in the Atlantic Oce
of Mexico, or even, if the wind is f

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r particles gathered from the surface of Greenland
nd snow, and brought here by the moving currents
r. Only, of one thing we may be sure, that they
from the water of our earth.

Sometimes, if the air is warm, these water parti-
may travel a long way without ever forming into
s; and on a hot, cloudless day the air is often
full of invisible vapor. Then, if a cold wind comes
ping along, high up in the sky, and chills this va-
t forms into great bodies of water-dust clouds, and
ky is overcast.

At other times clouds hang lazily in a bright
and these show us that just where they are the
s cold, and turns the invisible vapor rising from
ground into visible water-dust, so that exactly in
spaces we see it as clouds. Such clouds form
on a warm, still summer's day, and they are
ed like masses of wool, ending in a straight line
v. They are not merely hanging in the sky, they
eally resting upon a tall column of invisible vapor
h stretches right up from the earth; and that
ght line under the clouds marks the place where
air becomes cold enough to turn this invisible
r into visible drops of water.

And now, suppose that, while these or any other
of clouds are overhead, there comes along either a
cold wind, or a wind full of vapor. As it passes
ugh the clouds, it makes them very full of water,
f it chills them, it makes the water-dust draw more
ly together; or, if it brings a new load of water-
, the air is fuller than it can hold. In either case,
r particles are set free, and our fairy force "cohe-
" seizes upon them at once, and forms them into

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the air, and so they can float n
they come in a shower of rain.

9. There are other ways in wh
chilled, and rain made to fall, as,
wind laden with moisture strikes ag
mountains. Thus the Khasia Hills
the Bay of Bengal, chill the air wh
its way from the Indian Ocean.
driven up the sides of the hills, t
the vapor is chilled, and, forming
torrents of rain. You will not be
country on the other side of thes
any rain, for all the water has be
air before it comes there.

10. In this way, from different
which the sun has robbed our riv
back to us, after it has traveled to
world, floating on the bosom of the a
always fall straight back into the ri
a large part of it falls on the lan
down slopes, and into the earth, in
its natural home, and it is often caug
it can reach the great waters.

11. Go to any piece of ground
and untouched, you will find it c
weeds, and other plants; if you dig
will find innumerable tiny roots cr
ground in every direction. Each o
sponge-like mouth, by which the pl
Now, imagine raindrops falling on
and sinking into the earth. On e
find rootlets thirsting to drink then

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be sucked up as if by tiny sponges, and drawn into the plants, and up the stems to the leaves.

co-he'sion (*-zhun*), that force by which particles of the same matter cohere or stick together.

wa'ter-dust, a name given by Dr. Tyndall to vapor chilled into tiny drops of water.

in-tol'er-a-ble, unbearable; unendurable.

Spell and pronounce: separate, necessarily, currents, torrents, kettle, gathers.

Where is Greenland? the Gulf of Mexico? Find on the map the Khasia Hills (*kā'shī-ā*); Bay of Bengal (*ben-gawl'*). What is the meaning of "in our imagination," in paragraph 3?

XXI.—THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

GAY.

JOHN GAY, an English poet and a friend of Pope, was born in 1688 and died in 1732. He wrote plays and short poems. His drama of "The Beggar's Opera" and the ballad of "Black-eyed Susan" were once very popular. His "Fables" are admired for their sprightly style and ingenious fancy.

1. A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarmed his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand
To learn their dying sire's command;
He raised his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone.

2. "Ah, sons, from evil ways depart!
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murdered geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?

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Who haunt my ears for c

3. The hungry foxes round t
And for the promised feas
"Where, sir, is all this da
Nor turkey, goose, nor her
These are the phantoms o
And your sons lick their l

4. "O gluttons!" says the dr
"Restrain inordinate desir
Your sensual taste you sh
When peace of conscience
Does not the hound betray
And gins and guns destroy
Thieves dread the searchin
And never feel the quiet h

5. "Old age (which few of us
Now puts a period to my
Would you true happiness
Let honesty your passions
So live in credit and esteer
And the good name you lo

6. "The counsel 's good," a s
"Could we perform what y
Think what our ancestors
A line of thieves from son
To us descends the long dis
And infamy hath marked c

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7. "Though we like harmless sheep should feed,
Honest in thought, and word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreased,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believed,
A lost good name is ne'er retrieved."

8. "Nay, then," replies the feeble fox —
"But hark! I hear a hen that clocks!
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good."

omach.
m, a fancied vision.
-nate, immoderate.
sen'su-al (*-shoo-al*), given to the indulgence of the appetites.
gins (*jinz*), engines, traps, and snares.

ain: the searching eye of power (4); puts a period to my woe (5); sty your passions rein (5).

in prose the advice of the old fox.

XXII. — THE FISH I DID N'T CATCH.

WHITTIER.

N GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born in Haverhill, Mass., December 1807. His most advanced school instruction was obtained at the academy, which he attended for two years.

has written both prose and verse, but it is as a poet that he has won g fame. No poetry is more popular than his, and no poet is held in greater honor. Among his best known poems are "Snow-" "Maud Muller," "The Barefoot Boy," and "Skipper Ireson's A noble moral purpose pervades all his writings. Many of his ring-ics have been written for the sake of freedom and human brother- He is a member of the Society of Friends, and is sometimes called Quaker Poet." He has remained unmarried, and for many years has Amesbury, Mass.

I REMEMBER my first fishing excursion as if it were yesterday. I have been happy many times in my

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off with him through the woods an
a still, sweet day of early summer;
shadows of the trees lay cool across
seemed greener, the flowers brighte
than ever before.

2. My uncle, who knew by lon
were the best haunts of pickerel,
me at the most favorable point. I
as I had so often seen others, and
a bite, moving the bait in rapid jer
the water in imitation of the leap
came of it. "Try again," said my

3. Suddenly the bait sank out o
it," thought I; "here is a fish at last
pull, and brought up a tangle of weed
I cast out my line with aching arm
empty. I looked at my uncle appe
more," he said; "we fishermen must

4. Suddenly something tugged at
off with it into deep water. Jerking
pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Un
ing back in uncontrollable excite
fish!" "Not yet," said my uncle.
was a plash in the water; I caught
of a scared fish shooting into the mi
my hook hung empty from the lin
prize.

5. We are apt to speak of the so
as trifles in comparison with those o
but we may depend upon it, the youn
with us. Our griefs, modified and re

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ence, and self-respect, keep the proprieties, and, if
le, avoid a scene; but the sorrow of childhood,
oning and all-absorbing, is a complete abandon-
to the passion. The doll's nose is broken, and
orld breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of
and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.
So, overcome with my great and bitter disappoint-
I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a
refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's as-
e that there were more fish in the brook. He
d my bait, and, putting the pole again in my
told me to try my luck once more. "But re-
er, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never
f catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I 've
lder folks doing that in more ways than one,
making fools of themselves. It 's of no use to
of anything until it 's done, nor then either, for
ks for itself."

How often since I have been reminded of the fish
did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a
as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit
belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind
ene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my
in that particular instance takes the form of a
b of universal application: "NEVER BRAG OF
FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."

(*hänts*), places often visited. | **has'sock**, a piece of sod or turf which
pate, take before the time. | makes a good seat.

ain: intensely happy (1); keep the proprieties (5); avoid a scene
solid globe (5); refitted my bait (6).

an account of a fishing excursion from the following heads: (*a*) Get-
y to go; (*b*) where you fished; (*c*) while fishing; (*d*) the result.

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XXIII. — MANLY TEN

GAIL HAMILTON.

MARY ABIGAIL DODGE is a miscellaneous wr
trenchant style in which she deals with all kinds o
ness with which she attacks existing institutions
the Atlantic Monthly, and for newspapers.

Miss Dodge is much better known by her pseu

1. IF men, in their strength and c
dence, are enviable, men in their ge
ble. You expect it in women. It i
characteristic. You do not admire i
as you deplore or condemn its absen

2. But manly tenderness has a pe
the wild ivy shooting over the battl
feudal castle, lending grace to solid
with beauty. And you meet it ev
house and by the wayside, in city
broadcloth and homespun.

3. The best seat, the finest stan
corner, is not only offered a wom
her. You may travel from one en
the other, and meet, not only civ
cordial and considerate kindness.

4. You may be as ugly as it is p
be, and tired and travel-stained an
neighbor of a day will show you all
you could claim from a father or
place his valise for your footstool an
pillow, open or close your window-
of the road, point out every object

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thing you don't understand, and do a thousand
s to make your journey pleasant.

The roughest laborer will step out ankle-deep in
slush" to give you a firm footing; and if you have
decency to thank him, his good-natured face will
up with as broad a smile as if you were doing him
greatest favor in the world.

When a carpenter drags the heavy old road-gate—
h he has just unhinged to mend — half a dozen
to lay it across a mud-puddle, that a woman, to
m he never spoke before and probably never will
n, may pass over dryshod, it is false to say that the
of chivalry is gone.

Talk of Sir Walter Raleigh's gallantry! Say rather
shrewdness. Surely his was the most economical
to which cloak was ever put. What wonderful
eness was there in risking a few yards of plush to
the smile of a sovereign whose smiles were "money
fame and troops of friends"?

le-ment, a wall whose top was
rced with notches from which
hers could shoot.

al cas'tle (*kàs'l*), a castle built
the middle-ages, when the vas-
s held land from lords on condi-
n of military service.

chiv'al-ry (*shiv'-*), the custom of knights in olden times, characterized by bravery, courtesy, etc.

va-lise' (*-lees'*), a traveling-bag.

sov'er-eign (*suv'er-in*), the highest ruler, as a king, queen, etc.

r Walter Raleigh (*raw'le*) was an English soldier, sailor, courtier, and
er, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is related that he spread his
velvet cloak for the Queen to step upon, to save her from soiling her
in a muddy spot.

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SCOTT.

These stanzas are found in "M

1. OH, young Lochinvar is come out
Through all the wide Border his s
And save his good broadsword he
He rode all unarmed, and he rode
So faithful in love, and so dauntl
There never was knight like the y

2. He stayed not for brake, and he st
He swam the Eske river where fo
But, ere he alighted at Netherby g
The bride had consented, — the g
For a laggard in love, and a dasta
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brav

3. So boldly he entered the Netherb
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, a
Then spoke the bride's father, his h
For the poor craven bridegroom sa
"O, come ye in peace here, or com
Or to dance at our bridal, young I

4. "I long wooed your daughter, my
Love swells like the Solway, but e
And now am I come, with this los
To lead but one measure, drink on
There are maidens in Scotland, mo
That would gladly be bride to the

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The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,—
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar:
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!—

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Have you ever heard of gallant like

lag'gard, a slow or tardy person.
das'tard, a cowardly fellow.
cra'ven (*krāv'n*), a coward; a weak-hearted fellow.
gal'liard (*-yard*), a lively dance.
měas'ure, *here* (4) dance.
lea, field
fōrd, pla crossed
croup (*kr* saddle
char'ger,

Neth'erby (*th* as in *this*) (2). — **Solway** (4) arm of the Irish Sea between England and Scotla sand- are quickly covered, and at ebb tide quickly

The suffix *ard* means *one who*. It is used w opprobrious sense; as *sluggard*, one who *slugs* or ally, one *dazed* or stupefied by fear, hence a *cow* suffix *art* has the same meaning.

Give the meaning of *drunkard, laggard, dotar*

XXV. — EVERETT'S SPEECH TO LAFAYETT

QUINCY.

JOSIAH QUINCY, from whose book called "Fig lowing extract is taken, was an eminent citizen of 1802. The name of Josiah was also borne by h the one distinguished as a statesman and a scholar the Revolutionary period.

The Marquis de Lafayette was born in 1758, helping the Americans gain their independence, took a leading part in the great events which and which at last involved most of the kingdoms by the Austrians, and confined for five years in (*ol'mūts*). He paid a visit to the United States of forty years. His progress throughout the co triumphal procession.

The speech of Mr. Everett's here so highly pra 26, 1824, at a meeting of a college society in Cam was present. — For notes on Edward Everet e L

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1. I HAVE heard the great orators of my day at their best; but it was never given to any one of them to lift up an audience as Everett did upon this occasion. I can conceive of nothing more magnificent in the way of oratory.

2. Many who have listened to Mr. Everett's polished periods, during the latter part of his life, may question the supreme effect he produced. They will say that he was by nature a conservative, seldom in sympathy with the heart of popular feeling, and that there was always the suspicion of a chill upon his matchless rhetoric.

3. I can only say that the words he spoke that day, in the venerable church in Cambridge, were as full of fire as of music. Robertson, the historian, calls the eloquence of Cicero "a splendid conflagration." To those to whom this term has any meaning, it will give all that language can suggest of the nature of the great oratorical triumph of Edward Everett.

4. It is just possible that there may be living some venerable man who was present when this oration was delivered. If so, I confidently appeal to him to say whether I have exaggerated — whether it is possible that I could exaggerate — the magnificent power with which the orator lifted that great assembly.

5. For such a possible reader I cannot resist quoting the language of Everett, to bring back the wonderful scene we witnessed together. Those to whom the following paragraph is only so many printed words, will at least gather from them the historical interest of the occasion which so unsealed the lips of the most cautious of orators.

6. "Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable fea-

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monarch enjoyed, — the assurance
America there is not a bosom wh
with joy and gratitude at the sound

7. "You have already met and sa
meet, the few that remain of the arde
counselors, and brave warriors with
associated in achieving our liberty. B
round in vain for the faces of many
lived years of pleasure on a day like
companion in arms and brother in pe

8. "Lincoln and Greene, Knox
gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yo
before the only foe they could not
the first of heroes and of men, the fr
the more than friend of his country,
of the soil he redeemed. On the ba
he lies in glory and in peace.

9. "You will revisit the hospitabl
Vernon; but him whom you venerat
will not meet at its door. His vo
which reached you in the Austrian
now break its silence to bid you w
roof. But the grateful children of
you welcome in his name. Welcom
to our shores!

10. "And whithersoever throughou
continent your course shall take you,
you shall bless you, the eye that se
witness to you, and every tongue ex
felt joy, Welcome! Welcome, Lafay

The voice of the orator ceased, and
silence. It seemed as if it could never

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applause came, at last, it was something never to be otten.

ods, sentences.
ĕrv'a-tive, one slow to favor ıge in existing institutions.
i-or (*wawr'i-ẽr*), a soldier.
ex-ag'ger-āt-ed (*egz-aj'-*), exceeded what is true.
as-so'ci-at-ed (*as-so'she-āt-ed*), joined as a companion.

o is referred to in the last part of paragraph 8, and in paragraph 9?
at can you tell of the Americans named in paragraph 8?

XXVI. — A SUFFICIENT NAVAL FORCE.

CALHOUN.

HN CALDWELL CALHOUN was born in South Carolina, March 18, 1782, ed in Washington, March 31, 1850. He graduated at Yale College in studied law, and took eminent rank in his profession. During a large f his life he held high public office, being successively a member of ess, a Senator, Cabinet officer, and Vice-President of the United States. asoning is marked by directness and logical force.

e war referred to in this speech is that known as "the War of 1812."

THE late war has given us a tone of feeling and king which forbids the acknowledgment of national iority, — that first of political evils. Had we not untered Great Britain, we should not have had the iant points to rest on which we now have.

We too have now our heroes and illustrious actions. reat Britain has her Wellington, we have our Jack- and Scott. If she has her naval heroes, we also them, not less renowned, — for they have plucked aurel from her brows. It is impossible that we can be degraded by comparisons.

As to the kind of preparation which sound policy tes, the navy, most certainly, in any point of view,

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and most efficient which is at the san
est, on that should be our principal rel

4. We have heard much of the d
armies to our liberties. The objectio
to the navy. Generals, it must be a
often advanced at the head of armies
but in what instance has an admiral
ties of his country?

5. Put our strength in the navy f
and we shall certainly escape the w
possible ills painted by gentlemen o
A naval force attacks that country fi
ties alone we have anything to dread,
assailable, and defends our own coun
weakest.

6. Where is Great Britain most
what point is she most accessible to
commerce, in her navigation. There
exposed, but the blow is fatal. There
there the secret of her power. There
shall become necessary, we ought to

7. And where are we most expose
lantic line, — a line so long and w
peculiarly liable to be assailed on it.
defended? By a navy, and by a nav
efficiently defended.

8. Look back to the time when th
possession of the whole line of the
in our rivers, and ready to assault us
A recurrence of this state of things,
the country in the event of another

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d only by the establishment and maintenance of icient naval force.

If anything can preserve the country in its most nent dangers from abroad, it is this species of ar- nt. If we desire to be free from future wars, (as e we may be,) this is the only way to effect it. hall have peace then, and, what is of still higher nt, peace with perfect security.

', worldly wisdom; statecraft.
i-al, of an emperor or king; me.
ed' (*-sẽrpt'*), seized and held by and without right.
vul'ner-a-ble, liable to be wounded or injured.
im'mi-nent, threatening; at hand.
är'ma-ment, force fitted out for war; guns.

ain: plucked the laurel from her brows (2).

synonyms of: illustrious, assailed, preserve, effect.

can you tell of Jackson and Scott?

XXVII. — HOHENLINDEN.

CAMPBELL.

MAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow in 1777, and died in 1844. His s chiefly devoted to literary work, including the writing of history graphy as well as poetry. But it is for his poetry only that he is ered by most of his readers; and it is his shorter lyrical pieces, like linden," "Ye Mariners of England," and "The Battle of the Baltic," ease the present generation, rather than his longer poems, like "The es of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming," although these contain s of great beauty. Probably no poet except Shakespeare has been ently quoted as Campbell.

henlinden (two German words meaning *high lime-trees*) is the f a village in Upper Bavaria near which the Austrians, under the ke John, were defeated by the French and Bavarians, under General (*mo-ro'*), December 3, 1800. A snow-storm had fallen in the night the battle, and had hardly ceased when its first movements began.

several miles distant. Marmont (the mi) is the c

1. On Linden, when the sun
   All bloodless lay the untro
   And dark as winter was th
   Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sig
   When the drum beat at de
   Commanding fires of death
   The darkness of her sc

3. By torch and trumpet fast
   Each horseman drew his ba
   And furious every charger
   To join the dreadful re

4. Then shook the hills with t
   Then rushed the steed, to b
   And, louder than the bolts
   Far flashed the red arti

5. But redder yet that light sl
   On Linden's hills of stained
   And bloodier yet the torrent
   Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

6. 'T is morn; but scarce yon
   Can pierce the war-clouds,
   Where furious Frank and fi
   Shout in their sulphuro

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7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

ry, noise and tumult, such as
npany a revel.
er-y, cannon.
ark brown.
, Frenchman.

Hun, *here* Austrian.
can'o-py, covering overhead.
chiv'al-ry (*shiv'-*), cavalry.
wīnd'ing-sheet, sheet in which a dead body is wrapped.

ain the third line in stanza 4.
te out these stanzas in prose.

VIII.—BEETHOVEN AND THE BLIND GIRL.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight evening in er I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to a walk, and afterward to sup with me. In passthrough a dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly. ush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from Sonata in F!" he said eagerly. "Hark! how well s played!"

. It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused side and listened. The player went on; but in midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, then sound of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do

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"Ah, my sister," said her compar
regrets, when there is no remedy?
pay our rent."

3. "You are right; and yet I wis
life to hear some really good music.
use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What ca

"I will play to her," he said, in
"Here is feeling, — genius, — unders
play to her, and she will understand
I could prevent him, his hand was

4. A pale young man was sitting
ing shoes; and near him, leaning so
old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl,
of light hair falling over her bent
cleanly but very poorly dressed, and
turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "b
and was tempted to enter. I am a

5. The girl blushed, and the young
— somewhat annoyed.

"I — I also overheard something o
continued my friend. "You wish t
you would like — that is — Shall I

6. There was something so odd in
and something so comic and pleasan
of the speaker, that the spell was bro
and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker
is so wretched, and we have no musi

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No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does young lady — "

He paused, and colored up, for as he looked in girl's face he saw that she was blind.

I — I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But ad not perceived before. Then you play by ear? where do you hear the music, since you frequent concerts?"

I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we d two years in another town. During the sum- evenings her windows were generally open, and I ked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but ed himself quietly before the piano, and began to . He had no sooner struck the first chord, than new what would follow, — how grand he would be night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he played to that blind girl and her brother. He inspired; and from the instant when his fingers an to wander along the keys, the very tone of the rument began to grow sweeter.

. The brother and sister were silent with wonder rapture. The former laid aside his work; the er, with her head bent slightly forward, and her ds pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down r the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the ting of her heart should break the flow of those eet, magical sounds.

10. Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, nk, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of bril- nt moonlight. The room was almost as light as

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seemed to have been broken by
head dropped upon his breast; his
his knees; he seemed absorbed in r
thus for some time.

11. At length the young shoem
proached him eagerly, yet reveren
man!" he said, in a low tone; "
you?"

The composer smiled. "Listen!"
played the opening bars of the Son

12. A cry of delight and recogniti
both, and exclaiming, "Then you are
covered his hands with tears and kiss

He rose to go, but we held him ba
"Play to us once more, — only once r

13. He suffered himself to be led
ment. The moon shone brightly in
dow, and lit up his glorious rugged
figure. "I will improvise a sonata
said he, looking up thoughtfully to
Then his hands dropped on the keys,
ing a sad and infinitely lovely move
gently over the instrument like the c
light over the dark earth.

14. This was followed by a wild
triple time, — a sort of grotesque i
dance of sprites upon the sward. T
finale, — a breathless, hurrying, trem
descriptive of flight and uncertainty
pulsive terror, which carried us awa
wings, and left us all in emotion an

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Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his and turning toward the door,—"farewell to you!" You will come again?" asked they, in one breath. He paused, and looked compassionately, almost erly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the young some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!" ey followed us in silence more eloquent than words, stood at their door till we were out of sight and ng.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that y write out that sonata while I can yet remem- t."

e did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with h so many are fondly acquainted.

red', instructed by divine in- ice.
ōg'er, writer of music.
e (*fe-nā'lā*), the closing part.
sprite, a spirit; a lively, airy being.
rec-og-nĭ'tion (*-nish'un*), perception that any one is a person previously known.

nn (1), a city of Prussia, on the river Rhine, fifteen miles south- f Cologne. — **Beethoven** (*bā'to-ven*) (1), one of the greatest of mu- s. He was born in Bonn in 1770, and died in 1827. — **sonata** *'tà*) (1), a musical composition performed wholly by instruments, and ting of three or four distinct movements. Beethoven's sonatas are s works. The Sonata in F is a work principally in the key of F. — **gne** (*ko-lōn'*) (2), a famous city of Prussia, on the Rhine. Its Gothic lral is one of the finest buildings in Europe. — **improvise a sonata** compose it while playing it. — **elfin passage** (14), a fairy-like, or and sprightly passage. — **in triple time** (14), moving rapidly. — **esque interlude** (14), a whimsical passage coming between other ges.

at word in paragraph 9 means *extreme joy*? What in paragraph 10 s *deep thought*? What in paragraph 15 means *with pity*?

you tell any difference between "*ask* your pardon," and "*entreat* your on"? between "to *go* to concerts," and "to *frequent* concerts"? be- n "*thinking*," and "*absorbed in meditation*"?

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XXIX. — TIME.

SUMNER.

CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, Jan
Washington, March 11, 1874. He graduated at
and chose the profession of law. In 1851 he su
United States Senator from Massachusetts. His
was distinguished by his uncompromising hostility

Sumner was an accomplished scholar, as well
statesman. He delivered many learned and elo
portant topics.

1. THE value of time has passed
"Time is money." It is so becau
brings money. But it is more. It i
more, it is virtue. Nor is it creditab
of the world that the proverb has
and mercenary complexion, as if mon
good and the strongest recommendati

2. Time is more than money. It
cannot purchase. It has in its lap
the past, the spoils of antiquity, the
of knowledge. Who would barter th
ver? But knowledge is a means on
It is valuable because it promotes t
velopment, and the progress of man
value of time is not even in knowledg
tunity of doing good.

3. Time is opportunity. Little o
the occasion of usefulness. It is the
philosopher where to plant the lev
the world. It is the napkin in whic
only the talent of silver, but the trea
and the fruits of virtue. Saving time

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. Employing time to the best advantage, we exer-
a true thrift. To each of us the passing day is
he same dimensions, nor can any one, by taking
ght, add a moment to its hours. But, though un-
to extend their duration, he may swell them with
ks.

. It is customary to say, "Take care of the small
s, and the large will take care of themselves." With
l wisdom and more necessity may it be said, "Watch
minutes, and the hours and days will be safe." The
ments are precious; they are gold filings, to be care-
y preserved and melted into the rich ingot.

. Time is the measure of life on earth. Its enjoy-
t is life itself. Its divisions, its days, its hours, its
utes, are fractions of this heavenly gift. Every mo-
t that flies over our heads takes from the future and
s to the irrevocable past, shortening by so much the
sure of our days, abridging by so much the means of
fulness committed to our hands.

. The moments lost in listlessness, or squandered in
profitable dissipation, gathered into aggregates, are
rs, days, weeks, months, years. The daily sacrifice
single hour during a year comes at its end to thirty-
working days, allowing ten hours to the day, — an
ount of time, if devoted exclusively to one object,
ple for the acquisition of important knowledge, and
the accomplishment of inconceivable good.

3. Imagine a solid month dedicated, without inter-
tion, to a single purpose, and what visions must not
e of untold accumulations of knowledge, of unnum-
ed deeds of goodness! Who of us does not each
, in manifold ways, sacrifice these precious moments,
se golden hours?

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his brow, and the youth, toiling in pe
ness or study, sighs for repose, and r
which ordains the seeming hardship
seeks happiness as the end and aim o
not open his mind to the important t
tion is indispensable to happiness. H
he does not know the precious jewel
rude attire.

10. Others there are who wander c
in pursuit of what is found under the
virtuous industry, in the shadow of e
by one's own hand. The poet has sa

"The best and sweetest far are toil-c

But this does not disclose the whole t
useful labor its own exceeding great r
gard to gain.

11. Seek, then, occupation; seek la
ploy all the faculties, whether in s
not in words only, but in deeds a
"words are the daughters of Earth,
sons of Heaven." So shall your da
usefulness, —

"And when old Time shall lead you
Goodness and you fill up one monu

philosopher (3). The allusion is to the Greek
(*ăr-kĭ-me′dēz*), who is reported to have said that h
if he only had a support for his lever to turn upon.
See Matthew, chapter xxv.

Can you tell any difference between "barter" (2)
meaning of "squander." — Make two or three sente
squander, and how. — Repeat some proverb.

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XXX. — SONG OF THE FORGE.

CLANG, clang! the massive anvils ring;
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply;
Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang! We forge the colter now, —
The colter of the kindly plow;
Prosper it, Heaven, and bless our toil!
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil!

Clang, clang! Our colter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sunny lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide,
Amid the song of morning birds,
Amid the low of sauntering herds,
Amid soft breezes which do stray
Through woodbine hedges and sweet may,
Along the green hill's side.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,
When to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
A ruddy sea of living gold, —
We bless — we bless the Plow.

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Beneath the hammer's potent
Clink, clank! We forge the g
Which bears the gallant vesse
'Mid stormy winds and advers
Secured by this, the good sl
The rocky roadstead, and th
Which thunder on her sides.

6. Anxious no more, the merchan
The mist drive dark before the
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests, though far
In boisterous climes his vess
Reliant on our skill.

7. Say on what sands these links
Fathoms beneath the solemn d
By Afric's pestilential shore, —
By many an iceberg, lone and
By many a palmy Western i
Basking in Spring's perpetual
By stormy Labrador.

8. Say, shall they feel the vessel
When to the battery's deadly p
The crashing broadside makes r
Or else, as at the glorious N
Hold grappling ships, that st
For death or victory?

9. Hurrah! Cling, clang! Once
Dark brothers of the forge, b

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The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?
Clang, clang! A burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword! — a name of dread; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,
How sacred is it then!

Whenever, for the truth and right,
It flashes in the van of fight, —
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas, —
Or on some sterile plain, and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn, —
Or 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills, —
Or, as when sank the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide, —
Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
Is Liberty, when men do stand
For justice and their native land,
Then Heaven bless the Sword!

lee), a meadow; a field.
'stead (*-sted*), a place where ships ay ride at anchor.
may, the flowers of the hawthorn.
bat'ter-y, cannons and mortars ranged for firing.

ile (8), a river in Egypt, near one of the mouths of which the English under Lord Nelson gained a complete victory over the French fleet

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against the Persian army under Xerxes, and gain
heroic death of himself and his little band. — I
near York, England, where the Parliamentary for
tory over the Royalists, in 1644. — **Bannockbur**
Castle, in Scotland, famous for a battle in which
Bruce signally defeated the English army under E
— **Tyrol** (*tĭr′ul*; German pronunciation, *te-rōl′*), a
of Italy. — **The Arma′da,** a vast naval force sent
in the reign of Elizabeth. The Armada was badl
fleet.

Explain: thunder rattle, etc. (1); brothers of th
sea of living gold (4), ("golden wavelets" which
wheat-field); his altar and his hearth (10).

THE LOVE OF COUN

BREATHES there the man with s
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native la
Whose heart hath ne'er within
As home his footsteps he hath t
From wandering on a foreign

If such there breathe, go, mark
For him no minstrel raptures sw
High though his titles, proud his
Boundless his wealth as wish ca
Despite those titles, power, and
The wretch, concentered all in se
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go dow
To the vile dust, from whence h
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

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XXXI. — RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

GOODRICH.

MUEL GRISWOLD GOODRICH, whose pen-name was Peter Parley, was n Connecticut in 1793, and died in New York in 1860. In 1824, after ing in Europe, he established himself as a book-publisher in Boston. t it was as the author of books that Mr. Goodrich was destined to e fame. In his "Recollections of a Lifetime," he gives a catalogue books. Concerning it he says: "I thus stand before the public as the r and editor of about 170 volumes, — 116 bearing the name of Peter y. Of all these about 7,000,000 of volumes have been sold." This ous number comprises works of many kinds, — school-books, histories, and others.

ost of Peter Parley's books are intended for the young, or for persons ighly educated, and they undoubtedly did great good in conveying use- struction in an agreeable manner. All the boys and girls of the last ation knew Peter Parley.

. WIT is not always wisdom. Keen as Mat Olm- d, the town wit, was as to things immediately before . he was of narrow understanding. He seemed not possess the faculty of reasoning beyond his senses. never would admit that the sun was fixed, and that world turned round. In an argument upon this nt before an audience of his class, he would have ored Sir John Herschel, or Lord Rosse, by his homely pointed ridicule.

2. I remember that, when the great solar eclipse of 06 was approaching, he with two other men were at rk in one of our fields, not far from the house. The ipse was to begin at ten or eleven o'clock, and my her sent an invitation to the workmen to come up d observe it through pieces of smoked glass.

3. They came, though Mat ridiculed the idea of an

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waiting and watching for the great
explained that the light of the sun
to be interrupted by the intrusion of
this was to produce a transient nig
around us.

4. Mat laughed, with that low, sc
which a woodchuck, safe in his rocky
bark of a besieging dog. "So you d
said my father. "No," said Mat, sha
bringing his lips obliquely together,
a pair of shears. "I don't believe a
say, Parson Goodrich, that the sun is
move?"

5. "Yes," I say so. "Well, did n
Sunday out of the tenth chapter of
"And did n't you tell us that Joshu
sun and moon to stand still?" "Y
was the use of telling the sun to sta
moved?"

6. This was a dead shot, especiall
in the presence of an audience incline
ship of ignorance, to receive the argu
successful, Mat went on.

"Now, Parson Goodrich, let's try
turn a thing that has water in it bot
will run out, won't it?" "No doubt
turns round, then, your well will be
and the water 'll run out!"

7. At this point my father applied
through a piece of smoked glass. Th
gun; a small piece was evidently cut

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father stated the fact, and the company around
d through their pieces of glass, and saw that it
so. Mat Olmstead, however, sturdily refused to
t, and bore on his face an air of supreme contempt,
uch as to say, "You don't humbug me."

But ignorance and denial of the works of God do
interrupt their march. By slow and invisible de-
a shade crept over the landscape. There was no
l in the sky, but a chill stole through the atmos-
e, and a strange dimness fell over the world. It
midday, yet it seemed like the approach of night.
e was something fearful in this, as if the sun was
t to be blotted out in the midst of his glory, — the
of the world to be extinguished at the moment of
noon.

All nature seemed chilled and awed by the strange
nomenon. The birds, with startled looks and omi-
notes, left their busy cares and gathered in the
k branches of the trees, where they seemed to hold
sel one with another. The hens, with slow and
tating steps, set their faces toward their roosts.
). One old hen, with a brood of chickens, walked
g with a tall, halting tread, and sought shelter upon
barn floor, where she gathered her young ones under
wings, continuing to make a low sound, as if saying,
ush, my babes, lie still and slumber." At the same
e, like many a mother before her, while seeking to
g peace to her offspring, her own heart was agitated
n profound anxiety.

1. I well remember this phenomenon, — the first of
kind I had ever witnessed. Its sublimity absorbed
whole faculties; it seemed to me the veritable,
ble work of the Almighty. The ordinary course

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impressive display of the mighty
skies.

12. Yet, though thus occupied b
flict of the heavenly bodies, I rec
some attention to the effect of the
Mat Olmstead said not a word;
were overwhelmed with emotions

13. At length the eclipse began
nature slowly returned to its equa
came forth, and sang a jubilee, as if
impending calamity. The hum of
air; the old hen with her brood gayl
bles, and made the leaves and g
invigorated scratchings. The work
thoughtfully to their labors.

14. "After all," said one of the
along to the field, "I guess the pars
the sun and the moon." "Well, pe
Mat; "but then Joshua was wrong

in-tru'sion (*-troo'zhun*), act of entering without right or welcome.
ob-lique'ly (*-leek'li*), in slanting way.
vĕr'i-ta-ble, real; actual.
phe-nom'e ance of n
mech'an-is the parts
e-qua-nim'

Sir John Herschel and **Lord Rosse** were co
mers. — **Olmstead** is pronounced *ŭm'sted.*

We say, "The sun *rises* in the morning"; does
its own motion, or only appear to do so? Would
"the sun stood still" (Joshua x. 13), as a mode
and proper, when the sun appeared to stand still?

Astronomers tell us that the sun has an absolu
carrying with it, of course, all the planets of the s

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XXII. — LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

. FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS, an English poetess, died in 1835, at of forty-one, leaving to the world a considerable mass of poetry, a which still continues to be read with much pleasure. The excellent s character of the woman shows itself in her writings, and causes be especially attractive to persons of a serious and thoughtful turn d.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er, —
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came; —
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame; —
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free;

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And the rocking pines of the
This was their welcome hom

4. There were men with hoary ha
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither
Away from their childhood's
There was woman's fearless eye
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow sere
And the fiery heart of youth

5. What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils
They sought a faith's pure sl
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they troc
They have left unstained what th
Freedom to worship God!

ex'ile, a person forced to live away from his native land.
aisles (*ilz*), the side passages of a church. The middle passage is called the *nave*.
an'them, a
shrine, a sacred th holy plac

Explain: against a stormy sky (as a backgroun
sings of fame (2). (Is "sings" a good word to ex
They shook the depths, etc. (2); a faith's pure s

Who were the Pilgrim Fathers? Where and wh

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XXXIII.—A RACE IN THE BAHAMAS.

: British sloop of war Nimrod and the American sloop of war Boston Southern waters. The British commander challenges the American nder to a trial of speed, the winner of the race to be the vessel which arrive first in the harbor of Vera Cruz. What happened is vividly ed by one of the officers on board of the Boston.

OUR captain was willing to accept the challenge of commander of the Nimrod, especially as he added boast, "Ours is the fastest sloop in the English ." Then, as an additional incitement, he shouted, 'll let them know, at Vera Cruz, that you are ng."

We threw out more sail, and soon our bending s and creaking hull, as we leaped through the r, told us that the Boston was doing herself jus-

The Nimrod, on the first start off, had gained ly, but we gradually closed up, and finally passed her full band playing Rule Britannia, and our drum fife answering the while with Yankee Doodle.

The wind was freshening, and both crafts were gging a fearful press of sail. The night was not rely clear, the sky being filled with light fleecy ds, some of which, as they passed over the face he moon, would throw dark shades upon the water, ing the Nimrod completely from view.

. When the clouds cleared away, she would again ear, close in our wake, her tall spars bending like ds betore the gale, her dark hull now rising on the m-covered wave, as if to touch the sky, and then king out of sight in the trough between the huge lers.

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Cruz. In the space of three or fou
completely lost sight of our compe
far in the wake in spite of his boas
one of the last war models, and m
looked to be.

6. When my watch hour was ou
the race caused me to stay on deck
my berth, and I carelessly threw m
me after we had lost sight of the co
self down on the forecastle. It la
than an hour of daylight, and I was
my ear caught a sound like the di
mighty storm.

7. I listened for an instant, start
looked around and aloft, but saw n
however, increased, and then — O
saw it all. We were bearing dow
with speed like the wind, upon boil

"Hard down the helm! Back s
Stand by to shorten sail!" I shouted
rang like thunder through the ship.

8. The helmsman obeyed; the shi
wind; but the seamen were not qu
braces, and the strain on the lighter s
Studding-sail booms, royal and top-g
with their sails by the board, and, han
spars and tangled rigging, we lay br
as helpless as a log upon the waters.

9. Daylight now began to streak t
disclosed to us the horrors of our sit
drifting down upon the rocks, which

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half a mile distant. We saw at once, by the huge pillars of rock, which were enshrouded in foam, ve were near the spot known as Deadman's Reef. seemed no way of escape.

Our men worked with the energy of despair to the wreck, that we might endeavor to beat up ndward. But all appeared to be in vain; each nt swept us nearer to the rock, from which, if k, death was inevitable. The Nimrod saw us, ould give us no help.

During all the terrors of our situation, the cap- had kept perfectly cool and collected; but to me it ed the forced calmness of despair. I was mistaken. vas one who never permitted danger to daunt or his judgment. His quick eye caught one possible ce of escape, — the only one on which hope for a ent might linger. We thought him crazy when he ed the helmsman to "put the helm up," and square ards to go off before the wind.

. The rocks were right before us. The huge waves e against them, throwing sheets of foam high in air, and sounding like continued thunder in our ears. were in the foam, and flying through the midst of it down upon the rocks. As we neared them our ain sprang aloft upon the fore-yard. His voice d not be heard, yet he pointed to the helmsman r course with his hand. I then saw his plan.

3. Between the two high rocks was a space but little er than our ship; one hand's-breadth from the course ld dash us to atoms; yet through this terrible pass, ears deafened with the breakers' roar and our eyes ded with foam, were we to pass, or to die!

4. Our suspense was dreadful, but it was short.

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A RACE IN THE BAHAI

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an eagle amidst rushing storm-clouds, we dashed the gorge; for one instant our yard-arms grazed the black rocks, the next we were in safety. There no cheering then; no word was spoken as we d from the boiling waters to the calm sea under lee of the rocks; but I believe that every man on d our craft uttered a prayer, even if he never had ed before. It was a silent, yet, oh, what a thank- moment!

5. We soon had new spars aloft, and new canvas . We laid our course for Vera Cruz under a press ail, while the Nimrod had to beat up to windward, work around the reef. After we had been some s at Vera Cruz, she made her appearance in the of- , and dropped anchor in the harbor.

, track.
s, a general term for yards, masts, oms, etc.
Stream, a great warm ocean rrent which flows from the Gulf Mexico.
-pet'i-tor, one who strives with other for the same thing.
'cas-tle (*-kăs'l*), part of the deck fore the foremast.
cor-vette (*-vet'*), a sloop of war next below a frigate.
a-loft', on high.
break'ers (*brāk'-*), waves broken on a rocky shore.
in-ev'i-ta-ble, unavoidable.
pal'sy (*pawl'zi*), deaden; stun.
lee, shelter.
off'ing, the deep sea just off from land.

ress of sail (3), as much sail as the state of the wind and sea will mit a vessel to carry. — **the last war** (5) here means the war of 2. — **sheets** and **braces** (7) are ropes connected with the sails and ds. — **studding-sail booms** (8). A **boom** is a spar or pole run out to nd the bottom of certain sails; a **studding-sail** is a sail outside of square sails; **royal and top-gallant masts** are the highest sections of mast; **by the board,** over the side of the ship. — **to beat up to wind- rd** (10), to make progress in a direction towards the point whence the d blows, by sailing in a zigzag line.

ind **on the map the Bahā'ma Islands, and Vera Cruz (*vā'rā krōōs*).**

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XXXIV. — THE FIRMA

BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, one of the most illus
was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 179
City, June 12, 1878.

Bryant was a precocious poet, one of his mast
having been written when he was but nineteen ye
marked especially by purity of thought and langua
warm love of nature. A monument of his indu
classical scholarship is his translation of the Iliad

For the last fifty years of his life Bryant was
Post."

1. AY! gloriously thou standest
Beautiful, boundless firmame
That, swelling wide o'er earth
And round the horizon bent
With thy bright vault and sa
Dost overhang and circle all.

2. Far, far below thee, tall gray
Arise, and piles built up of
And hills, whose ancient summ
In the fierce light and cold
The eagle soars his utmost hei
Yet far thou stretchest o'er hi

3. Thou hast thy frowns: with t
The storm has made his air
Beyond that soft blue curtain
His stores of hail and sleet:
Thence the consuming lightnin
There the strong hurricanes a

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4. Yet art thou prodigal of smiles, —
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern;
Earth sends, from all her thousand isles,
A shout at their return.
The glory that comes down from thee
Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.

5. The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,
The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
The clouds that round him change and shine,
The airs that fan his way.
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air.

6. The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely round the Grecian coast
May thy blue pillars rise:
I only know how fair they stand
Around my own beloved land.

7. And they are fair, — a charm is theirs
That earth, the proud green earth, has not
With all the forms, and hues, and airs,
That haunt her sweetest spot.
We gaze upon thy calm pure sphere,
And read of Heaven's eternal year.

8. Oh, when, amid the throng of men,
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
How willingly we turn us then
Away from this cold earth,

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sap′phire (*săf′f′ir*), a precious stone of a blue color.

cir′cle, surro
gôr′geous (

Why are "light and cold" called "fierce," i
"lightnings" called "consuming," in stanza 3? E
"curtain," stanza 3 (as a curtain conceals what is be
from our sight, etc.). Explain the metaphor in
"meek," stanza 5. Explain the second line in sta

XXXV. — THE BURSTING OF T

FLAGG.

WILSON FLAGG was born in Beverly, Mass., in
Nature, and describes her aspects and works with th
and naturalist. His chief works are "Studies in
"The Woods and Byways of New England," and
of New England."

1. ONE of the most agreeable pursu
the study of nature is to watch the p
tion, from the earliest greenness of t
the first sprouting of the herbs, unfol
and opening of the buds, until ever
flower has expanded and brightened i
ance of summer.

2. While the earth exhibits only
stripes of verdure, along the borders
pools and rivulets, and on the hillside
watered by the oozing fountains just
face, we may observe the beautiful di
seled trees and shrubs, varying in c
yellow to a dark orange or brown,

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nps with a flowery splendor that forms a striking rast with the general nakedness of the plain.

As the hues of this drapery fade by the withering ne catkins, the leaf-buds of the trees gradually put heir scaly coverings, in which the infant bud has cradled during the winter; and the tender fan-ed leaves, in plaited folds and of different hues, e forth in millions, and yield to the whole forest a en and ruddy splendor, like the tints of the clouds curtain the summer horizon.

Though there is an indefinable beauty in the in-ely varied hues of the foliage at this time, yet this ar from being the most attractive spectacle of the on. While the trees are expanding their leaves, the h is daily becoming greener with every night fall dew, and thousands of flowers awake into life with ry morning sun.

. At first a few violets appear on the hillsides, in-asing daily in numbers and brightness, until they are re numerous than the stars of heaven; then a single delion, that appears but as the harbinger of millions less than a week, — all gradually multiply, and bring ng in their rear a countless troop of anemones, saxi-ges, geraniums, buttercups, columbines, and everlast-s, until the landscape is gemmed with the universal alth of spring.

'seled (*tăs'seld*) bearing tassels.
'kin, flower-cluster of the willow, irch, etc. It resembles a *cat's* tail.
'bin-ger, forerunner.
ho-ri'zon, the circular line where the earth and sky seem to meet.
dra'per-y, clothes; *here*, the flowers, considered as clothing the trees.

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XXXVI.—THE DAFFO

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, called by Matthew A chief glories of English Poetry," was born in Cumbe 1770, and died April 23, 1850. His long life was tranquillity, and was mostly devoted to the productio

Some of Wordsworth's poems are as beautiful literature. In very simple language — "a nobly pl press an elevated spiritual philosophy, and an arde strongly attract thoughtful readers.

Wordsworth's best work is in his shorter poems. tions of Immortality" is perhaps his most famous pr

1. I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales a
When all at once I saw a crow
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the tre
Fluttering and dancing in the b

2. Continuous as the stars that shi
And twinkle on the Milky Wa
They stretched in never-ending
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly

3. The waves beside them danced;
Outdid the sparkling waves in
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little th
What wealth the show to me h

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For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

in'u-ous, in unbroken mass.
nd, merry; lively.
pen'sive (*-siv*), thoughtful.
va'cant, unoccupied; thoughtless.

f'fodil (1), a bright yellow flower on a tall stalk like that of a lily. It ind of narcissus. — **the Milky Way** (2), the Galaxy; a white track or in the heavens, which seems to encircle the earth like a girdle. The astronomers called it the *milky way,* from its whiteness. The telescope s that it consists of innumerable stars, too remote to be separately dis- ished by the naked eye. — **inward eye** (4), the memory.

rite briefly in prose the principal ideas expressed in these stanzas.

XXXVII. — CONTENTMENT.

HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, . He graduated at Harvard University, and there, during thirty-five s, was Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the medical department. Holmes is wonderfully clever as a writer both of prose and verse. He is ht and entertaining, never dull and tedious. As a poet he is master of y vein, whether lyrical, humorous, satirical, or pathetic. Many of his ms have been written for social or festive gatherings, where his intel- ual efforts never fail to "Give truth a luster and make wisdom smile." The best-known works of Holmes in prose are "The Autocrat of the akfast Table," and "The Professor at the Breakfast Table."

"*Man wants but little here below.*"

1. LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A very plain brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own; —

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2. Plain food is quite enough f
Three courses are as good
If Nature can subsist on thr
Thank Heaven for three.
I always thought cold victua
My choice would be vanilla-

3. I care not much for gold or
Give me a mortgage here
Some good bank-stock, some
Or trifling railroad share, –
I only ask that Fortune sen
A little more than I shall s

4. Honors are silly toys, I knov
And titles are but empty r
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,
But only near St. James;
I 'm very sure I should not
To fill our Gubernator's chair

5. Jewels are baubles; 't is a sir
To care for such unfruitful
One good-sized diamond in a
Some, not so large, in rings
A ruby, and a pearl or so,
Will do for me; — I laugh at

6. Of books but few, — some fift
For daily use. and bound f

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The rest upon an upper floor, —
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

7. Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride; —
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

8. Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share, —
I ask but one recumbent chair.

9. Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much, —
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

bank'-stock, a share or shares in the capital of a bank.
ru'by (*rōō bi*), a precious stone or gem, of a carmine red color.
vel'lum, a fine parchment made of the skin of kids or lambs.
cam'e-o, a precious stone or shell, with raised engraving.
meer'schaum (*-shawm*), a costly kind of tobacco-pipe.
bŭhl, unburnished gold or mother-of-pearl inlaid in ebony or tortoise-shell, as an ornament.
fain, gladly.
gu-ber-na'tor, a Latin word meaning *governor*.

Plenipo (4). A minister plenipotentiary is one clothed with full power. The Court of St. James is the British court. Ministers to England are said

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costly. — **Midas' golden touch** (9). Midas, a
was a king of Phrygia, whose request that all he
was granted by the god Bacchus. But as even h
was in danger of starvation. To escape the curs
bathed in the river Pactolus, which ever after flow

XXXVIII. — SUMMER

BEECHER.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, a pulpit orator and
larity, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 2
Amherst College and studied theology. Since 1
Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, New York.

His discourses are marked by racy original
pathos, and humor, and in the higher flights o
felicitous imagery. Over his audience he has t
great natural orator.

1. MEN begin to look at the signs
long since much rain fell. The gro
the road is a good deal dusty; the g
planted trees are thirsty; wheels are
are looking dangerous. Men specul
they begin to calculate how long it
falls, before the potatoes will suffer, —
the grass, — everything! To be su
suffering; but then —

2. Rain, rain, rain! All day, all
ing. Will it never stop? The hay is
the rain washes the garden; the g
things have drunk their fill. The s
meadows are wet; the rivers run di
from every hill. Smoking cattle reek

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and fowl in general, shelter and plume. The sky
den; the clouds are full yet; the long fleece covers
nountains; the hills are capped in white; the air
l of moisture.

Rain, rain, rain! The wind roars down the chim-
The birds are silent; no insects chirp. Closets
moldy. The barometer is dogged: we thump it,
will not get up; it seems to have an understand-
ith the weather. The trees drip; shoes are muddy;
ge and wagon are splashed with dirt; paths are

So it is: when it is clear we want rain, and when
ns we wish it would shine. But after all, how
for grumblers that they are not allowed to meddle
the weather, and that it is put above their reach!
t a scrambling, selfish, mischief-making time we
ld have, if men undertook to parcel out the seasons
the weather according to their several humors or
ests!

But if one will but look for enjoyment, how much
every change of weather! The formation of clouds,
ne various signs and signals, the uncertain wheeling
marching of the fleecy cohorts, the shades of light
gray in the broken heavens, — all have their pleas-
o an observant eye. Then come the wind-gust, the
nt, dark cloud, the occasional fiery streak shot down
ugh it, the run and hurry of men whose work may
r!

Indeed, sir, even your humble servant was stirred
on the day after Fourth of July. The grass in the
orchard was not my best. Indeed, we grumbled
considerably while it was yet standing. But be-
cut, and the rain threatening it, one would have

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to save it!

7. Blessed be horse-rakes! O
with half a dozen rakes, would h
and down, thrusting out and pulli
rake, with slow and laborious pr
of that. See friend Turner, mou
horse-rake, riding about as if for
steel teeth and drop their collect
feet, and the teeth are at work ag
or fifteen feet, the windrow forn
when men ride and horses rake!

8. Meanwhile, the clouds come
through the air, and spit here a
liminary. But the hay is cocke
down, and all is ready — except t
for our negligence! The manufac
send us some for trial, and we h
Send them along! And now, with
rain coming, we mourned our care
hay-covers, our two dozen little h
been as snug as if in the barn.

9. Well, if one thing suffers, a
how the leaves are washed, the gras
the garden drinks, everything drink
that everything except man is lau
Trees shake their leaves with a
look moist and soft, at least whe
Even the solitary old pine-tree ch
sings soft and low melodies with pla

10. A good summer storm is a
gold and silver rattled down fro
would hardly enrich the land so

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Every drop is silver going to the mint. The are machinery, and, catching the willing drops, assay them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, urn them out coined berries, apples, grains, and s!

When the heavens send clouds, and they bank e horizon, be sure they have hidden gold in them. ne mountains of California are not so rich as are oft mines of Heaven, that send down treasures man without tasking him, and pour riches upon eld without spade or pickax, — without his search otice. Well, let it rain, then! No matter if the ey is delayed, the picnic spoiled, the visit ad- ed. Blessed be rain, — and rain in summer! And ed be He who watereth the earth, and enricheth man and beast!

late, form theories; conjec-
mit vapor; steam.
d, sullenly obstinate.
t, a body of soldiers.
row, a row of cut grass exposed e wind.
pre-lim'i-na-ry, preceding the main business.
un-du-la'tion, a motion like that of the waves.
as-say', determine the amount of gold or silver in an ore or alloy.

lter and plume (2), supply *themselvez.*

t out and explain metaphors in paragraph 2. Tell as much as you can construction and uses of a barometer.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

Longfellow.

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XXXIX.—FATE OF THE

SPRAGUE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE was born in Boston, in 1
During nearly all his life he was employed as
city. Much of his leisure, however, he devoted
produced some poetry of great excellence.

The following extract is from an Oration deli
July, 1825, by invitation of the municipal author

1. NOT many generations ago, wh
cled with all that exalts and emb
the rank thistle nodded in the wi
dug his hole unscared. Here live
race of beings. Beneath the same
our heads the Indian hunter pursu
gazing on the same moon that smile
lover wooed his dusky mate.

2. Here, the wigwam blaze be
and the helpless, the council-fire
and the daring. Now they dipp
in your sedgy lakes, and now, th
canoe along your rocky shores. H
echoing whoop, the bloody grappl
song, all were here; and when the
here curled the smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshiped;
dark bosom went up a fervent
Spirit. He had not written his
bles of stone, but he had traced t
their hearts. The poor child of
God of Revelation, but the God o
knowledged in everything around.

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He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty
l his lowly dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed
m from his midday throne; in the flower that
ed in the morning breeze, in the lofty pine that
efied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler
never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle,
untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm
crawled at his foot, and in his own matchless form,
ng with a spark of that light to whose mysterious
e he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean
a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death.
former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in
ath of the simple native. Two hundred years have
ged the character of a great continent, and blotted
er from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has
ped the bowers of nature, and the anointed chil-
of education have been too powerful for the tribes
ne ignorant.

Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how
ke their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The
an of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of
touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is
! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil,
re he walked in majesty, to remind us how miser-
is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his
k.

. As a race, they have withered from the land.
ir arrows are broken, their springs are dried up,
ir cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long
ce gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast
ng away to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly
y climb the distant mountains, and read their doom

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soon hear the roar of the last wa
over them forever.

8. Ages hence, the inquisitive w
by some growing city, will ponde
their disturbed remains, and wond
person they belonged. They will
and chronicles of their exterminato
ful to their rude virtues as men, a
unhappy fate as a people.

gen-er-a'tion, an age, or life-time. Your grandfather belongs to one generation, your father to another, and you to still another.
em-bel'lish-es, adorns.
rank, coarse-growing.
wig'wam, an Indian's hut.
sedg'y, plant.
u'ni-ve as one
pro-gen
chron'i accou

Give the meaning of "tiger strife" (2); "*anointed* children," etc. (5)? (From the He smearing with oil in consecrating to a high offic by "walked in majesty"?

Notice the rhythm or harmonious flow of the

Lo! the poor Indian, whose u
Sees God in clouds, or hears
His soul proud science never
Far as the solar walk, or Mil
Yet simple nature to his hope
Behind the cloud-topt hill, a
Some safer world in depth of
Some happier island in the w

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XL.—THE BUGLE SONG.

TENNYSON.

LFRED TENNYSON (born 1810) has for many years enjoyed the undis-
l distinction of being the greatest living English poet. In 1850,
Wordsworth died, at the age of eighty, Tennyson, then forty years
succeeded him as Poet Laureate.
ich poems of his as "Enoch Arden," "Idylls of the King," "The
Queen," "The Princess," and, generally, the shorter lyrics, are
ites with poetry lovers of all ages and all stages of culture.
ennyson's poetry is almost music, so melodious is its rhythm, and so
e are the words and phrases. He is undoubtedly the chief artist in
rich-melodied and highly-colored style" of ornate poetic art.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

O Love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

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XLI. — MY WIFE'S

PHIL ROBINSON

1. I HAD given my consent to so, immediately after breakfast, I choose one, — "a little one," she went out she confided her want going out herself soon after, also the selection, and told a few bir some birds to look at, — little or

2. Moreover, before going out my wife wanted a bird, — a lit went to the cage-maker's he me during the day the cage-maker to fanciers, who came in on busine them in the way of a customer "She wants a little bird," he sai

3. Well, I woke next morning usual, and with a vague genera somewhere in the country, — pr All the air outside seemed to just as I remembered hearing in my uncle's place in the country as thick as the leaves of the i the robins and wrens and other in the shrubbery.

4. All at once there came fro of fowls' languages. In every to from China to Peru, we heard s ings, and crowings, while behin were aware of a multitudinous

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hirping, accompanied by a sober obligato of cooing.
ed at my wife, and she at me.

All the time I was dressing the clamor continued
ated, and when I came down stairs I was not sur-
l at the sight that awaited me. The passage was
with bird-cages; and through the front door, which
pen, I saw that the front "garden" was filled also,
hat round the railings had collected a considerable
of children, whitewashers' assistants, and errand-

I went to the dining-room window and looked

My appearance was the signal for every bird-man
ize at once two cages and hold them up for inspec-

The contents of the cages screamed wildly; all
friends on the ground screamed in sympathy, and
nob outside cheered the birds on to further dem-
rations, by ill-naturedly imitating various cries.

I kept away from the window, therefore, and
ed till my wife came down. Her delight at the
bition seemed to me a little misplaced, the more
s she insisted on holding a levee at once. I began
breakfast therefore alone, but I hope I may never
such a meal again. Every other bird, being war-
ed tame, was allowed to leave its cage, and very
there was a parrot in the sugar basin, three ma-
s on the chandeliers, and a cockatoo on the back
ach chair.

The food on the table attracted a jackdaw, who
gged a rasher of bacon into the jelly-glass before
designs were suspected, and one wretched bird, find-
me out under the table, climbed up the leg of my
sers by his beak and claws. But my wife got be-
lered at last, and appealed to me to settle matters

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only *one* bird, and that *a little one* thing of that kind."

9. The disgust of the bird-fan ble, and every man proceeded glo self of his property. This was r letting the birds go, and entailed parrots from corner to corner. down behind the sideboard, and They were only got out after mo contents being first taken out), a were dirty beyond recognition, an and fluff. But we found a long r

10. At last, however, all seeme of, when it was discovered that o empty, and a pensive voice from eyes upward. It was then disco got its body inside one of the gl to release it. So, standing up on the protruding tail, and lifted th however, did it find itself release lent effort to escape, and succee my hands!

11. I hastened to apologize, an tail, but the man would not accep the feathers. On the contrary, h spoiled the bird for sale, I ought

12. And thus it was that we bird. At first it had a dog's angry with it for foisting itself liked it for its tailless condition; suspected both of us as having ing feathers. But my wife's hea

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the bird reciprocated the attachment. And when
ied, we were really sorry; and so, I think, was the
ot.

-fan-ci-er, one who keeps birds sale in cages.
-ga'to (*ob-le-gä'to*), a necessary l expressive part of the music.
e, a reception of visitors; a ty.
'er, a thin slice for frying.
side'board, a piece of furniture for holding dishes, etc.
chan-de-lier' (*shan-de-leer'*), a frame with branches for holding lights.
sum'ma-ri-ly, shortly; in few words.
re-cip'ro-cate, give and receive mutually, as favors.

XLII. — THE CORAL GROVE.

PERCIVAL.

AMES GATES PERCIVAL is remembered chiefly as a poet, though he held nean rank as a linguist and geologist. He was born in Connecticut in , and died in 1856. His best poetic conceptions are preserved in a few is simpler poems, like the following.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow.
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow:
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.

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And the crimson leaf of the
To blush, like a banner b
There, with a light and easy
The fan-coral sweeps throu
And the yellow and scarlet
Are bending, like corn on
And life, in rare and beautif
Is sporting amid those bo
And is safe when the wrath
Has made the top of the

4. And when the ship from his
Where the myriad voices
When the wind-god frowns i
And demons are waiting t
Then, far below, in the peac
The purple mullet and gol
Where the waters murmur t
Through the bending twigs

cŏr′al, a hard, limy substance, found on the bottom of the ocean. It is the stony frame of small sea animals called polyps.

myr′i-ad (*mir′*), an immense number.

dulse, color

span′g smal

murk′

Why is the sea called "glassy brine" (1)? drift" (2)? What by "flinty snow" (2)? W slaughter" (3)?

Point out similes in sections 2 and 3. See

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XLIII. — ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

DONALDSON.

W. J. Donaldson was an eminent aeronaut, who perished in Lake Michi-, his balloon being caught in a storm, July 18, 1875.

1. Now came the most stirring incident of our trip. om the height of four thousand feet we steadily as-nded, the country dwarfing into a panorama of toys low us. I had the barometer in my hand, and so arked our progress upward. At six thousand feet r breaths became visible, just as they would be on frosty morning. We already began to feel cold in e body, but the rays of the sun beat in upon us ith fierce intensity.

2. The index of the barometer steadily crept around e dial, marking off the thousands until it reached the urteenth, then flying back again and starting from ero, whence it moved once more around the dial, until halted on the verge of the two-thousandth, telling us at we were only about a hundred feet less than six-een thousand feet above the earth.

3. At this height the world was an obscurity to us, vapory haze shut it out from our view, and we could etect nothing of it but the lines that marked the great ays and rivers. The sun was intensely hot as its rays ell upon us; but for all that we might have been in n Arctic region, the air being extremely cold.

4. This is one of the most curious phenomena of life bove the clouds. The rarefaction of the air hardly ccounts for the chilling cold which penetrates you hrough and through, while the thermometer and the

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was shivering, while my head se
up, and all the blood in my body
I felt a very slight difficulty in br
were stopped up, and I could ha
companion was saying to me wh
by my side.

5. We did not remain long at th
tion. We slipped down through t
tween eleven and twelve thousand
and it was there that we had our
had within our range of vision, a
Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Harris
and Delaware Bays and all the
Annapolis and most of the smaller
cluded within the range of this ex

6. But the grandest feature of
ing eastwardly, we very plainly pe
Ocean. There was no mistake abo
lifted a little, and we could see
waters of the Delaware Bay mingl
Atlantic.

7. The view at this time was al
of language to picture. The penins
the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays
dark green upon the landscape; the
was hardly perceptible, except for
we knew to be the great bridge ac
below us was but a checkerboard
and white squares; Baltimore and
only masses of shade upon the n
ocean was a reality, and to a view

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ed our eyes, with a feeling that here was something
ıring, something everlasting.

The panorama that came within our scope of vision probably more than twenty thousand square miles, from our extreme height it seemed to be dwarfed space you might cover with your handkerchief. It ıed to us as if we were looking through the wrong of a field-glass.

o-rā′mà, an extensive view of ects.
n′si-ty, strong degree; severity.
, face (as of a clock).
-fac′tion, state of being rare or ht; thinness.
ther-mom′e-ter, an instrument for measuring the degree of heat.
trib′u-ta-ry, something which yields supplies; *here,* "tributaries" are streams flowing into the bays.
field′-glass, a kind of spy-glass.

ıd on the map the cities and bays named in this piece.

XLIV. — OVERBOARD.

BLACK.

WILLIAM BLACK is one of the youngest of English novelists of assured ıtation. He was born in Scotland, in 1841.
The following spirited descriptive piece is from his "Macleod of Dare."

1. WHEN Sir Keith Macleod got down to the stone er, John and Duncan Cameron were in the boat. hnny Wickes was standing at the door of the store-use.

"Would you like to go for a sail, Johnny?" Macleod id, curtly.

"O, yes, sir," said the boy eagerly; for he had long o lost his dread of the sea.

"Get in, then, and get up to the bow."

2. So Johnny Wickes went cautiously down the few

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"Where shall we go, sir?" said
Macleod had jumped into the stern
"Anywhere,—right out!" he a

3. But it was all very well to sa
there was a stiff breeze blowing ri
the boat put her nose beyond the
yet there was but little way on h
caught her, springing high over h
rattling down on her with a noi
The chief victim of this deluge was
Wickes, who tumbled down into th
vehemently blowing the salt wat
and rubbing his knuckles into his
out laughing.

4. "What 's the good of you as
"Did n't you see the water coming
"Yes, sir," said Johnny, ruefully
he would not be beaten. He scra
post, and clung there, despite the
clouds of spray.

"Keep her close up, sir," said th
sheet of the huge lug-sail in both
a glance out at the darkening sea.

5 But this great boat, rude an
she appeared, was a splendid specim
they know how to build such boat
of the world. No matter with hov
she went down into the yawning gr
foam hissing away from her side
wave, high, awful, threatening, ha
with a crash as of mountains fa

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yantly upwards, and the heavy blow only made her
vs spring the higher, as though she would shake her-
free, like a bird, from the wet.

5. But it was a wild day to be out. So heavy and
ck was the sky in the west that the surface of the
, out to the horizon, seemed to be a moving mass of
ite foam, with only streaks of green and purple in it.
e various islands changed every minute as the wild
uds whirled past. Already the great cliffs about
re had grown distant and faint as seen through the
ay; and here were the rocks of Colonsay, black as
as they reappeared through the successive deluges
white foam; and far over there, a still gloomier
ss against the gloomy sky told where the huge At-
ntic breakers were rolling in their awful thunder into
e Staffa caves.

7. "I would keep off a bit, sir," said the sailor next
acleod. He did not like the look of the heavy breakers
at were crashing on the Colonsay rocks.

And so they went plunging and staggering and bound-
g onwards, with the roar of the water all around them,
d the foam at her bows, as it sprang high into the air,
owing quite white against the black sky ahead.

8. The younger lad, Duncan, was clearly of opinion
at his master was running too near the shores of Col-
nsay; but he would say no more, for he knew that
Iacleod had a better knowledge of the currents and
ocks of this wild coast than any man on the mainland
f Mull.

9. John Cameron, forward, kept his head down to the
unwale, his eyes looking far over that howling waste
f sea; Duncan, his younger brother, had his gaze fixed
nostly on the brown breadth of the sail, hammered at

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endeavoring to strike at the crest
it came plowing along in its resist

10. But at one moment the boat
than usual, and the succeeding wa
In the great rush of water that t
Macleod's startled eye seemed to
something red, — something blazing
the waste of green, and almost the
him that there was no boy at the b
just one cry to arrest the attentio
slipped over the side of the boat,
off a rock.

11. The two men were bewilde
One sprang to the halyards, and
lug-sail; the other got out one of t
mighty blade fell into the bulk of t
would with one sweep tear her he
madmen the men pulled; and the
and the tide also; but nevertheles
sight — just for a moment — of
them, it was a terrible distance a

12. Yet there was no time, the
to think, to hoist the sail again; a
attached to the boat would have
second; and so there was nothing
struggle with those immense blad
resisting mass of the boat. John C
again; then, with a quick motio
across the boat.

"Up with the sail, lad!" he sh
sprang to the halyards.

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13. The seconds, few as they were, that were necesry to this operation, seemed ages; but no sooner had e wind got a purchase on the breadth of the sail than e boat flew through the water, for she was now runng free.

"He has got him! I can see the two!" shouted the der Cameron.

14. And as for the younger? At this mad speed the oat would be close to Macleod in another second or vo; but in that brief space of time the younger Cameon had flung his clothes off, and stood there, in the utting March wind, ready to spring overboard.

"This is foolishness!" his brother cried in Gaelic. You will have to take an oar!"

15. "I will not take an oar!" the other cried, with oth hands ready to let go the halyards. "And if it is oolishness, this is the foolishness of it: I will not let ou or any man say that Sir Keith Macleod was in the vater and Duncan Cameron went home with a dry kin!"

16. And Duncan Cameron was as good as his word; or as the boat went plunging forward to the neighborhood in which they occasionally saw the head of Macleod appear on the side of a wave and then disappear again as soon as the wave broke, — and as soon as the lug-sail had been rattled down, — he sprang clear from the side of the boat.

17. For a second or two, John Cameron, left by himself in the boat, could not see any one of the three; but at last he saw the black head of his brother, and then some few yards beyond, just as a wave rolled by, he saw his master and the boy. The boat had almost enough way on her to carry her to them; he had but

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by a cry close by. He sprang to
There was his brother drifting by,
one arm.

18. John Cameron rushed to
rope; but Duncan Cameron had b
a purpose; for as soon as he got cle
he struck for the dingey, and got h
safe. And here was the master,
side of the dingey, so as to recover
attempting to board the cockle-she
waters. There were tears running
ron's rugged face as he drew the th
side of the big boat.

pier (*peer*), stonework extending into the sea.
buoy'ant (*bwoi'-*), floating easily.
til'ler, handle of the rudder.
lug'-sail, a kind of square sail.
ve'he-ment-ly, with great force.
gun'wale (*gun'el*), the upper timber of the boat's side.
rue'ful-ly
hal'yard, and sail
din'gey (
swamped with
Gaelic (*g* Highlan

Keith Macleod, pronounced *keeth mà-klowd'*. ing with the wind. — **got a purchase,** etc. (13 exert force on the boat. — **cockle-shell** (18). W a cockle-shell? — **Staffa, Col'onsay,** and **Mull** off the west coast of Scotland. Mull is the large indented with caves, the most remarkable one bei

---

O, it is ex
To have a giant's strength; but
To use it like a giant.

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XLV. — UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE is universally conceded to be the greatest writer nglish literature, and is often claimed by competent judges to be unsur-ed in the literature of any people whatever.

This great man was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in England, in 1564. He there on April 23, 1616.

Of his life not much is certainly known. For twenty-six years he lived ondon, connected with theaters in the capacity of actor and play-writer. was thrifty and prosperous, and accumulated a respectable fortune.

Shakespeare seems to have written his plays solely to please his contempo-es; but these plays have continued to satisfy, to delight, and even to awe, all subsequent generations. They have never been approached as natic masterpieces. No other writer depicts with such force the workings he human heart, so skillfully lays bare the springs of human motives and ons. The habit of reading Shakespeare is sure to exalt the character disciplining both the intellect and the affections.

1. UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

2. Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

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ADVERSITY

SWEET are the uses of adversity
Which, like the toad, ugly and
Wears yet a precious jewel in h
And this our life exempt from p
Finds tongues in trees, books in
Sermons in stones, and good in
Shak

REPUTATION

GOOD name in man and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their s
Who steals my purse steals tra
nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has beer
But he that filches from me my
Robs me of that which not enricl
And makes me poor indeed.

FEAR OF DEAT

COWARDS die many times before t
The valiant never taste of death b
Of all the wonders that I yet hav
It seems to me most strange that
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come when it will come.
Shak

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VII. — THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

DICKENS.

RLES DICKENS, doubtless the most popular of modern English novel-s born on February 7, 1812, and died on June 9, 1870. After a short nce as a writer for newspapers, he found his proper career when, in e published "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." ckwick" is still perhaps as much liked as any of the long list of that we associate with the name of Dickens. It stands with "Oliver " "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey and Son," d Copperfield," and others, all of them forming a group of works of unsurpassed in humor, vividness of description, and power of appealing universal sympathy of mankind.

THE Kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. ybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle leave it on record to the end of time that she d n't say which of them began it; but I say the le did. I ought to know, I hope! The Kettle n it full five minutes, by the little waxy-faced ch clock in the corner, before the Cricket uttered irp.

Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one ws that. I would n't set my own opinion against opinion of Mrs. Peerybingle, unless I were quite , on any account whatever. Nothing should in-e me. But this is a question of fact. And the is, that the Kettle began it, at least five minutes re the Cricket gave any sign of being in existence. tradict me, and I 'll say ten.

. Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I uld have proceeded to do so in my very first word, for this plain consideration, — if I am to tell a y I must begin at the beginning; and how is it

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It appeared as if there were a
of skill, you must understand,
the Cricket. And this is what
came about.

4. Mrs. Peerybingle, going ou
and clicking over the wet ston
that worked innumerable rough
proposition in Euclid all about
bingle filled the Kettle at the
returning, less the pattens (an
they were tall and Mrs. Peery
she set the Kettle on the fire.

5. In doing which she lost
it for an instant; for the wa
ably cold, and in that slippy
state wherein it seems to pe
kind of substance, patten ring
hold of Mrs. Peerybingle's to
her stockings.

6. Besides, the Kettle was ag
It would n't allow itself to be a
it would n't hear of accommoda
knobs of coal; it *would* lean forv
and dribble, a very Idiot of a K
was quarrelsome; and hissed an
the fire.

7. To sum up all, the lid, resi
fingers, first of all turned topsy-t
ingenious pertinacity deserving
sideways in — down to the very
And the hull of the Royal Geor

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onstrous resistance to coming out of the water, the lid of that Kettle employed against Mrs. ingle before she got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and g its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peery-, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall in-me!"

But Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored good humor, d her chubby little hands against each other, and own before the Kettle, laughing. Meantime, the blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on ittle Haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock.

Now it was, you observe, that the Kettle began end the evening. Now it was, that the Kettle, ing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressi-urglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal s, which it checked in the bud, as if it had n't quite e up its mind yet to be good company. Now it that, after two or three such vain attempts to stifle onvivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all rve, and burst into a stream of song so cozy and hila-s, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least of.

1. That this song of the Kettle's was a song of invi-on and welcome to somebody out of doors, — to some-y at that moment coming on, towards the snug, small ne, and the crisp fire, — there is no doubt whatever. s. Peerybingle knew it, perfectly, as she sat musing ore the hearth.

2. It 's a dark night, sang the Kettle, and the rotten ves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and rkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and there 's

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and angry crimson, where the
set a brand upon the clouds
weather; and the widest open
streak of black; and there 's l
post, and thaw upon the trac
water, and the water is n't free
that anything is what it ought
coming, coming! —

13. And here, if you like, th
with a chirrup, chirrup, chirru
way of chorus, — with a voice
portionate to its size as compar
you could n't see it!) — that if
burst itself like an overcharge
a victim on the spot, and cl
into fifty pieces, it would h
and inevitable consequence, for
labored.

14. They went very well to
the Kettle. The burden of the
and louder, louder, louder still,
emulation. There was all the
about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp!
Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Ket
distance, like a great top. Chirp
round the corner. Hum, hum,
sticking to him; no idea of giv

15. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cric
Hum, hum, hum—m—m! K
Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket g
Hum, hum, hum—m—m! Ket

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l, at last, they got so jumbled together, in the y-skurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether Kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the ket chirped and the Kettle hummed, or they both ed and both hummed, it would have taken a er head than yours or mine to decide with any- like certainty.

. But of this there is no doubt; that the Kettle the Cricket, at one and the same moment, and by e power of amalgamation best known to themselves, each his fireside song of comfort streaming into a of the candle that shone out through the window, a long way down the lane. And this light, burst- on a certain person who, on the instant, approached ards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing im, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome e, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Byron.

tens, a wooden sole or clog, with iron ring beneath, to keep the t from getting wet.
ti-naç'i-ty (*-năs'i-ti*), firm adhe- nce to a purpose; stubbornness.
con-viv'i-al, social; lively.
hi-la'ri-ous, very merry.
maud'lin, sickly sentimental.
a-mal-ga-ma'tion, a mixing or blend- ing.

uclid (4), a Greek geometer whose system of demonstration has been for two thousand years. — **Royal George** (7), a large English man- ar, which sank in 1782. Read Cowper's poem, "The Loss of the Royal rge."

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MRS. E. L. BE

1. "WHICH shall it be? W
I looked at John, John
(Dear patient John, who
As well as when my loc
And when I found that
My voice seemed strange
"Tell me again what Rc
And then I listening be
"This is his letter: —

2 "
A house and land while
If, in return, from out y
One child to me for aye
I looked at John's old g
I thought of all that Jol
Of poverty, and work an
Which I, though willing,
I thought of seven mout
Of seven little children's
And then of this.

3. "Com
"We 'll choose among th
Asleep." So, walking ha
Dear John and I surveye
First to the cradle lightl
Where Lilian the baby s

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Her auburn curls, like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down, in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir;
Huskily he said, "Not her, not her."

4. We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He 's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

5. Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace:
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

6. Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one, —
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he.
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

7. Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love:

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He lifted up a curl that
Across her cheek in will
And shook his head: "N
The while my heart beat

8. Only one more, our eldes
Trusty and truthful, good
So like his father. "No,
I cannot, will not let hi

. . .

9. And so we wrote, in cou
We could not give one c
And afterwards toil light
Thinking of that of whic
Happy, in truth, that no
We missed from its accu
Thankful to work for all
Trusting the rest to One

a-thwart', across.
cour'te-ous (*kĕr'-*), polite.
for aye, always; forever.
husk'i-ly, with a broken voice.
trun'd
tur'bu
way'w
way.

shed athwart (4), "shed" is the same co

Write in your own words the story told in th

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XLIX. — PHŒBE AND HEPZIBAH.

HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, a distinguished writer whose fame is still ving, was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804, and died, May 19, 1864, at mouth, New Hampshire, while on a journey of recreation. He received degree at Bowdoin College in 1825, being a classmate with Longfellow. Among Hawthorne's fascinating stories we have only space to name wice-Told Tales," "Mosses from an Old Manse" (written while the author d in the "old manse" at Concord, Mass.), "The Scarlet Letter," "The use of the Seven Gables," and "A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls." Mr. Hillard, one of Hawthorne's most intimate friends, says: "Hawthorne s a man of peculiarly original genius. He combined a rare imaginative ulty with a vein of deep, often mournful reflection. He painted character th admirable discrimination and effect."

Hawthorne's style is remarkable for its purity and rare beauty.

The following selection is taken from "The House of the Seven Gables."

1. AFTER arranging matters to her satisfaction, Phœbe nerged from her chamber, with a purpose to descend nto the garden. At the head of the stairs, however, he met Hepzibah, who, it being still early, invited her nto a room which she would probably have called her oudoir, had her education embraced any such French hrase.

2. Hepzibah bade her young guest sit down, and, erself taking a chair near by, looked as earnestly at 'hœbe's trim little figure as if she expected to see right nto its springs and motive secrets.

"Cousin Phœbe," said she, at last, "I really can't see ny way clear to keep you with me."

3. To Hepzibah's blunt observation, Phœbe replied, s frankly, and more cheerfully.

"Dear cousin, I cannot tell how it will be," said she. "But I really think we may suit one another much better than you suppose."

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that point which makes me he
this house of mine is but a me
young person to be in. It lets i
and the snow, too, in the garret
in winter, but it never lets in th
for myself, you see what I am, -
some old woman (for I begin to ca
I cannot make your life pleasant,
can I so much as give you bread to

5. "You will find me a cheer
swered Phœbe, smiling, and yet v
dignity; "and I mean to earn m
I have not been brought up a Pyn
many things in a New England vi

6. "Ah! Phœbe," said Hepzi
knowledge would do but little f
then it is a wretched thought th
away your young days in a plac
cheeks would not be so rosy afte
Look at my face!" — and, indee
very striking, — "you see how pa
idea that the dust and continual
houses are unwholesome for the lu

7. "There is the garden, — the
care of," observed Phœbe. "I s
healthy with exercise in the open

8. "Well, well, Cousin Phœbe, s
I have said, your courage does no
not part so soon. You are welcom
present, to such a home as your k
you."

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. With this measured, but not exactly cold assur-
e of a hospitable purpose, Hepzibah kissed her cheek.
ey now went below stairs, where Phœbe — not so
ch assuming the office as attaching it to herself by
magnetism of innate fitness — took the most active
t in preparing breakfast.

10. Phœbe, and the fire that boiled the tea-kettle,
re equally bright, cheerful, and efficient in their
spective offices. Hepzibah gazed forth from her ha
ual sluggishness, the necessary result of long soli-
de, as from another sphere. She could not help
ing interested however, and even amused, at the
adiness with which her new inmate adapted herself
the circumstances, and brought the house moreover,
d all its rusty old appliances, into a suitableness for
er purposes.

11. Whatever she did, too, was done without con-
ious effort, and with frequent outbreaks of song,
hich were exceedingly pleasant to the ear. This
atural tunefulness made Phœbe seem like a bird in
shadowy tree; or conveyed the idea that the stream
f life warbled through her heart as a brook sometimes
varbles through a pleasant little dell. It betokened
he cheeriness of an active temperament, finding joy
n its activity, and therefore rendering it beautiful; it
was a New England trait, — the stern old stuff of Puri-
tanism with a gold thread in the web.

12. Hepzibah brought out some old silver spoons
with the family crest upon them, and a china tea-set
painted over with grotesque figures of man, bird, and
beast, in as grotesque a landscape. "Your great-great-
great-great-grandmother had these cups when she was
married," said Hepzibah to Phœbe. "She was a Daven-

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13. The cups — not having bee
Hepzibah's youth — had contracte
dust, which Phœbe washed awa
and delicacy as to satisfy even
invaluable china.

"What a nice little housewife
the latter, smiling, and at the s
prodigiously that the smile was s
der-cloud. "Do you do other thi
as good at your book as you are at

14. "Not quite, I am afraid,"
at the form of Hepzibah's question
mistress for the little children in
mer, and might have been so still

"Ah! it is all very well!" obse
drawing herself up. "But these t
to you with your mother's blood.
cheon that had any turn for them.'

15. It is very queer, but not the
are generally quite as vain, or e
deficiencies as of their available g
of this native inapplicability, so t
cheons to any useful purpose.

16. All proofs of Phœbe's rea
handiwork were highly acceptabl
old gentlewoman, so long as she c
self, with a grim smile, and a ha
sentiment of mixed wonder, pity, a
"What a nice little body she is!
be a lady too! — but that 's impo
Pyncheon. She takes everything f

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PHŒBE AND HEPZIBAH.

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decide, but which could hardly ha
ment at all in any fair and healthy
no canon of taste; she was admir
herself, and never jarred against
stances. Her figure, to be sure, -
almost childlike, and so elastic th
easy to it as rest, or easier, — wou
one's idea of a countess.

18. Neither did her face — witl
on either side, and the slightly p
wholesome bloom, and the clear s
half a dozen freckles, friendly remei
sun and breeze — precisely give u
beautiful. But there was both lus
eyes. She was very pretty; as gr
graceful much in the same way; a
house as a gleam of sunshine falling
a shadow of twinkling leaves, or as
dances on the wall while evening is

19. Instead of discussing her c
ladies, it would be preferable to r
example of feminine grace and a
in a state of society, if there were
dies did not exist. There it shoul
to move in the midst of practical
them all, the very homeliest, — we
ing of pots and kettles, — with an
liness and joy.

20. Such was the sphere of Phœl
and educated lady, on the other ha
farther than Hepzibah, our forlor

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tling and rusty silks, with her deeply cherished and iculous consciousness of long descent, her shadowy ims to princely territory, and, in the way of accom-shment, her recollections, it may be, of having form-y thrummed on a harpsichord, and walked a minuet, l worked an antique tapestry stitch on her sampler. was a fair parallel between new Plebeianism and old ntility.

'doir (*bōō'dwôr*), a lady's dress-ng-room.
'an-chol-y (*-kŏl'ĭ*), gloomy; sad.
g'net-ism, attractive power.
nate, inborn; natural.
st, the figure or device which sur-nounts a family coat of arms.
'on, law; rule.
piqu'ant (*pik'ant*), sharp; pointed.
gro-tesque' (*-tesk'*), extravagantly formed.
harp'si-chord (*-kôrd*), a harp-shaped musical instrument, now superseded by the piano.
min'u-et, a slow, stately dance.
sam'pler, a pattern for needlework.

Point out some of the figures of speech in paragraph 11; some in paragraph 18. Explain the last clause of paragraph 11, as applied to Phœbe. Explain "in keeping with herself" (17).

Write a brief description of Phœbe.

L.—THE CORN SONG.

WHITTIER.

1. Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

2. Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;—

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To cheer us when the s
Our harvest fields wit

4. Through vales of grass a
Our plows their furro
While on the hills the s
Of changeful April pla

5. We dropped the seed o'e
Beneath the sun of M
And frightened from our
The robber crows awa

6. All through the long, br
Its leaves grew green
And waved in hot midsu
Its soft and yellow ha

7. And now, with Autumn's
Its harvest time has c
We pluck away the frost
And bear the treasure

8. There, richer than the fa
Apollo showered of old
Fair hands the broken gr
And knead its meal of

9. Let vapid idlers loll in si
Around their costly bo
Give us the bowl of sam
By homespun beauty p

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0. Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls?

1. Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

2. Let Earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly; —

3. But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

o, grains of Indian corn broken for boiling in a pudding.

hoard, store or stock laid up for use.

vap'id, spiritless; insipid.

rish horn (1). The allusion is to the cornucopia, or horn of plenty. represented as a wreathed horn, filled with fruits and flowers, and is the ool of plenty. — **Apollo** (8), one of the principal gods of Grecian and an mythology. He was the god of song and stringed instruments, of s and fruits, of the healing art, etc. — **And now** (7), that is, And now its harvest time, etc.

xplain: apple from the pine (2); meads of flowers (4).

hat figure in stanza 8? what two figures in stanza 9? See p. 432, III., IV.

escribe in your own words the raising of corn (referring to stanzas 4, 5, 6, 7).

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LI.—AN APPEAL

HENRY.

PATRICK HENRY, a great American orat
of Scotch parentage. Though not enjoying t
a liberal education, he developed in early life
display of which he found a splendid oppor
ceded the war of the Revolution. He contin
to his country after the war had ended. He

The following speech is found in Wirt's
delivered at a Convention of Delegates of Vi
1775.

1. IT is natural for man to i
of hope. We are apt to shut c
ful truth, and listen to the song
transforms us into beasts. Is thi
engaged in a great and arduou
Are we disposed to be of the
having eyes, see not, and havi
things which so nearly concern
tion? For my part, whatever a
cost, I am willing to know the wh
worst, and to provide for it.

2. I have but one lamp by wh
and that is the lamp of experien
of judging of the future but by t
by the past, I wish to know wha
conduct of the British ministry,
to justify those hopes with whic
pleased to solace themselves and

3. Is it that insidious smile w
has been lately received? Tru
prove a snare to your feet. S

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betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this ious reception of our petition comports with those ike preparations which cover our waters and darken land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so un- ing to be reconciled, that force must be called in vin back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves.

These are the implements of war and subjuga- , — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask lemen what means this martial array, if its purpose not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen as- any other possible motive for it?

Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of world, to call for all this accumulation of navies armies? No, sir; she has none. They are meant us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the ish **ministry** have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the ject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in ry light of which it is capable; but it has been all vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble sup- ation? What terms shall we find which have not n already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, eive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done avert the storm which is now coming on. We have itioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have plored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands

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tional violence and insult; our
disregarded; and we have been
from the foot of the throne.

8. In vain, after these thing
fond hope of peace and recor
longer any room for hope. If
we mean to preserve inviolate
leges for which we have been
we mean not basely to abando
which we have been so long
have pledged ourselves never to
rious object of our contest shall
fight! — I repeat it, sir, we mu
arms, and to the God of hosts, is

9. They tell us, sir, that we
cope with so formidable an adv
we be stronger? Will it be the
year? Will it be when we ar
when a British guard shall be s
Shall we gather strength by ir
Shall we acquire the means of
lying supinely on our backs, an
phantom of hope, until our ene
us hand and foot?

10. Sir, we are not weak if w
those means which the God of
our power. Three millions of p
cause of liberty, and in such a co
possess, are invincible by any
can send against us. Besides,
our battles alone. There is a

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the destinies of nations, and who will raise up
nds to fight our battles for us.

1. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the
lant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no
tion. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now
late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat
in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged.
ir clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston.
war is inevitable, — and let it come! I repeat it,
let it come!

2. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentle-
n may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The
is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from
north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding
ns. Our brethren are already in the field. Why
nd we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish?
nat would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so
eet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and
very? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what
urse others may take; but as for me, give me liberty,
give me death!

n'sion (*-zhun*), false show.
l'po-ral, worldly.
sid'i-ous, deceitful; sly.
'ace, console; cheer.
n-pōrts', agrees; suits.
r'tial (*-shal*), warlike.
fōrg'ing, forming by heating and hammering.
su-pine'ly, flat on the back; lazily.
in-vi'o-late, uninjured.
phan'tom, a fancied vision.
e-lec'tion, choice.

Siren (1). The reference is to the enchantress Circe (*sĭr'se*), who, as the eek poet Homer relates, feasted the companions of Ulysses, and then nsformed them into swine.

British ministry (2), the body of officers who manage certain state airs for the British sovereign. It consists of the leading men of the party power at the time.

Explain the figure of speech in paragraph 2. Point out a figure of climax paragraph 7. What is Parliament (*pär'li-ment*)?

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LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born in 1819. He graduated at Harvard College in voted himself to literature as a pursuit. Su during a number of years Professor of Mode in the University at Cambridge.

Lowell has written much exquisite po thought, and felicitous in expression. No poetic genius. His "Biglow Papers," a poli dialect, contain an incomparable delineation wit, and humor of the Yankee race. He ha bright and scholarly essays in prose.

In 1880, Mr. Lowell was sent as Minister Court of St. James (England), which position

1.

OLD events have modern meaning
Of past history which finds kindre
Mahmood once, the idol-breaker, s
Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as

2.

In the great pagoda's center, mons
Granite on a throne of granite, sat
Mahmood paused a moment, silen
That, with eyes of stone unwaver
place.

3.

Then the Brahmins knelt before hi
bold,
Pledging for their idol's ransom cou
Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood,
Since from it the roots of power su

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4.

Were yon stone alone in question, this would please
me well,"
Mahmood said; "but, with the block there, I my truth
must sell.
Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune, as her wheel
turns round,
He who keeps his faith, he only cannot be discrowned.
Little were a change of station, loss of life or crown,
Nought the wreck were past retrieving if the Man fell down."

5.

His iron mace he lifted, smote with might and main,
And the idol, on the pavement tumbling, burst in twain.
Luck obeys the downright striker; from the hollow core,
Fifty times the Brahmins' offer deluged all the floor.

Lay'end (*lej'-*), a fabulous or romantic story.
Pa-go'dà, a Hindoo temple containing an idol.
re-triev'ing, bringing back to a former state.
mace, a heavy staff.
Brăh'min, a Hindoo priest.

The Faith (1) here means the Mohammedan religion. — **Sumnat** (1), now usually written Somnauth (*som-nawt'*), is a town in India. Its famed Hindoo temple was sacked by the Mussulmans under Mahmood in 1024.

Explain: finds kindred, etc. (1); my truth must sell (4); in twain (5).

Explain the first figure in stanza 3, line 3. (As yellow dirt is in regard to its worth, so was gold to Mahmood.) Explain similarly the metaphor in line 4, "roots of power."

Put synonymous words in place of those italicized in the following sentences: —

The temple's lord was *monstrous* and *abhorred*.

Gold was of *precious* use to Mahmood.

Mahmood at Sumnat was once tempted *sorely*.

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LIII.—THE REVOLUTIO

BANCROFT.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian of the
Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800. After g
(1817), he continued his studies for several
In 1834 he published the first volume of hi
Just forty years later he gave to the world t
history to the close of the Revolutionary wa
Formation of the Constitution, have since app
regarded as the standard history of the United
Mr. Bancroft has ably filled many public
represented his country as Minister to the most
The "war message" was the news of the
April 19, 1775.

1. DARKNESS closed upon the
town, but it was no night for sle
relays of horses transmitted the w
to hand, till village repeated it to
backwoods, the plains to the hi
never suffered to droop till it had
south, and east, and west, through

2. It spread over the bays that
the Penobscot. Its loud reveille
trappers of New Hampshire, and
notes from peak to peak, overlea
tains, swept onward to Montreal
ocean river, till the responses w
cliffs of Quebec. The hills along
one another the tale.

3. As the summons hurried to
day at New York; in one more
next, it lighted a watchfire at I
waked an answer at Annapolis.

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near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward with-
a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal
mp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emi-
ıts to North Carolina. It moved onwards, and still
ards, through boundless groves of evergreen, to New-
ı and to Wilmington.

. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day,"
te Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for
nswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its
es at the border, and dispatched it to Charleston,
through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live-
s, still farther to the South, till it resounded among
New England settlements beyond the Savannah.

. The Blue Ridge took up the voice, and made it
rd from one end to the other of the valley of Vir-
ia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their
riers that the "loud call" might pass through to the
dy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the
ench Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful
ough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its
piring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that
nters who made their halt in the matchless valley of
e Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth day of April
naming their encampment *Lexington*.

6. With one impulse the Colonies sprung to arms;
th one spirit they pledged themselves to each other
o be ready for the extreme event." With one heart
e continent cried, "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

lay', a supply of fresh horses to relieve others.

veil'le (*-vāl'yā*), beat of drum or sound of trumpet at daybreak to waken soldiers.

route (*rōōt*), way; road.

live'-oak, a kind of oak much used in shipbuilding.

băr'ri-er, something which bars the way or passage.

Saco, pronounced *saw'ko*. — **Holston**, *hōl'stun*. — **Watauga** (*wȧ-taw'gȧ*).

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LIV.—THE CHARGE OF TH

TENNYSON.

THE following spirited poem commemo
charge made by a brigade of English light-
the battle of Balaklava (*bal-à-klä'và*), Octob
thirty started on the charge, and only a hund
been supposed that the order to charge was gi

Notice the *galloping* measure of the first tw

1. HALF a league, hal
Half a league on
All in the valley o
Rode the six hu
"Forward, the Ligh
Charge for the guns
Into the valley of
Rode the six hun

2. "Forward, the Ligh
Was there a man d
Not though the sol
Some one had blu
Theirs not to make
Theirs not to reason
Theirs but to do an
Into the valley of
Rode the six hun

3. Cannon to right of
Cannon to left of th
Cannon in front of
Volleyed and thu

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Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

4. Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, — but not —
Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them, —
Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.

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Noble six hundr

dis-mayed', deprived of strength and firmness through fear.

vol'l out

Cossack (4). The Cossacks are tribes on t of the Russian empire. They are very skillf

What nations were engaged in the Crim half a league?

Write a brief account of the charge of the

LV. — WEBSTER ON A MEM

S. G. GOODRI

[For a notice of Mr. Goodrich, see page 15 life introduces the next Lesson.]

1. THE first time I ever saw M 17th of June, 1825, at the laying the Bunker Hill Monument. I appearance as he strode across th by some fifty thousand persons, - waiting for the "Orator of the that simultaneously burst forth, carrying up to the skies the n "Webster!" "Webster!"

2. It was one of those lovely d sun is bright, the air clear, and th sweet and pure as to fill every joy in the mere consciousness of

3. There were present long fil holiday attire; there were many a

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toed banners; there were lodges and grand lodges, vhite aprons and blue scarfs; there were miles of zens from the towns and the country round about; re were two hundred gray-haired men, remnants of days of the Revolution; there was among them a nger, of great mildness and dignity of appearance, whom all eyes rested, and when his name was known air echoed with the cry, "Welcome, welcome, La-ette!"

4. I have seen many public festivities and ceremo-ls, but never one, taken all together, of more gen-l interest than this. Everything was fortunate: were gratified; but the address was that which med uppermost in all minds and hearts. Mr. ebster was in the very zenith of his fame and of powers.

5. There was a grandeur in his form, an intelligence his deep dark eye, a loftiness in his expansive brow, significance in his arched lip, altogether beyond those any other human being I ever saw. And these, on e occasion to which I refer, had their full expression d interpretation.

6. In general, the oration was serious, full of weighty ought and deep reflection. Occasionally there were ashes of fine imagination, and several passages of deep, erwhelming emotion.

7. I was near the speaker, and not only heard every ord, but I saw every movement of his countenance. When he came to address the few scarred and time-worn eterans — some forty in number — who had shared in he bloody scene which all had now gathered to com-nemorate, he paused a moment, and, as he uttered the words, "Venerable men!" his voice trembled, and I could

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8. When at last, alluding to
said: —

"But ah, Him! the first gre
cause! Him! the premature v
devoting heart! Him, the head
and the destined leader of our
nothing brought hither but th
his own spirit! Him! cut off
hour of overwhelming anxiety a
ere he saw the star of his countr
generous blood, like water, befor
would fertilize a land of freedom
shall I struggle with the emotio
ance of thy name!"

9. Here the eyes of the vete
customed to tears, were filled to
them "sobbed aloud in their fu
orator went on: —

"Our poor work may perish, b
this monument may molder aw
it rests upon may sink down to
but thy memory shall not fail!
men a heart shall be found that b
of patriotism and liberty, its as
claim kindred with thy spirit!"

10. I have never seen such a
passage; a moment before, every
brow was clouded, every eye was
inspiration, every breast seemed n
gaze to turn above, every face to b
exulting enthusiasm. It was the

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nce, which, like the agitated sea, carries a host
n its waves, sinking and swelling with its irresisti-
undulations.

à, a space.
e, secret club or association.
als, series of historical events.
mem'o-rate, celebrate by a pub-
act.
vet'er-ans, old and experienced soldiers.
om-nip'o-tence, unlimited power.
un-du-la'tions, wave-like movements.
ze'nith, height.

tice the want of grammatical correspondence in paragraph 8. The r's warmth of emotion causes him to close with the direct address, name," instead of "his name."

I. — THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, , and died at Marshfield, Mass., October 24, 1852. He graduated at tmouth College in 1801. He studied law, and, after practicing in Portsth for some years, in 1816 removed to Boston. In a short time he stood e head of American advocates and orators.

During many years Webster held high public offices and was a chief leader ational affairs. He was chosen again and again to represent Massachusetts he Senate of the United States and was twice Secretary of State. In the ate he was distinguished as the ablest expounder of the Constitution, and parliamentary debater.

On great occasions Webster had no superior as an orator. His best efforts characterized by a massive and weighty eloquence, sound in thought and le in diction. His delivery approached the majestic. "In person Web- was imposing, his head of great size, his eyes deep-seated and lustrous, voice powerful, sonorous, and flexible."

1. VENERABLE men! you have come down to us from former generation. Heaven has bounteously length-ed out your lives, that you might behold this joyous y. You are now where you stood fifty years ago,

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2. Behold, how altered! The
deed, over your heads; the same o
but all else how changed! You
hostile cannon; you see no mixed
flame rising from burning Charl
strewed with the dead and the
charge; the steady and successf
call to repeated assault; the sum
manly to repeated resistance; a tl
and fearlessly bared in an instant
there may be in war and death;
witnessed, but you witness them

3. All is peace. The heights
its towers and roofs, which you
wives and children and country
terror, and looking with unuttera
issue of the combat, have presen
the sight of its whole happy pop
welcome and greet you with a u

4. Yonder proud ships, by a fe
propriately lying at the foot of this
fondly to cling around it, are not
to you, but your country's own mea
defense.

5. All is peace; and God has g
of your country's happiness ere
grave. He has allowed you to be
the reward of your patriotic toils;
us, your sons and countrymen, to
in the name of the present genera
your country, in the name of liber

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6. But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the ord have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, rk, Brooks, Reed, Pomeroy, Bridge, — our eyes seek you in vain amid this broken band. You are gath- d to your fathers, and live only to your country in grateful remembrance and your own bright ex- ple.

7. But let us not too much grieve that you have met common fate of men. You lived at least long ough to know that your work had been nobly and ccessfully accomplished. You lived to see your coun- 's independence established, and to sheathe your ords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw se the light of Peace, like

"another morn,
Risen on mid-noon";

d the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloud- s.*

in'te-ous-ly, liberally.
-pet'u-ous, furious.
ewed (*stroōd*), scattered over.
-trop'o-lis, chief city of a country; *here*, the allusion is to Boston as the chief city of Massachusetts.
ju'bi-lee, season of great public joy.
is'sue (*ish'oo*), result.

Yonder proud ships (4). The United States Navy Yard at Charlestown situated at the base of Bunker Hill. Ships of war of the United States at anchor there. — **Prescott, Putnam,** etc. (6). Give some account of se men. (Ebenezer Bridge and James Reed were colonels; John Brooks s a major. Seth Pomeroy (*pum'-*) fought bravely at Bunker Hill as a pri- e, but afterwards became a general.)

Explain: felicity of position (4); gathered to your fathers (6).

Where is Charlestown? Who fought against the Americans at Bunker ll? Can you tell anything about the battle?

* The extract in paragraphs 8 and 9 of the preceding lesson immediately llows, in Webster's oration, this paragraph.

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LVII. — EXTRACT FROM

WHITTIER.

1. THE moon above the easter
Shone at its full; the hill-r
Transfigured in the silver fl
Its blown snows flashing co
Dead white, save where son
Took shadow, or the sombe
Of hemlocks turned to pitch
Against the whiteness at th
For such a world and such
Most fitting that unwarming
Which only seemed where'e
To make the coldness visibl

2. Shut in from all the world
We sat the clean-winged hea
Content to let the north wi
In baffled rage at pane and
While the red logs before us
The frost-line back with tro
And ever, when a louder bla
Shook beam and rafter as it
The merrier up its roaring d
The great throat of the chim

3. The house-dog on his paws
Laid to the fire his drowsy l
The cat's dark silhouette on
A couchant tiger's seemed to

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And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And close at hand the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change! — with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now, —
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.

Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees,
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!

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That somehow, somewhere, mee
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cy
Who, hopeless, lays his dead a
Nor looks to see the breaking
Across the mournful marbles p
Who hath not learned, in hour
The truth to flesh and sense
That Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its ov

trans-fig'ured, changed in outward form; made glorious.
pitch'y, like pitch or tar in color.
and'i-rons (*-i-urnz*), a pair of iron bars on legs. Andirons are used in an open fireplace to support the fuel.
sil'hou-ette a figure, fi
couch'ant (*k* the head r
draught (*dr* the hot air

Explain: clean-winged hearth (2); The stars sh the thought in stanza 6, lines 7 and 8? Explain the of section 2.

Describe in your own words the fireside scene (stanz

HOPE.

'T IS distance lends enchantment to
And robes the mountain in its azu
Thus with delight we linger to sur
The promised joys of life's unmeasu
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovere
More pleasing seems than all the p
And every form, that Fancy can re
From dark oblivion, glows divinely

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—GIANT DESPAIR AND DOUBTING CASTLE.

BUNYAN.

NYAN, a tinker and preacher, was born near Bedford in Eng-
, and died in 1688. The following extract is taken from his im-
"The Pilgrim's Progress," which was written in Bedford jail,
as imprisoned twelve years for preaching. Speaking of the
ogress, Mr. J. R. Green says: "It is probably the most popu-
widely known of all English books. Its English is the simplest
t English which has ever been used by any great English writer.
his tale with such a perfect naturalness that allegories become
, that the Slough of Despond and Doubting Castle are as real to
ve see every day, that we know Mr. Legality and Mr. Worldly
if we had met them in the street."

this piece, with what clearness and force Bunyan expresses his
means of short, easy words.

and Hopeful, leaving the king's highway, get over a stile, and
e grounds of Giant Despair.

Y could not, with all the skill they had, get
he stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting
ttle shelter, they sat down there till daybreak;
; weary they fell asleep. Now there was, not
he place where they lay, a castle, called Doubt-
e, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it
s grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore
g up in the morning early, and walking up and
his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep
ounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he
n awake, and asked them whence they were,
they did in his grounds. They told him they
rims, and that they had lost their way.

n said the giant, "You have this night tres-
me by trampling in and lying on my grounds,
fore you must go along with me." So they

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in a fault. The giant therefore drove
and put them into his castle, in a v
Here, then, they lay from Wednesday
day night, without one bit of bread, o
light, or any to ask how they did.

3. Now Giant Despair had a wife,
Diffidence; so when he was gone to
wife what he had done, to wit, tha
couple of prisoners, and cast them int
trespassing on his grounds. Then he
had best do further to them. She co
when he arose in the morning, he
without mercy.

4. So when he arose he getteth hi
tree cudgel, and goes down into the
and there first falls to rating them as
Then he falls upon them, and beats
such sort that they were not able to h
to turn them upon the floor. This do
and leaves them there to condole the
mourn under their distress; so all tha
the time in nothing but sighs and la

5. The next night, she, talking w
further about them, and understandin
yet alive, advised him to counsel the
with themselves. So, when morning w
to them in a surly manner, as before
them to be very sore with the stripes t
them the day before, he told them that
never like to come out of that place
would be forthwith to make an end

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ıt they desired him to let them go; with that he
ıgly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubt-
le an end of them himself, but that he fell into
ıis fits, and lost for a time the use of his hands.
›re he withdrew, and left them.

ell, towards evening the giant goes down into
geon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his
; but when he came there, he found them alive,
ly, alive was all; for now, what for want of
nd water, and by reason of the wounds they
when he beat them, they could do little but

But, I say, he found them alive; at which he
a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they
›beyed his counsel, it should be worse with them
they had never been born.

ow when night came, the giant's wife asked him
›risoners had taken his counsel; to which he re-
They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to
hardships than to make away with themselves."
" said she, "take them into the castle yard to-
, and show them the bones and skulls of those
›u hast already dispatched, and make them believe
eek comes to an end thou wilt tear them in pieces,
hast done their fellows before them."

›, when the morning was come, the giant goes to
gain, and takes them into the castle yard, and
them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said
ere pilgrims as you are; they trespassed on my
s as you have done, and I tore them in pieces;
within ten days I will do for you. Go, get you
to your den again." And with that he beat
ll the way thither. They lay therefore all day
urday in a lamentable case.

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a little before it was day, Christian, as
broke out in this passionate speech: "
I to lie in a dungeon when I may
liberty! I have a key in my bosom
that will, I am persuaded, open any l
Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That 's
brother; pluck it out of thy bosom a

11. Then Christian pulled it out of
began to try at the dungeon door, wh
turned the key, gave back, and the doo
Christian and Hopeful both came out.
the outer door that leads into the castle
this key opened that door also. After
the iron gate, for that must be opened
lock went desperately hard, yet the ke

12. Then they thrust open the gate
escape with speed; but that gate, as i
such a creaking that it waked Giant
hastily rising to pursue his prisoners,
to fail; for his fits took him again, so
by no means go after them. Then the
came to the king's highway again, and

Explain: trespassed on me (2); falls to rating them

In paragraph 8 what words mean "to kill"? what w
word "before"?

Write a brief account of the chief things told in this les

The Pilgrim's Progress is a kind of writing called an
tion of one thing under the image of another). "T
progress of the Christian is represented in detail by the
in search of a distant country, which he reaches after
difficulties." A fable is a short allegory.

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LIX. — LINES ON A SKELETON.

nuscript of this poem was found near a skeleton in the London
e of Surgeons, about 1820. The author has never been found,
ard of fifty guineas was offered for his discovery."

HOLD this ruin! 'T was a skull
ce of ethereal spirit full.
is narrow cell was life's retreat;
is space was thought's mysterious seat.
hat beauteous visions filled this spot!
hat dreams of pleasure long forgot!
r hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
s left one trace of record here.

neath this moldering canopy
ce shone the bright and busy eye;
t start not at that dismal void:
social love that eye employed,
with no lawless fire it gleamed,
t through the dews of kindness beamed,
at eye shall be forever bright
hen stars and suns have lost their light.

ithin this silent cavern hung
e ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
falsehood's honey it disdained,
nd when it could not praise was chained, —
bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
t gentle concord never broke, —
at silent tongue shall plead for thee
hen death unveils eternity!

To hew the rock, or wear the
Can nothing now avail to the
But if the page of truth they
And comfort to the mourner
These hands a richer meed sh
Than all that wait on wealth

5. Avails it whether bare or sho
These feet the paths of duty
If from the bowers of ease th
To seek affliction's humble be
If grandeur's guilty bribe the
And home to virtue's lap retu
These feet with angels' wings
And tread the palace of the s

page of truth (4), the Bibl

TRUE GROWTH.

It is not growing like a tre
In bulk, doth make man be
Or standing long an oak, three
To fall a log at last, dry, bald,
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die tha
It was the plant and flower
In small proportions we just bea
And in short measures life may

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THE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF GREECE.

HILLARD.

E STILLMAN HILLARD was born in Machias, Maine, September nd died, January 21, 1879, at Longwood, in the suburbs of Boston. raduating at Harvard College (1828) he engaged in the practice of d became a distinguished member of the bar in Boston. an eloquent speaker and a polished writer. All his public dis- d other writings show the results of high culture and a refined "Six Months in Italy" is an interesting and instructive book of

IE peninsula of Greece is remarkable, among ntries of Europe, for those peculiarities which ish Europe itself from the other quarters of be, — for the number of its natural divisions, extent of seacoast compared with its surface. not so large as Portugal, its extent of seacoast er than that of Italy, and twice as great as that ace. Peloponnesus is so embayed and indented sea that it has been aptly likened to the human retched out, with the fingers apart.

nus the voice of the sea was ever sounding in s of the Greek, and from every mountain height waters were seen sparkling in the clear distance. ntially contributed to the formation of that bold, and enterprising spirit which characterized the The murmur of its waves is constantly heard literature of Greece, as in that of England. he poetry of Homer is full of ocean influences. hor must have been familiar with the sea in all ds, and from childhood "laid his hand upon its like that strong swimmer of our own age, from

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central repose, but its bitterness, its tu
foam.

4. The attachment of the Greeks to
trated by an anecdote which has come
a Greek islander, who, when he was ca
beautiful Vale of Tempe, coldly rem
well; but where is the sea?"

5. Greece, too, was as much a land
as of the flood. It is a region of pla
lying in the laps of steep mountain ra
in many places be traversed only by
where the footing is difficult and dan
lying near each other were completely is
tain barriers. Hence it came that Gree
by many distinct communities, differing
in civil and religious institutions, whos
rivalries afforded a constant excitement
the inhabitants.

6. This explains the fact why the hi
is so crowded with events, is so fruitful
struction, and is also one reason of the
riety of its literature. Of the various dia
no one degenerated into a vulgar or p
but each was a refined language, used
conceptions best suited to its peculiar

7. There were other elements, com
degrees to the whole of the Grecian p
aided in the wonderful development of th
which there took place. The air was
its clearness and purity, as is shown by
preservation in which those monuments

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vhich have been so fortunate as to escape the ng hand of man. The climate was admirably o develop both body and mind.

ıe winters were severe in some places, but gen- here was warmth without heat, and coolness cold. The cold of winter was tempered by ial sea breezes, and the heats of summer miti- y the bracing winds from the mountains, many se peaks were covered with snow during the ear. The soil, with very few exceptions, was kind which stimulates and rewards labor; not ical luxuriance, but richly repaying the hus- n's toil.

ıus all the influences that were around the an- reek were adapted to quicken, animate, and in- o give muscular power and nervous sensibility; e active minds and vigorous bodies; and there is ıe analogy between the energetic and practical er of the Greek intellect and the forms and ex- ıs of nature in Greece, as that which we observe ı the dreamy and speculative cast of the Oriental ıd the exhausting heats and monotonous plains East.

' (-bād'), inclosed in a bay, ays.

pat'-wā'), dialect or speech ower classes in any country.

is'o-lāt-ed (*is'-*), placed by itself, as an *island* is; detached.

mo-not'o-nous, marked by dull uniformity.

nne'sus (1), called also More'a, is the peninsula which forms the part of Greece.

(3), the Greek poet who wrote the great epics, the Iliad and the He is supposed to have lived about 1000 B. C. — **Vale of** (4), a valley in the northeast of Thessaly noted for its beautiful **– laid his hand . . . mane** (3). See Byron's *Childe Harold's Pil-* canto iv. st. 184.

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LXI. — WATERLOO

BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, though he liv achieved a brilliant reputation as a poet. He was b 22, 1788. He was but twenty-four years old when he fame by publishing a portion of "Childe Har ld's the remaining twelve years of his life Byron was cons From time to time he gave the world poems of star original themes. The principles inculcated in som countrymen, and still offend the moral sense of reac

"As a man, Byron could not manage himself, co aright, but was all astray." He died, April 19, 182 had gone to aid the Greeks in their struggle for indepe

Passionate eloquence and powerful description are of Byron's poetry.

On the night of June 15, 1815, a grand ball was g Richmond at Brussels, "Belgium's capital," and was cers of the allied forces, that is, the English, Belgians under the Duke of Wellington. During the eveni Napoleon was marching on Brussels. Engagements to but Waterloo was not fought till Sunday, the 18th. A Prussians, near the close of day, joined the forces u the French army was totally routed.

The following verses are from "Childe Harold's Pil

1. THERE was a sound of revelry by nig
And Belgium's capital had gathered t
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and b
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
A thousand hearts beat happily; and
Music arose with its voluptuous swel
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which sp
And all went merry as a marriage bel
But hush! hark! a deep sound strike
knell!

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: not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,
car rattling o'er the stony street;
th the dance! let joy be unconfined;
ep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
ıse the glowing hours with flying feet!
ırk! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
he clouds its echo would repeat;
earer, clearer, deadlier, than before!
m! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

n a windowed niche of that high hall
runswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
sound the first amidst the festival,
aught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
vhen they smiled because he deemed it near,
eart more truly knew that peal too well
ı stretched his father on a bloody bier,
roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
ed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

then and there was hurrying to and fro,
gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
ıed at the praise of their own loveliness;
there were sudden partings, such as press
ife from out young hearts, and choking sighs
h ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
er more should meet those mutual eyes,
pon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
mustering squadron, and the clattering car,

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And the deep thunder peal on pea
And near, the beat of the alarmin
Roused up the soldier ere the mor
While thronged the citizens, with
Or whispering, with white lips, "Th
they come!"

6. And wild and high the "Cameron'
The war-note of Lochiel, which A
Have heard, and heard too have h
How in the noon of night that pib
Savage and shrill! But with the
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mo
With the fierce native daring whic
The stirring memory of a thousan
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings i
ears!

7. And Ardennes waves above them
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er g
Over the unreturning brave, — ala
Ere evening to be trodden like the
Which now beneath them, but abo
In its next verdure, when this fier
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall m

8. Last noon beheld them full of lust
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly

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nidnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
norn the marshaling in arms, the day
e's magnificently stern array!
hunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
earth is covered thick with other clay,
h her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
nd horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial
blent!

noisy mirth.
ous, delightful.
h), small recess.
(*skwŏd'-*), a body of troops
ge.

pent, *literally*, penned; packed together.
blent, mingled.
pi'broch (*pe'brŏk*), the wild martial music of the Scottish bagpipe.

rick's fated chieftain (3). The Duke of Brunswick fell in the t at Quatre Bras (*kät'r brä'*) the next day (the 16th). His father battle of Auerstädt (*ow'er-stet*), in 1806, in which the French ne Prussians. — **mutual eyes** (4), eyes exchanging looks of love — **"Cameron's gathering"** (6), the "war-note" of the Camenders. — **Lochiel** (*lo-keel'*). The title of the chief of the Came- — **Albyn** (6), the poetic name for Scotland, — hence "Albyn's Highlands of Scotland. — **Saxon foes** (6), the Lowland Scotch nglish. — **Evan's, Donald's fame** (6), Sir Evan Cameron and on Donald were conspicuous in the rebellions of 1689 and 1715. s the Lochiel of Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning." — **Ardennes** ut here pronounced *är'den*). The woods of Soignies (*swä'nye'*), hich the troops had to pass, — supposed to be a remnant of the Ardennes, which in Cæsar's time traversed this part of Belgium, ded far into Germany. — **which when rent** (8), equivalent to *ing* rent."

n: Death's prophetic ear (3); noon of night (6); Nature's tear- ; living valor (7); other clay (8).

s the figure of speech in the third line of the first stanza? See IV. (the abstract, *beauty*, put for the concrete, *beautiful persons*). ther example of this figure. By what forces was the battle of fought? What can you tell of Napoleon after this battle?

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1. I HARDLY know whether I am annoyed with the catbird. Perhaps s common, and her part in the general conspicuous. If you are listening for t bird, she is sure to be prompted to t protracted singing, drowning all othe sit quietly down to observe a favorit comer, her curiosity knows no bou scanned and ridiculed from every poi Yet I would not miss her; I would her a little, make her less conspicuou

2. She is the parodist of the woods, a mischievous, bantering, half-ironical lay, as if she were conscious of mimi certing some envied songster. Ambiti ticing and rehearsing in private, she y sincere and genuine of the sylvan mi had taken up music only to be in the be outdone by the robins and thrushes. she seems to sing from some outward from inward joyousness. She is a g not a great poet. Vigorous, rapid, cop fine touches, but destitute of any hig her performance, like that of Thoreau's implies a spectator.

3. There is a certain air and polish however, like that in the vivacious c well-bred lady of the world, that co

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aternal instinct, also, is very strong, and that structure of dead twigs and dry grass is the cen- much anxious solicitude.

ot long since, while strolling through the woods, ention was attracted to a small densely grown hedged in with eglantine, brambles, and the ing smilax, from which proceeded loud cries of and alarm, indicating that some terrible calamity reatening my somber-colored minstrel. On effect- entrance, and looking around me from a square terra firma, I found myself the spectator of a me, yet fascinating scene.

hree or four yards from me was the nest, beneath in long festoons, rested a huge black snake; a o thirds grown was slowly disappearing between anded jaws. As he seemed unconscious of my e, I quietly observed the proceedings. By slow he compassed the bird about with his elastic his head flattened, his neck writhed and swelled, o or three undulatory movements of his glisten- ly finished the work.

hen he cautiously raised himself, his tongue from his mouth the while, curved over the nest, ith wavy, subtle motions, explored the interior conceive of nothing more overpoweringly terrible nsuspecting family of birds than the sudden ap- e above their domicile of the head and neck of ch enemy. It is enough to petrify the blood in eins.

ot finding the object of his search, he came ng down from the nest to a lower limb, and nced extending his researches in other directions, stealthily through the branches, bent on captur-

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only birds and squirrels are considere
himself up, letting himself down, ru
yielding boughs, and traversing with
the whole length and breadth of the
surprising.

8. I could but admire his terrible
shining folds, his easy, gliding move
eyes glistening, tongue playing like
the invisible means of his almost wi

9. The parent birds, in the mean w
most agonizing cry, — at times flutteri
their pursuer, and actually laying hol
their beaks and claws. On being t
snake would suddenly double upon h
his own body back, thus executing a st
that at first seemed almost to paralyz
place her within his grasp.

10. Not quite, however. Before his
upon the coveted prize the bird would t
and, apparently faint and sobbing, re
branch. His reputed powers of fascina
little, though it is possible that a frail
bative bird might have been held by th

11. Presently, as he came gliding d
body of a leaning alder, his attention
a slight movement of my arm; eying
with that crouching, utterly motionles
believe only snakes and devils can as
quickly, — a feat which necessitated
crawling over his own body, — and gl
the branches, evidently recognizing i

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e of the ancient parties he once so cunningly

few moments after, as he lay carelessly dis-
the top of a rank alder, trying to look as much
ooked branch as his supple, shining form would
ıe old vengeance overtook him. I exercised my
ive, and a well-directed missile, in the shape
ne, brought him looping and writhing to the

fter I had completed his downfall and quiet
n restored, a half-fledged member of the be-
ıousehold came out from his hiding-place, and,
upon a decayed branch, chirped vigorously, no
celebration of the victory.

one who turns a serious
ng into burlesque.
(-tĭn), the sweet-brier.
common climbing plant.
mă, Latin words meaning
d.
o-ry, wavy.

sub'tle (*sut'l*), sly; artful.
dom'i-cile (*-sil*), house; abode.
pet'ri-fy, turn to stone.
lo-co-mo'tion, act of moving.
com'ba-tive (*-tiv*), disposed to fight.
pre-rog'a-tive (*-tiv*), peculiar right or privilege.

D. Thoreau (*thō'ro*) (?) was an eccentric man and well-known
o built himself a small house on the shore of Walden Pond, near
lass., and lived there a hermit life for two years, — an observer
and her little creatures, the squirrels, fishes, and birds.

nce: squirrel, mischievousness, genuine, strategic.

ı: half-ironical undertone (2); *everlasting* smilax (4); arch ene-
ırch, chief); strategic movement (9), (*strategy*, skill in military
; the old vengeance (12), see Genesis, chap. iii.
tell the difference between "versifier" and "poet"? Explain
n at the close of paragraph 11?

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LXIII. — THE SOLITARY

WORDSWORTH.

1. Behold her, single in the
Yon solitary Highland La
Reaping and singing by h
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds
And sings a melancholy s
O listen! for the vale pro
Is overflowing with the so

2. No nightingale did ever c
So sweetly to reposing ba
Of travelers in some shad
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er
In spring-time from the c
Breaking the silence of th
Among the farthest Hebri

3. Will no one tell me what
Perhaps the plaintive num
For old, unhappy, far-off t
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humbl
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss,
That has been, and may b

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THE SOLITARY REAPER.

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I saw her singing at her
And o'er the sickle bendi
I listened till I had my
And, as I mounted up th
The music in my heart I
Long after it was heard n

plain'tive, sad; mournful.
theme, subject.
sic'kle, a ho
ting grain.

farthest Hebrides (2). The Hebrides, or Wes
west coast of Scotland. They consist of two groups,
Hebrides.

LXIV.—A BEE HU

IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the city of N
and died at Sunnyside, on the Hudson River, Novemb

Irving is regarded as the earliest classic American
read with equal admiration in his native land and in
best-known productions is "A History of New York
bocker," which is a good-natured burlesque of the cu
of the old Dutch colonists. Another celebrated worl
of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," which contains "Rip
Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and other sketches. Irvi
ber of valuable historical works, among which are
ages of Christopher Columbus," and "The Life of Geo

In the purity of his English, and the quiet grace and
his style, Irving may be compared with Goldsmith. H
and amiable as that of Addison. His writings also c
move the feelings by their pathetic tenderness.

For many years Irving resided in Europe. He was

1. WE had not been long in the cam
set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, b
witness the sport, I gladly accepted a

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y them. The party was headed by a veteran
r, a tall, lank fellow, in homespun garb that
ely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped
e a beehive. A comrade, equally uncouth in
without a hat, straddled along at his heels,
ng rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded
zen others, some with axes and some with
no one stirs far from the camp without his
so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild

er proceeding some distance, we came to an
e on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader
d then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the
ich I perceived a piece of honeycomb. This I
s the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several
ming about it, and diving into its cells. When
laden themselves with honey they would rise
ir, and dart off in a straight line almost with
ty of a bullet.
hunters watched attentively the course they
then set off in the same direction, stum-
ng over twisted roots and fallen trees, with
s turned up to the sky. In this way they
honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow
a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a
they entered a hole about sixty feet from the

of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vig-
t the foot of the tree, to level it with the
The mere spectators and amateurs in the
e drew off to a cautious distance, to be out
y of the falling of the tree and the vengeance
ates.

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community. They continued to ply a
pations, some arriving full freighted
sallying forth on new expeditions, l
chantmen in a money-making metr
cious of impending bankruptcy and
loud crack, which announced the
trunk, failed to divert their attentio
pursuit of gain. At length down ca
tremendous crash, bursting open fro
displaying all the hoarded treasures
wealth.

6. One of the hunters immediate
wisp of lighted hay as a defense agai
latter, however, made no attack, and s
they seemed stupefied by the catastr
cious of its cause, and remained cra
about the ruins without offering us a

7. Every one of the party now f
and hunting-knife to scoop out the
comb with which the hollow trunk w
of them were of old date, and a
others were beautifully white, and t
cells was almost limpid. Such of t
entire were placed in camp kettles t
the encampment; those which had be
fall were devoured upon the spot.
was to be seen with a rich morsel in l
about his fingers, and disappearing as
tart before the holiday appetite of a sc

8. Nor was it the bee-hunters alon
the downfall of this industrious comm

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d carry through the similitude of their habits
e of laborious and gainful man, I beheld num-
rival hives arriving on eager wing to enrich
s with the ruins of their neighbors. These
emselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many
on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore,
ng into the cells of the broken honeycombs,
g greedily on the spoil, and then winging
full freighted to their homes.

to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed
no heart to do anything, not even to taste the
at flowed around them, but crawled backwards
rds, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor
th his hands in his pockets, whistling vacantly
ondingly about the ruins of his house that had
t.

is difficult to describe the bewilderment and
of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had
ent at the time of the catastrophe, and who
om time to time with full cargoes from abroad.
they wheeled about in the air in the place
e fallen tree had once reared its head, aston-
finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if com-
ng their disaster, they settled down in clus-
a dry branch of a neighboring tree, whence
med to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and
forth doleful lamentations over the downfall
republic.

ne who plunders wrecks.
awkward; ungainly.
(*-tēr'*), one who pursues
pation for the love of it,
or gain.

vac'u-um, an empty space.
com'mon-wealth, the whole body of the people, or community (literally, common or public *well*-being).
lim'pid, clear.

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1. SOME words on Language may be
And take them kindly, though
pride;
Words lead to things; a scale is
Coarse speech, bad grammar, swea

2. Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter
The native freedom of the Saxon
See the brown peasant of the plas
How all his passions play about h
With us, the feature that transmit
A frozen, passive, palsied breathin

. . . .

3. It can't be helped, though, if we 're
We gain some freedom of the lips
But school and college often try in
To break the padlock of our boyho
One stubborn word will prove this
No quondam rustic can enunciate

4. A few brief stanzas may be well e
To speak of errors we can all avoid
Learning condemns beyond the rea
The careless lips that speak of soa
Her edict exiles from her fair abod
The clownish voice that utters roa

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ern to him who calls his cōat a cọat,
eers his bōat believing it a bọat,
rdoned one, our classic city's boast,
aid at Cambridge mọst instead of mōst,
it her brows and stamped her angry foot
r a teacher call a rōōt a rŏŏt.

more: speak clearly if you speak at all;
every word before you let it fall;
like a lecturer or dramatic star,
er hard to roll the British R;
t your accents in the proper spot;
— let me beg you — don't say "How?" for
"What?"
when you stick on conversation's burrs,
strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

z′-), a rustic. | **quon′dam**, former.
elf-evident truth. | **e′dict**, a king's order or decree.

e "**view**" (3). The poet refers to the pure sound of long *u*, same as *you*. — **soap, road, coat, boat, most** (5, 6). The s in dropping the final part of long *o*, giving only the first part ound sound. To avoid it, lengthen the sound. The last part of ight form of *oo*. — **root** (6). The proper sound is that of long *r*.

BEAUTY.

THING of beauty is a joy forever:
loveliness increases; it will never
s into nothingness, but still will keep
bower quiet for us, and a sleep
l of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.

Keats.

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JOHN RUSKIN was born in London in 1819. as the foremost writer in the language on art ma much useful advice and many brilliant descriptive

1. I TELL you earnestly, you habit of looking intensely at words self of their meaning, syllable by sy letter. You might read all the b Museum, if you could live long e an utterly "illiterate," uneducated read ten pages of a good book, lett is to say, with real accuracy, — you some measure, an educated person.

2. The entire difference between education (as regards the merely int consists in this accuracy. A well-e may not know many languages, m speak any but his own, may have re but whatever language he knows, h whatever word he pronounces, he pro

3. An ordinarily clever and sensi able to make his way ashore at most only to speak a sentence to be know person: so also the accent, or turn single sentence, will at once mark a

4. Let the accent of words be wa let their meaning be watched mor few words, well chosen and distingu work that a thousand cannot, when ing, equivocally, in the function of a

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LXVII. — THE SAXON TONGUE.

LYONS.

LBORNE LYONS was an accomplished scholar, who had a select 's, at Haverford, near Philadelphia. He died in 1868.

gather all our Saxon bards, let harps and hearts be strung,
lebrate the triumphs of our own good Saxon tongue;
ronger far than hosts that march with battle-flags unfurled,
s with Freedom, Thought, and Truth, to rouse and rule the world.

Albion learns its household lays on every surf-worn shore,
Scotland hears its echoing far as Orkney's breakers roar;
Jura's crags and Mona's hills it floats on every gale,
warms with eloquence and song the homes of Innisfail.

any a wide and swarming deck it scales the rough wave's crest,
ng its peerless heritage, — the fresh and fruitful West.
mbs New England's rocky steeps, as victor mounts a throne;
ra knows and greets the voice still mightier than its own.

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And where, on Essequibo's ban
reigns.
It glads Acadia's misty coasts
isle;
And bides where, gay with
Texan prairies smile.

5. It tracks the loud, swift Oregon,
leys rolled;
And soars where Californian broo
sands of gold.
It sounds in Borneo's camphor
fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges'
proud Bombay.

6. It wakes up Aden's flashing eye
swarthy limbs;
The dark Liberian soothes her
cradle hymns;
Tasmania's maids are wooed and w
speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life
tered beach.

7. It dwells where Afric's southmost
broad and blue,
And Nieuwveld's rugged mounta
and waste Karroo.

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dles realms so far apart, that, while its praise
you sing,
may be clad with autumn's fruits, and *those*
with flowers of spring.

ickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an
Arctic sky,
lands for which the Southern Cross hangs its
orbed fires on high.
es with all that prophets told, and righteous
men desired;
all that great apostles taught, and glorious
Greeks admired;

Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse, and
Milton's lofty mind;
Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore, — to cheer
and bless mankind.
, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and error
flies away,
anishes the mist of night before the star of
day!

grand as are the victories whose monuments
we see,
e are but as the dawn which speaks of noontide
yet to be.
heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame! take heed!
nor once disgrace,
h deadly pen or spoiling sword, our noble tongue
and race.

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And judge that they who cou
you smite — a brother.
Go forth, and jointly speed the
prayed for long,
When Christian states, grown
scorn revenge and wrong;
When earth's oppressed and sav
to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these Eng
Freedom, Heaven, and Ho

Al'bion (2), the old and now poetic name of G
(2). The Orkney Islands are a group of islands l
Scotland. — **Ju'ra** (2), an island, one of the Inner
of Scotland. — **Mo'na** (2), the Isle of Man, in th
(2), ancient name of Ireland. — **Essequi'bo** (*es-*
river of British Guiana, in South America. — **Aca**
of Nova Scotia. — **A'den** (*ā'den*) (6), a town and
coast of Arabia. — **Libe'rian** (6). Liberia is a rep
Africa. — **Tasma'nia** (*taz-*) (6), a large island so
formerly called Van Diemen's Land. — **Sydney** (
South Wales, in Australia. — **Nieuwveld** (*nyēv'ē*
of Cape Colony in South Africa. — **Karroo** (7).
lands occupying the terraces between the lofty mou
called *karroos*. The largest of these is called the G
Cross (8), a brilliant constellation in the Southe
stars forming the figure of a cross.

Find on the map Jamaica, the Oregon River, B
the Gan'ges (*jē'z*), Bom-bay'. Can you tell who Mi
Alfred? Newton?

Explain: kindles realms (7); meteor lights (8)
you think the word "day-star" a good poetic nam

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LXVIII. — MORNING.

EVERETT.

EVERETT was one of the most illustrious citizens of the United
was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794, and died on
1865. He graduated at Harvard College with the highest honors
en years of age.
extensive course of study and travel in Europe, he returned home
a distinguished career. He was Professor of Greek at Harvard
member of Congress for ten years, repeatedly Governor of his
Minister to England, President of Harvard University, Secretary
a member of the national Senate.
equally renowned as an orator, a scholar, and a statesman. He
ldresses and essays, all marked by consummate elegance and

wing brilliant description is taken from an address on the "Uses
y," delivered at the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory in
the 28th of August, 1856.

AD occasion, a few weeks since, to take the
in from Providence to Boston; and for this
rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every-
ound was wrapped in darkness, and hushed
e broken only by what seemed at that hour
rthly clank and rush of the train. It was a
ene, midsummer's night; the sky was with-
oud; the winds were whist. The moon, then
ast quarter, had just risen, and the stars
ith a spectral luster but little affected by her

piter, two hours high, was the herald of the
e Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their
fluence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the
Andromeda veiled her newly discovered glories
e naked eye in the south: the steady Pointers,

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3. Such was the glorious spectacl
train. As we proceeded, the timid a
became more perceptible; the intens
began to soften; the smaller stars,
went first to rest; the sister beams o
melted together; but the bright co
west and north remained unchanged

4. Steadily the wondrous transfig
Hands of angels, hidden from morta
scenery of the heavens; the glories
into the glories of the dawn. The bl
more softly gray; the great watch-st
holy eyes; the east began to kindle.

5. Faint streaks of purple soon
sky; the whole celestial concave wa
inflowing tides of the morning light,
ing down from above in one great c
till at length, as we reached the Blue
purple fire blazed out from above
turned the dewy tear-drops of flower
bies and diamonds. In a few second
gates of the morning were thrown w
lord of day, arrayed in glories too se
of man, began his state.

6. I do not wonder at the supers
cient Magians, who in the morning o
up to the hilltops of Central Asia, an
true God, adored the most glorious w
But I am filled with amazement whe
in this enlightened age, and in the hear
world, there are persons who can w

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tion of the power and wisdom of the Creator. y in their hearts, "There is no God."

noiseless.
ya-dēz), a well-known even small stars.
wo bright stars in the he "Dipper." A line them *points* nearly to star.
ce in the heavens where

the axis of the earth would touch if extended.
trans-fig-u-ra'tion, change of form.
Ju'pi-ter, the largest planet, and next to Venus the brightest.
Ma'gi-ans, priests among the Persians.
con-stel-la'tions, groups of stars.

Androm'eda are northern constellations (2). — The **Blue** w miles south of Boston (5).

rovidence? Boston? Asia (pronounced *ā'shē-ā*)?

the moon in the last quarter (1); spectral luster (1); celestial

LXIX. — ANIMAL TELEGRAPHY.

WILSON.

RGE WILSON, a Scottish writer on scientific subjects, was born lied in 1859. During the later years of his life he was Professor rsity of Edinburgh.

ERE are other and older telegraphs than those e formed by electric wires. Even the lower or at least such of them as are social and gre- have carried the art of telegraphy to wondrous ı ages ago; and one has only to watch them ly, to be amazed at their telegraphic doings.

watch a troop of crows who have learned that Blyth will hold a plowing-match on his grounds, e in consequence summoned their brethren to of Worms. How unconcerned they look, as if were nothing to them! How grave, as if they

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of the earth, earthy! Yet point a g
it towards them, and in a moment t
backs seem turned to you will giv
wings, which appears an involuntary
reality as significant a danger signa
railway, and is sufficient to clear th

3. Nor are those wise crows excep
sparrows are not so idle that they d
to each other when crumbs are falli
rich man's table. The doves, though
cent, do not spend all their time in c
in pruning their rainbow feathers: t
Dove Express, and by a peck, or a ru
can direct each other to the fields
wheat is germinating best, or to the
green peas are fullest and sweetest.

4. Mark, too, the swallows who
holding their annual autumn review
into winter quarters, — or rather nev
I have seen some of them, as you
perched in long rows on the telegra
fancied them saying, as they swa
bodies up and down, and wagged
"These poor, foolish men, with thei
a clumsy imitation of the spider's w
they not give to know *our* telegraphi

5. But this wondrous telegraphy
the feathered tribes. If you plot m
colony of mice that have entered yo
up, besides much else, your very titl
comes to! So long as the toasted
meats are innocent of poison all

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aste of arsenic or strychnia, the supper table is
and the mouse telegraph signals danger.
it otherwise with larger animals? The deer-
the elephant-hunter, the chamois-shooter, the
er, have all a similar tale to tell us of their
prey. There is not a single tribe of gregarious
great or small, which has not some swift, sub-
ct system of signals, by which the wants of the
ity are expressed and its woes cured.
d even among solitary creatures, who that has
geometric spider sitting at his central bureau,
iving signal after signal along his spoke-like
as not thought he heard him reading off the
"Fly market tight," "Blue-bottles looking up,"
easy," "Thunder in the air"?

hy, the art of communi-
telegraph.
us, living in flocks or

t-ing, sprouting.
k-er (*-stawk'er*), one who
eer by approaching them
y.

bu'reau (*-ro*), office. — **central bureau,** the principal officer's desk or office, as in a department of government.
ăr'se-nic, a strong mineral poison.
strych'ni-à (*strik'-*), a deadly poison got from certain plants.

Worms (2). "Diet" has two meanings: (1.) food, and (2.) a deassembly or council. A famous council, which summoned Martin appear before it, met at the German city of Worms, in 1521, wn as "the Diet of Worms." — **ecclesiastical convocation** (2), ly of the clergy. — **geometric spider** (7). The garden spider eometric net, — one constructed on geometrical principles, with l straight lines.

the 3d paragraph an allusion to something related in the New . Give the meaning of "title-deeds" (5).

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JOHN GODFREY SAXE deserves, perhaps, to rank
ists as inferior only to Lowell and Holmes. He was
Saxe's bright wit, his keen and playful satire, a
happy expressions, lend his verse a quite original ch

1. WHEN Solomon was reigning in his
Unto his throne the Queen of Sh
(So in the Talmud you may read th
Drawn by the magic of the mona
To see the splendors of his court, a
Some fitting tribute to the mighty l

2. Nor this alone: much had her High
What flowers of learning graced t
What gems of wisdom dropped with
What wholesome lessons he was
In pleasing proverbs; and she wish
To know if **Rumor spoke the simple**

3. And straight she held before the mo
In either hand, a radiant wreath o
The one, bedecked with every charm
Was newly culled from Nature's o
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art

4. "Which is the true, and which the f
Great Solomon was silent. All ar
Each wondering courtier shook his p
While at the garlands long the mo
As one who sees a miracle, and fain.
For very rapture, ne'er would speak

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h is the true?" once more the woman asked,
sed at the fond amazement of the king;
se a head should not be hardly tasked,
learned liege, with such a trivial thing."
ll the sage was silent, — it was plain
ening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

thus he pondered, presently he sees,
l by the casement, — so the story goes, —
e band of busy, bustling bees,
ting for honey in a withered rose.
onarch smiled, and raised his royal head:
the window!" — that was all he said.

ndow opened at the king's command;
nin the room the eager insects flew,
ought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
so the king and all the courtiers knew
vreath was Nature's; and the baffled queen
ed to tell the wonders she had seen.

ory teaches (every tale should bear
tting moral) that the wise may find
es light as atoms in the air
e useful lesson to enrich the mind,
truth designed to profit or to please, —
ael's king learned wisdom from the bees!

e book of Hebrew laws
ons.
truth; truly.
never.

liege (*leej*), sovereign.
hard by, near.
dexter hand, right hand.
cŏurt'ier (*-yĕr*), one who frequents the court of a prince.

zement (5). "Fond" originally meant *foolish*. It is used here t the king was thoroughly mystified.

fly in prose the story of King Solomon and the Bees.

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LXXI. — MR. WINKLE PUTS

DICKENS.

THIS extract is from the Pickwick Papers. Mr. the Pickwick Club, is a simple-minded, benevolent, wears circular glasses and black gaiters. He an Mr. Winkle and Mr. Tupman, are traveling in They are made to appear in many comical situatio wick's trusty and sharp-witted servant. Bob Saw as is also his devoted friend, Benjamin Allen.

1. "Now," said Wardle, after a "what say you to an hour on the ic plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Alle

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Saw

2. "You skate, of course, Winkle?

"Ye-yes; O yes," replied Mr. Win *rather* out of practice."

"O, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said to see it so much."

"O, it is *so* graceful," said another y

A third young lady said it was el expressed her opinion that it was "sw

3. "I should be very happy, I'm s kle, reddening; "but I have no skates

This objection was at once overrule couple of pairs, and the fat boy an were half a dozen more down-stairs; kle expressed exquisite delight, and uncomfortable.

4. Old Wardle led the way to a p ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Welle

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t away the snow which had fallen on it during
, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a
which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous,
ibed circles with his left leg, and cut figures of
inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping
n, a great many other pleasant and astonishing
o the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick,
nan, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of
enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin
sisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed
stic evolutions which they called a reel.

this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands
h the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the
his feet, and putting his skates on, with the
ehind, and getting the straps into a very compli-
d entangled state, with the assistance of Mr.
ss, who knew rather less about skates than a
At length, however, with the assistance of Mr.
the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and
on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone,
h you, and show 'em how to do it."

, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling vio-
nd clutching hold of Sam's arm with the grasp
wning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr.
"Hold up, sir!"

his last observation of Mr. Weller's bore refer-
a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the in-
f a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and
e back of his head on the ice.

se — these — are very awkward skates," said
inkle, staggering.

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the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, wi
"I 'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, en
gage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

9. "Stop an instant, Sam," gasped
ing most affectionately to Mr. Weller.
a couple of coats at home that I don't
may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

10. "Never mind touching your ha
Winkle, hastily. "You need n't take
to do that. I meant to have given
this morning for a Christmas-box, Sa
to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You 're very good, sir," replied Mr.

11. "Just hold me at first, Sam, wil
Winkle. "There, — that 's right. I s
the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam,

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, wit
doubled up, was being assisted over
Weller in a very singular and un-s
when Mr. Pickwick most innocently s
opposite bank, — "Sam!"

"Sir!" shouted back Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't yo
ernor calling? Let go, sir."

12. With a violent effort Mr. Weller
self from the grasp of the agonized Pic
so doing administered a considerable im

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r. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree
ity or practice could have insured, that unfor-
ntleman bore swiftly down into the center of
t the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was
g a flourish of unparalleled beauty.
r. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with
rash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pick-
to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet,
Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the
kates. He was seated on the ice, making spas-
forts to smile; but anguish was depicted on
eament of his countenance.
Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen,
t anxiety.
much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very

I wish you 'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benja-
a great eagerness.
hank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.
lly think you had better," said Allen.
k you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I 'd rather not."
t do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob

r. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He
to Mr. Weller, and said, in a stern voice,
is skates off!"
but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated
kle.
his skates off!" repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.
he command was not to be resisted. Mr. Win-
ed Sam to obey it, in silence.
him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him

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a searching look upon him, and utte
distinct and emphatic tone, these rema

"You 're a humbug, sir!"

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starti

"A humbug, sir! I will speak plai
An impostor, sir!"

With these words Mr. Pickwick tu
heel, and rejoined his friends.

ex'qui-site (*-kwi-zit*), very choice or excellent; extreme.
ev-o-lu'tion, act of unfolding; a winding and twisting motion.
lin'e-a-ment, feature.
ghast'ly, g
mal.
im'pe-tus,
spas-mod'ic
lent, as if

Explain: the objection was overruled (3); a Chr

Point out one or more exaggerations in this piec
Hindoos know anything about skates? Point out t
tions of Mr. Winkle. Find an ironical expression i

LXXII. -- THE MILKY

PROCTOR.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR, an English astronomer
on March 23, 1837. He has written a great deal w
ing a knowledge of astronomy among unscientific
find his books intensely interesting, and even men
their merits.

1. IT is when the Milky Way is
telescope that the true glories of thi
are seen. A large instrument is not
saw the wonders of the galaxy with

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valuable as a relic of the great astronomer, worth but a few shillings, so far as its optinance is concerned.

smallest telescope which opticians sell for ;, when turned upon certain parts of the galreveal a scene of wonder which is calculated least thoughtful mind with a sense of the ine and wisdom of the Almighty. Countless into view, as the telescope is swayed by the ation athwart the rich regions of the galaxy.

e are stars of all orders of brightness, from ch (seen with the telescope) resemble in luster g glories of the firmament, down to tiny points nly caught by momentary twinklings. Every arrangement is seen.

e the stars are scattered as over the skies at ere they cluster in groups, as though drawn by some irresistible power; in one region they form sprays of stars, like diamonds sprinkled leaves; elsewhere they lie in streams and coronets and loops and festoons.

are varieties of color wanting to render the nore wonderful and more beautiful. Many of which crowd upon the view are red, orange, w. Among them are groups of two and three (multiple stars, as they are called), amongst ue, and green, and lilac, and purple stars apming the most charming contrast to the ruddy w orbs near which they are commonly seen.

t it is when we consider what it is that we are ntemplating that the true meaning of the scene ned, that the true lesson taught by the star

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reveals it be the mightiest yet mad
with all other telescopes that star v
is a sun like our own.

7. It is a mighty mass, capable
attraction the motion of worlds like
fellow-planets, circling in their state
it. It is an orb instinct with life, (if
aglow with fiery energy, pouring out
plies of life and power to these worlds
engine, working out the purpose of
it is a giant heart, whose pulsatio
whence myriad forms of life derive

8. What, then, must be our thou
thousands and thousands of stars, all
and many probably far surpassing him
ing in stately progress across the telesc
The mind sinks appalled before the a
the display. As we gaze at the wond
nite significance is found in the wor
Psalmist: "When I consider the hea
Thy hands, the sun and stars which Th
what is man that Thou art mindful of
of man that Thou regardest him?"

9. It has been said that with th
which the Herschels have surveyed
heaven, twenty millions of stars are v
telescopes do not penetrate to the li
system.

10. In certain parts of the Milky W
Herschel not only failed to penetrate
with his gauging telescope, though the

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es in width; but even when he brought into
great forty-foot telescope, with its mirror four
s, he still saw that cloudy light which speaks
pths as yet unfathomed. Nay, the giant tele-
Lord Rosse has utterly failed to penetrate the
space which surrounds us on all sides.

d even this is not all. These efforts to resolve
y into its component stars have been applied to
of the Milky Way which, there is now reason
, are relatively near to us. But in the survey
eavens with powerful telescopes, streams of
ght have been seen, so faint as to convey the
nfinite distance, and no telescope yet made by
shown the separate stars which doubtless con-
ese almost evanescent star regions.

e are thus brought into the presence of star
mysterious to ourselves as the star clouds of
y were to the astronomers of old times. After
ng, by means of the telescope, to depths ex-
nillions of times the distance of the sun, incon-
though that distance is, we find ourselves still
ed by the same mysteries as when we first
Around us and before us there are still the
tar depths, and the only certain lesson we can
to have learned is, that those depths are and
r remain unfathomable.

e **Milky Way**, or belt of
le in the heavens on a
t.

-tish'an), one who makes
nstruments or glasses to
ght.

ro-ta'tion, the turning of a body on its axis.

fes-toon', a garland or wreath hanging in a curve.

gaug'ing (*gāj'-*), measuring.

ev-a-nes'cent, vanishing.

Galilei (Italian pronunciation, *gä-le-lā'o gä-le-lā'e*), a famous
onomer, born in 1564, and died in 1612. He made a telescope

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English astronomers. — **Lord Rosse** (*rŏss*) (10), a
possessed an enormous reflecting telescope. It has
six feet across.

Explain: galactic depths (6); telescopic field
stars (11), (*component*, composing, forming).

Of what is the Milky Way composed? What is
some stars? What is the distance of the sun from u

LXXIII. — AN ORDER FOR

ALICE CARY.

ALICE CARY, an American writer of poetry and
many readers, was born at Mount Healthy, near Ci
1820, and died on February 12, 1871. Her poems
Phœbe have been brought together in a single volum

1. O GOOD painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to
Shapes of things that you neve
Ay? Well, here is an order for y
Woods and cornfields, a little brov
The picture must not be over-b
Yet all in the golden and graci
Of a cloud, when the summer sun

2. Alway and alway, night and m
Woods upon woods, with fields
Lying between them, not qu
And not in the full, thick, leafy
When the wind can hardly find b
Under their tassels, — cattle

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g shorter the short green grass,
a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
bluebirds twittering all around, —
good painter, you can't paint sound!) —

ese, and the house where I was born,
and little, and black and old,
children, many as it can hold,
t the windows, open wide, —
ls and shoulders clear outside,
fair young faces all ablush:
rhaps you may have seen, some day,
ses crowding the selfsame way,
of a wilding wayside bush.

sten closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
lady, the loveliest ever the sun
ed down upon, you must paint for me:
if I only could make you see
ne clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
woman's soul and the angel's face
iat are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
et one word tells you all I would say, —
is my mother: you will agree
hat all the rest may be thrown away.

little urchins at her knee
must paint, sir: one like me, —
The other with a clearer brow,

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At ten years old he went to sea, –
God knoweth if he be living
He sailed in the good ship Com
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never c

6. Ah! 't is twenty long years and
Since that old ship went out of th
With my great-hearted brother
I watched him till he shrank to
And his face was toward me all th
Bright his hair was, a golden brow
The time we stood at our mothe
That beauteous head, if it did go d
Carried sunshine into the sea!

7. Out in the fields one summer nigh
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and
Of the high hills, stretching s
Loitering till after the low little li
Of the candle shone through the
And over the haystack's pointed to
All of a tremble and ready to drop
The first half-hour, the great y
That we, with staring, ignorant e
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in
By the fork of a tall red mulberry-
Which close in the edge of our fi

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d at the top, — just one branch full
eaves notched round and lined with wool,
rom which it tenderly shook the dew
· our heads, when we came to play
s handbreadth of shadow, day after day: —

fraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
est full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs, —
other, a bird held fast by the legs,
so big as a straw of wheat.
berries we gave her she would n't eat,
cried and cried, till we held her bill,
lim and shining, to keep her still.

ast we stood at our mother's knee.
o you think, sir, if you try,
ou can paint the look of a lie?
f you can, pray have the grace
o put it solely in the face
he urchin that is likest me:
I think 't was solely mine, indeed;
ut that 's no matter, — paint it so; —

The eyes of our mother (take good heed)
king not on the nestful of eggs,
r the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
straight through our faces down to our lies, —
d, oh! with such injured, reproachful surprise!
felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as
though
A sharp blade struck through it.

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Things that are fairest, things mos
Woods, and cornfields, and mulber
The mother, — the lads, with their

But, oh! that look of reproachfu
High as the heavens your name I
If you paint me the picture, and le

tas'sel, the flowers growing at the top of a cornstalk.
a-blush', covered with blushes, rosy.
su'mach (*sōō'mak* or *shōō'mak*), a well-known shrub.
wild'ing, wi
sov'er-eign (superior.
ur'chin, a ch
loi'ter-ing, d

the great yellow star (7), supply "shone" fro ing. — **Not so big** (8) relates to "legs."

Point out a simile in section 3.

Write out a brief description of the house and its s

LXXIV. — RURAL LIFE IN

LONGFELLOW.

1. THERE is something patriarcha about rural life in Sweden, which theme for song. Almost primeval over this Northern land, — almost p and stillness. You pass out from the and, as if by magic, the scene changes land landscape. Around you are fore head hang the long fan-like branch moss, and heavy with red and blue co

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y.

a wooden bridge you cross a little silver Anon, you come forth into a pleasant and nd of farms. Wooden fences divide the adelds. Across the road are gates which are or you by troops of flaxen-haired children. ants take off their hats as you pass; you nd they cry, "God bless you."

houses in the villages and smaller towns are of hewn timber, and, for the most part, painted floors of the taverns are strewed with fragrant r boughs. In many villages there are no tavthe peasants take turns in receiving travelers.

thrifty housewife shows you into the best the walls of which are hung round with rude from the Bible, — and brings you her heavy oons — an heirloom — to dip the curdled milk pan. You have oaten cakes, baked some before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander d perhaps a little pine bark.

anwhile the sturdy husband has brought his om the plow, and harnessed them to your car-Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth oneaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, ging round their necks in front, a leathern walrein they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes ountry, as large as your two hands.

ou meet, also, groups of Dalecarlian peasant-traveling homeward, or cityward in pursuit . They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands oes, which have high heels under the hollow foot, and soles of birch bark.

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semane. In the churchyard are a few
green grass; and daily the shadow c
with its long, tapering finger, count
representing an index of human life, c
and minutes are the graves of men.

8. The stones are flat, and large, an
sunken, like the roofs of old houses.
morial bearings; on others, only the
tenants, with a date, as on the roofs
They all sleep with their heads to the
held a lighted taper in his hand whe
his coffin were placed his little hear
piece of money for his last journey.

9. Nor must we forget the sudden
of the Northern clime. There is no
ing spring, unfolding leaf and blosson
long and lingering autumn, pompous
leaves and the glow of Indian summer
summer are wonderful, and pass into
quail has hardly ceased piping in the c
from the folds of trailing clouds, sow
the land snow, icicles, and rattling ha

10. The days wane apace. Erelong
rises above the horizon, or does not
moon and the stars shine through th
noon they are pale and wan; and in
a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns a
and then goes out. And pleasantly
moon, and under the silent, solemn
steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen
and the sound of bells.

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d now the Northern Lights begin to burn,—
first, like sunbeams playing in the waters
ıe sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the
There is a blush on the cheek of night. The
ıe and go, and change from crimson to gold,
to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy
vofold, from the zenith, east and west, flames
vord; and a broad band passes athwart the
ike a summer sunset. Soft, purple clouds
ing over the sky, and through their vapory
winking stars shine white as silver.
th such pomp as this is Merry Christmas
n, though only a single star heralded the
stmas. In memory of that day, the Swedish
dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw
the timbered roof of the hall, and for every
sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to
ding. Merry Christmas indeed!
ıd now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of
and the song of nightingales, is come! The
not set till ten o'clock, and the children are
in the streets an hour later. The windows
are all open, and you may sit and read till
without a candle.
how beautiful is the summer night, which
ight, but a sunless, yet unclouded day de-
upon earth with dews, and shadows, and
g coolness! How beautiful the long, mild
which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with
! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morn-
Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, be-
e starless sky of midnight!
rom the church tower in the public square the

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blast in his horn for each stroke of t
four times, to the four corners of th
sonorous voice, he chants:—

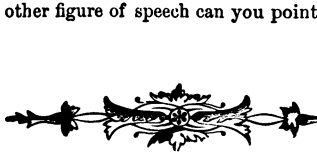
"Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!"

From his swallow's nest in the belfry
sun all night long; and, farther north,
at his door in the warm midnight, and
with a common burning-glass.

pa-tri-arch'al, like the customs of the patriarchs, or heads of families, in ancient times.
ru'ral (*roo'-*), relating to the country.
heir'loom, any personal property handed down to the heir.
pri-me'val, fir
in-i'tial (*-ish'*
a name.
grooms'man,
bridegroom
so-no'rous, cl

Dalecar'lian (6). Dalecarlia (*dă-le-kär'le-à*), the
of Sweden situated on the river Dal. — **Gethsem'**
garden in the suburbs of Jerusalem, oftentimes reso
(See Matt. xxvi. 36.) — **armorial bearings** (8), figu
as a badge of honor; coats of arms. They were d
shields, and coats of leaders and noblemen. — **India**
season of warm, pleasant weather, late in autumn.

Explain "days wane apace" (10). Point out a be
graph 14. What other figure of speech can you point



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LXXV. — CARCASSONNE.

OM GUSTAVE NADAUD, BY MRS. J. SHERWOOD.

y old I am! I'm eighty years!
e worked both hard and long;
patient as my life has been,
dearest sight I have not seen, —
lmost seems a wrong, —
ream I had when life was new.
s our dreams! they come not true;
ought to see fair Carcassonne,
t lovely city, Carcassonne!

sees it dimly from the height
ond the mountains blue;
n would I walk five weary leagues —
o not mind the road's fatigues —
ough morn and evening's dew.
; bitter frosts would fall at night,
l on the grapes that yellow blight!
ould not go to Carcassonne,
ever went to Carcassonne!

ey say it is as gay all times
holidays at home!
e gentles ride in gay attire,
d in the sun each gilded spire
oots up like those of Rome!
e bishop the procession leads,
e generals curb their prancing steeds!
as! I know not Carcassonne!
as! I saw not Carcassonne!

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He says, "O, guard the weak
And most the traitor in the
Against ambition's snare!"
Perhaps in autumn I can fin
Two sunny days with gentle
I then could go to Carcasson
I still could go to Carcassom

5. My God and Father! pardon
If this, my wish, offends!
One sees some hope more hig
In age, as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends!
My wife, my son, have seen
My grandson went to Perpign
But I have not seen Carcasso
But I have not seen Carcasso

6. Thus sighed a peasant bent w
Half dreaming in his chair;
I said, "My friend, come go
To-morrow then thine eyes sh
Those streets that seem so fai
That night there came for pas
The church bell's low and sol
He never saw gay Carcassonne
Who has not known a Carcass

Carcassonne (*kär'käs-sŏn'*), **Narbonne** (*när-b*
(*pĕr'pe-nyänh'*), are cities in the south of France. —
tăv' nä-dŏ'). — **passing soul** (6), the soul departing

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XXVI. — THE STORM. — PART I.

DICKENS.

G to the great art-critic, Mr. Ruskin, the following is the best the language of a storm and shipwreck. It is taken from erfield."

N'T you think that a very remarkable sky?"
ne coachman in the first stage out of London.
remember to have seen one like it."
— not equal to it," he replied. "That's wind,
e 'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before

as a murky confusion — here and there blotted
lor like the color of smoke from damp fuel —
clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps,
greater heights in the clouds than there were
low them to the bottom of the deepest hollows
th, — through which the wild moon seemed to
adlong, as if she had lost her way and were
l.

re had been a wind all day, and it was rising
n an extraordinary great sound. In another
d much increased, and the sky was more over-
the night advanced, the clouds closing in and
verspreading the whole sky, it came on to blow
d harder, until our horses could scarcely face
. Many times the leaders turned about, or
a dead stop; and we were often in serious ap-
n that the coach would be blown over.

. . . .

last we got into Yarmouth. I put up at the

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along the street, which was strewn wit
weed and with flying blotches of sea-
falling slates and tiles; and holding b
at angry corners. Coming near the be
only the boatmen, but half the peopl
lurking behind buildings; some, now
ing the fury of the storm, to look av
blown sheer out of their course in tryi
back.

5. Joining these groups, I found be
whose husbands were away in herring
which there was too much reason to th
foundered before they could run in any
Grizzled old sailors were among the
their heads as they looked from water
tering to one another; shipowners, exc
children huddling together, and peering
even stout mariners, disturbed and a
their glasses at the sea from behind p
as if they were surveying an enemy.

6. The tremendous sea itself, when
ficient pause to look at it, in the agitat
ing wind, the flying stones and sand
noise, confounded me. As the high w
rolling in, they looked as if the least
town. As the receding wave swept ba
roar, it seemed to scoop out deep cav
as if its purpose were to undermine

7. When some white-headed billow
and dashed themselves to pieces bef
the land, every fragment of the late w
sessed by the full might of its wra

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the composition of another monster. Masses
ıivered and shook the beach with a booming
ry shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as
hange its shape and place, and beat another
place away; the ideal shore on the horizon,
wers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds
ınd thick. I seemed to see a rending and
of all nature.

nt back to the inn; and when I had washed
d, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five
the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes
ffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir
excuse for talking, told me that two colliers
down, with all hands, a few miles away; and
other ships had been seen laboring hard in
s, and trying, in great distress, to keep off

uch a wind could rise, I think it was ris-
howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and
the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent
f the very house that sheltered me, and the
tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in
ing. But there was now a great darkness be-
d that invested the storm with new terrors,
fanciful.

could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not
steadfast to anything. I walked to and fro,
read an old gazetteer, listened to the awful
oked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire.
ı, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock
vall tormented me to such a degree that I
to go to bed. I went to bed, exceedingly
d heavy; but on my lying down all such sen-

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11. For hours I lay there, listening
water; imagining now, that I heard sh
now, that I distinctly heard the firing
and now, the fall of houses in the t
several times and looked out; but co
except the reflection in the window-pa
candle I had left burning, and of my c
looking in at me from the black void.

12. At length my restlessness att
pitch, that I hurried on my clothes,
stairs. In a large kitchen, where I c
and ropes of onions hanging from
watchers were clustered together abou

13. I remained there, I dare say, tw
I opened the yard gate, and looked
street. The sand, the seaweed, and th
were driving by, and I was obliged t
ance before I could shut the gate ag
fast against the wind.

14. There was a dark gloom in my
when I at length returned to it; but
and getting into bed again, fell — off a
a precipice — into the depths of sleep

i de'al, existing only in imagination.
gaz-et-teer', newspaper.
tile, a flat plate of burnt clay, used for roofing.
col'liers (*köl'*
coal.
the Roads, th
ships may s

apprehension, fear, fright, terror. Which
strongest? Write sentences containing these words

Explain: angry corners (4); grizzled sailors (5).

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XXVII.—THE WRECK.—PART II.

DICKENS.

N I awoke it was broad day,—eight or nine
e storm raging; and some one knocking and
my door.
s the matter?" I cried.
k! close by!"
out of bed, and asked what wreck?
oner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with wine
Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's
own on the beach, she'll go to pieces every

excited voice went clamoring along the stair-
I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly
, and ran into the street. Numbers of peo-
here before me, all running in one direction,
ch. I ran the same way, outstripping a good
soon came facing the wild sea.
wind might by this time have lulled a little;
ea, having upon it the additional agitation of
night, was infinitely more terrific than when
n it last; and the height to which the break-
nd, looking over one another, bore one another
l rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most

he difficulty of hearing anything but wind and
d in the crowd, and the unspeakable confu-
my first breathless efforts to stand against the
I was so confused that I looked out to sea for
, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of

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it, close in upon us!

5. One mast was broken short off, from the deck, and lay over the side maze of sail and rigging; and all that rolled and beat, — which she did with pause, with a violence quite inconceiv side as if it would stave it in. Some e ing to cut this portion of the wreck a ship turned towards us in her rolling, her people at work with axes, especially with long curling hair, conspicuous amo a great cry, which was audible even ab water, rose from the shore at this m sweeping over the rolling wreck, mad and carried men, spars, casks, planks, of such toys, into the boiling surge.

6. The second mast was yet standi of a rent sail, and a wild confusion o flapping to and fro. The ship had stru boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and t struck again. I understood him to a parting amidships, and I could readil the rolling and beating were too tre human work to suffer long. As he another great cry of pity from the arose with the wreck out of the deep rigging of the remaining mast; uppe figure with the curling hair.

7. There was a bell on board; and and dashed, like a desperate creature showing us the whole sweep of her de

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ill-ends towards the shore, now nothing but
s she sprang wildly over and turned towards
e bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those
len, was borne towards us on the wind.
n we lost her, and again she rose. Two
gone. The agony on shore increased. Men
d clasped their hands; women shrieked and
y their faces. Some ran wildly up and down
beach, crying for help, where no help could
nd myself one of these, frantically imploring
ailors, whom I knew, not to let those two lost
erish before our eyes.
were making out to me, in an agitated way,
know how, for the little I could hear I was
mposed enough to understand, — that the life-
been bravely manned an hour ago, and could
; and that as no man would be so desperate
mpt to wade off with a rope, and establish a
ation with the shore, there was nothing left
hen I noticed that some new sensation moved
on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham
king through them to the front.
n to him, to repeat my appeal for help. But
hination in his face, and his look, out to sea,
to a knowledge of his danger. I held him
both arms; and implored the men with whom
speaking not to listen to him, not to let him
off that sand!
other cry rose on shore; and, looking to the
saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat
wer of the two men, and fly up in triumph
active figure left alone upon the mast.
ainst such a sight, and against such d mi-

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might as hopefully have entreated t
Davy," he said, cheerily grasping m
"if my time is come, 't is come. If 't
Lord above bless you and bless all!
ready!"

13. I was swept away, but not unk
tance, where the people around me ma
as I confusedly perceived, that he w
with help or without, and that I sh
precautions for his safety by troubling
they rested. I don't know what I a
they rejoined; but I saw him standin
his hand, or slung to his wrist; anoth
and several men holding, at a littl
latter, which he laid out himself, slac
at his feet.

14. The wreck, even to my unp
breaking up. I saw that she was pa
dle, and that the life of the solitary m
hung by a thread. Still he clung to

15. Ham watched the sea, standin
silence of suspended breath behind hi
before, until there was a great retiring
a backward glance at those who hel
was made fast round his body, he
and in a moment was buffeting with
with the hills, falling with the val
the foam; then drawn again to land
hastily.

16. He was hurt. I saw blood
where I stood; but he took no thou

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free, — or so I judged from the motion of
and was gone as before.

now he made for the wreck, rising with the
g with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged
e in towards the shore, borne on towards the
ng hard and valiantly. The distance was
ıt the power of the sea and wind made the
ly. At length he neared the wreck. He
ar that with one of his vigorous strokes he
clinging to it, — when a high, green, vast
water, moving on shoreward from beyond
ıe seemed to leap up into it with a mighty
d the ship was gone!

ıe eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if
sk had been broken. Consternation was in
. They drew him to my very feet — insen-
ad. He was carried to the nearest house;
ıe preventing me now, I remained near him,
le every means of restoration were tried; but
en beaten to death by the great wave, and his
eart was stilled forever.

ion, dismay.
-ble, endless.
in the middle of the

keel, the principal timber in a ship, extending from stem (fore part) to stern at the bottom.
re-joined′, answered to a reply.

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LXXVIII.—THE LOVE OF

WEBSTER.

1. It is only shallow-minded prete make distinguished origin a matter o or obscure origin a matter of personal and scoffing at the humble condition c nobody in America but those who are indulge in them, and they are generally ished by public rebuke. A man who i himself need not be ashamed of his earl

2. It did not happen to me to be bo but my elder brothers and sisters we cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of at a period so early, that when the smo its rude chimney, and curled over the was no similar evidence of a white ma tween it and the settlements on the riv

3. Its remains still exist; I make i I carry my children to it, to teach th endured by the generations which l them. I love to dwell on the tender kindred ties, the early affections, and ratives and incidents, which mingle w this primitive family abode.

4. I weep to think that none of th it are now among the living; and if e of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate v who reared it, and defended it agains and destruction, cherished all the do neath its roof, and, through the fire an

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lutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no
rifice, to serve his country, and to raise his
a condition better than his own, may my
the name of my posterity be blotted forever
emory of mankind!

ıyms of: shallow-minded, distinguished, evidence, habita-
, annual, endured, domestic.

XXIX. — THE THRUSH'S NEST.

CLARE.

RE, an English poet, commonly called the Northamptonshire was born in 1793, and died in 1864. Some of his simple poems e notes of wild-birds and the sweetness of spring flowers.

a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
overhung a mole-hill large and round,
l from morn to morn a merry thrush
hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
oy; and oft, an unintruding guest,
ıtched her secret toils from day to day, —
rue she warped the moss to form her nest,
modeled it within with wool and clay.

y and by, like heathbells gilt with dew,
re lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
otted over, shells of green and blue;
there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
od of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
l as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

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LXXX. — THE LIGHTH

LONGFELLOW.

1. THE rocky ledge runs far into t
And on its outer point, some
The Lighthouse lifts its massive
A pillar of fire by night, of c

2. Even at this distance I can see
Upheaving, break unheard alo
A speechless wrath, that rises a
In the white lip and tremor

3. And as the evening darkens, lo!
Through the deep purple of t
Beams forth the sudden radiance
With strange, unearthly splen

4. Not one alone; from each projec
And perilous reef along the o
Starts into life a dim, gigantic s
Holding its lantern o'er the r

5. Like the great giant Christopher
Upon the brink of the tempes
Wading far out among the rocks
The night-o'ertaken mariner to

6. And the great ships sail outward
Bending and bowing o'er the

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THE LIGHTHOUSE.

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They wave their silent welcome

7. They come forth from the darkness
Gleam for a moment only in t
And eager faces, as the light un
Gaze at the tower, and vanish w

8. The mariner remembers when a
On his first voyage, he saw it
And when, returning from adven
He saw it rise again o'er ocea

9. Steadfast, serene, immovable, the
Year after year, through all th
Burns on for evermore that quen
Shines on that inextinguishabl

10. The startled waves leap over it;
Smites it with all the scourges
And steadily against its solid for
Press the great shoulders of th

11. The sea-bird wheeling round it,
Of wings and winds and solita
Blinded and maddened by the li
Dashes himself against the gla

12. A new Prometheus, chained upo
Still grasping in his hand the
It does not hear the cry, nor he
But hails the mariner with w

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on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
with your floating bridge the ocean span;
ne to guard this light from all eclipse,
yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

f rocks at or near the
e water.

măr'i-ner, a sailor.
stĕad'fast, fast in its place.

stopher (5), St. Christopher. He is represented as gigantic
usually as crossing a river with the child Jesus on his shoul-
e'theus (*-thūs*) (12), in Greek mythology, is fabled to have
n heaven. Jove, in punishment, chained him to Mount Cau-
t a vulture to eat of his liver daily.

metaphor in stanza 2 (the upheaving tides, a speechless wrath).
simile in stanza 5; metaphors in stanzas 10 and 12.

-THE TENT SCENE OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

SHAKESPEARE.

act is from the tragedy of Julius Cæsar (Act iv. Scene 3).
and Cassius had assassinated Cæsar, they collected an army
red to make head against Mark Antony and young Octavius.
efeated in the battle of Philippi, in Macedonia, fought in the
. C. 42.

ent should read the matchless oration of Mark Antony to the
delivered over the dead body of Cæsar. (Julius Cæsar, Act

s. That you have wronged me doth appear in
:
e condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
ng bribes here of the Sardians;
my letters, praying on his side
I knew the man, were slighted off.

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Cas. In such a time as this it is n
That every nice offense should bear hi
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you
Are much condemned to have an itchi
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that s
Or, by the gods, this speech were else
Bru. The name of Cassius honors t
And chastisement doth therefore hide
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of
Did not great Julius bleed for justice'
What villain touched his body, that di
And not for justice? What, shall one
That struck the foremost man of all th
But for supporting robbers, — shall we
Contaminate our fingers with base brib
And sell the mighty space of our large
For so much trash as may be graspéd t
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moo
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I 'll not endure it You forget yoursel
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to! you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.

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ge me no more, I shall forget myself;
upon your health, tempt me no further.
way, slight man!
't possible?
ear me, for I will speak.
e way and room to your rash choler?
frightened when a madman stares?
ust I endure all this?
ll this! Ay, more: fret till your proud heart
;
our slaves how choleric you are,
your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
serve you? Must I stand and crouch
r testy humor?
digest the venom of your spleen,
do split you; for, from this day forth,
ou for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
are waspish.
s it come to this?
You say you are a better soldier:
ear so; make your vaunting true,
ll please me well. For mine own part,
glad to learn of noble men.
You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
us;
elder soldier, not a better.
"better"?
If you did, I care not.
When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
ed me.
Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted

I durst not?

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Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threa
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you den
For I can raise no money by vile means
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than
From the hard hands of peasants their
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done
Should I have answered Caius Cassius s
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his fr
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbo
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brut
heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirm
But Brutus makes mine greater than th

Bru. I do not, till you practice them

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

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flatterer's would not, though they do appear
high Olympus.
me, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
urselves alone on Cassius,
is aweary of the world;
ne he loves; braved by his brother;
ke a bondman; all his faults observed,
te-book, learned, and conned by rote,
o my teeth. Oh, I could weep
from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
ny naked breast; within, a heart
n Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
u be'st a Roman, take it forth;
ied thee gold, will give my heart:
thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
u didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
thou lovedst Cassius.
Sheathe your dagger:
when you will, it shall have scope;
you will, dishonor shall be humor.
, you are yokéd with a lamb
ies anger as the flint bears fire,
ch enforcéd, shows a hasty spark
ght is cold again.
Hath Cassius lived
t mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
ief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
And my heart, too.
O Brutus!
What 's the matter?

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Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from hencef
When you are over-earnest with your l
He 'll think your mother chides, and le

NOTES *chiefly from Wright's edition of Julius Cæsa*
to the lines.

2. **noted,** branded with disgrace. — 5. **slighte**
disregarded. — 8. **nice,** trifling. — 8. **his,** its. — 10.
condemned for having. — 11. **mart,** traffic with. — 1
Cæsar was assassinated on the ides (15th) of Marcl
Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul, famous as a ge
man. — 20. **What villain,** etc., who was such a
touched his body, that he stabbed for any other r
28. **bait,** attack as a wild beast is attacked by dogs
in, to put me under restraint. — 32. **Go to,** *here*,
patience. — 37. **slight,** insignificant. — 44. **budge,**
you, watch your caprices. — 47. **the venom of yo**
the spleen was regarded as the seat of the emotions. -
drachma was worth about twenty cents. — 75. **indir**
dishonorable method. — 80. **To lock,** as to lock. —
that is, pieces of money ("vile trash"). — 92. **Olyn**
on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly, regarded
— 93. **Antony.** Mark Antony delivered the artfu
over the dead body of Cæsar, which so roused the R
Cassius were obliged to quit Rome. — 93. **young O**
under the title of Augustus, the first Roman Emper
god of riches. — 108. **scope,** free play. — 112. **who**
113. **straight,** straightway.

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LXXXII. — MIRIAM'S SONG.

MOORE.

ɔORE, an Irish poet, was born in 1779, and died in 1852. He
ıcation at Trinity College, Dublin.
Moore's works are the songs known as "Irish Melodies," and
long poem "Lalla Rookh." The most distinguishing charac-
ɔoetry are melodious versification and rich imagery.

1.

loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
.s triumphed, — his people are free!
the pride of the tyrant is broken:
iots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, —
was their boasting! — the Lord hath but
ɛen,
riots and horsemen are sunk in the wave!
loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
ıs triumphed, — his people are free!

2.

ıe Conqueror! praise to the Lord!
vas our arrow, his breath was our sword!
return to tell Egypt the story
she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
rd hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
ıs triumphed, — his people are free!

song. See Exodus xv. 20, 21. — **the tyrant (1),** Pharaoh,
gypt. — **pillar of glory (2),** the pillar of cloud by day and
t. See Exodus xiii. 21, 22.

ent does this poem relate? What is meant by "Egypt's dark

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LXXXIII.—ON HIS BL

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON, the author of "Paradise Lost," w
ber 9, 1608, and died there, November 8, 1674.

Unlike Shakespeare, Milton enjoyed the advant
education. In his early life he composed a numb
beauty. Among these are "Comus," "Lycidas
Morning of Christ's Nativity." The poetic art sh
has perhaps never been surpassed since Milton's da

Milton was unlike Shakespeare also in the fa
part in the political and religious questions of his ti
he held a public office under Cromwell, and wrot
lutionary measures of the Puritan government.

Later in life, when he was living in poverty a
consequence of excessive devotion to work, he ha
composed his immortal epic, "Paradise Lost."
religious poem. It commands the homage of all E
education for the nobility and beauty of its langu
interest as a work of pure and exalted imaginati
of his life belong the poems entitled "Paradise
Agonistes."

WHEN I consider how my light i
Ere half my days, in this dark
And that one talent which is
Lodged with me useless, though r
To serve therewith my Maker, an
My true account, lest he, retur
"Doth God exact day-labor, lig
I fondly ask:

But Patience, to
That murmur, soon replies, "God
Either man's work, or his own
Bear his mild yoke, they serve h
Is kingly; thousands at his biddi

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post o'er land and ocean without rest:
also serve who only stand and wait.

ed; put out.
vith speed, as if with

fond'ly, *here,* foolishly.
tal'ent, special gift. See Matt. xxv. 14–30.

(line 7). The dependent clause begins with the first line, sider . . . I fondly ask, Doth God," etc.
o you think is a good proverb?
prose the clause in lines 11 *and* 12 *beginning* "*who best.*"
his poem is a sonnet.

LXXXIV. — EVENING.

MILTON.

me still evening on, and twilight gray
her sober livery all things clad;
accompanied; for beast and bird,
their grassy couch, these to their nests,
unk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
night long her amorous descant sung.

was pleased: now glowed the firmament
ving sapphires; Hesperus, that led
rry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
in clouded majesty, at length,
nt queen, unveiled her peerless light,
er the dark her silver mantle threw.

inctive dress or garb.
elating to love.
f'fir), a beautiful gem; restricted to blue crys- the Oriental ruby is a variety.

des'cant, a song or tune in parts.
Hes'pe-rus, old poetic name of the planet Venus, when she is the evening star; that is, when she follows the sun and appears in the evening.

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1. When I was a young fellow, ago, I used to spend most of my vac cle, who lived in a beautiful part of house was only a mile or two from in that neighborhood was very wil and remarkable for the peculiar cha composing many of the cliffs.

2. During one of these visits guests two professional geologists who had heard of the special facilitie borhood afforded for the pursuit of th They found many features of scien the coast, and continued their geolo several days.

3. One pleasant morning we all district, some miles away, peculiarly We drove the first portion of the putting up our light traveling wag to await our return, pursued the re cursion on foot.

4. As we walked along the cliffs able height and magnificence, — we less admiration the beauty and grand The bold line of coast stretched awa side, the tremendous precipices desc blue waters that lapped their base, broken by some jagged and pointed r

5. Our expedition was a great suc specimens of different fossils were a

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had reached the extreme end of our excur-
ere on the point of retracing our steps, when
strangers expressed a desire to round a prom-
nort distance ahead, so as to inspect the line
st beyond.

proposal was agreed to; and we all started
cliff, which at this place was of less alti-
at some points we had previously passed,
ll it was about fifty or sixty feet above the
e sea, which was then at full flood, and wash-
t the rocky wall below us. To round the
y, we found it necessary to descend a little
hen proceed along a ledge of projecting rock,
in some parts that it would have been impos-
ny one to attempt the passage unless he had
and a steady head.

were all experienced climbers, so the risk was
d. The two geologists and my uncle had
ed round a rather sharp angle, and I was
llowing, when the rock on which I trod sud-
e way under my feet, and after a brief but
l struggle I slipped down — down — over the
Uttering a cry as I fell, I instinctively flung
s upward. One of them in some marvelous
aught a projecting portion of the ledge; the
s strongly grasped by my uncle, who, being
me, had turned at my shout.

two or three minutes, which seemed an eter-
us both, my brave relative, who, though an
nan, was very powerful, held me suspended in
ntful manner, while he endeavored to take in
tion and decide on a plan of action. Our horri-
ds were powerless to help, as they could not

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carious footing, and rendered useless
raise me from my dreadful position.

9. I was young, and life was very
I felt that my last moment was com
ute or two must end the matter: s
could no longer be endured; our ha
their hold, and I must inevitably be
on the broken rocks I had observed
precipice.

10. There was an interval of breat
ing which time my uncle had clearly
cal nature of the situation, and deci
He looked over, and saw that at
precipice, directly below the spot w
pended, there was a rugged projectio
ing fully four feet beyond the per
point where I hung. If I fell on t
sealed; no power could save me f
yond this rock was water, possibly of
to break the force of a fall, if only
be reached; but in this lay all the

11. My uncle was willing to da
save me; but he did not underval
the awful risk he was undertaking o
knew that he was going to take his
hands, as well as mine. Breathing a
protection, he said, quietly but firmly
but one way for it. I'll save you,
perish together. When I say the wor
from the rock. — Now!"

12. As my uncle shouted, "Now

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se effort and sprang horizontally into the
ng me with him and retaining his hold of
as we rushed violently down in our descent.
pretend to say that I ever very distinctly
my sensations during those awful seconds.
senses pretty clearly while I hung from the
I can recall the gasping feeling which I
d after loosing my grasp; but beyond that,
os.

great was the force with which my uncle
at he completely cleared the projecting ledge,
ell into the sea, which was deep enough to
fall, though the violence of the shock un-
r grasp of each other. Half stunned as we
cold water acted as a restorative.

e were both excellent swimmers, and a mo-
two later we were breasting the waves, fortu-
t too boisterous for our sorely tried strength.
at some little distance from the rocky ledge,
er nearer a flattish rock which reared its head
billows. For this refuge we made; and when
d it, too deep for utterance were the feelings
ch we took each other's hands and gazed into
er's eyes.

Thank God! my boy," at last said my uncle,
.

, uncle; and you too. Where should I have
w, but for you?"

n, Tom! Thank God, we 're both safe! It
ugly jump, — no doubt of that."

We both shuddered as we gazed on the precipice
g above us, on the top of which we could see

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discovery of us on the rock, apparent
A hearty cheer in reply assured th
safety.

17. The noise made by our shou
notice of a fisherman who lived in a
cliffs, at a place where the shore re
a little cove. He clambered over the
from his sight; and as soon as he
ures standing on the solitary rock, l
launching his boat and coming to ou

18. In a very short time we we
fisherman's cottage, where a bright lit
ing, very welcome to us in our chilled
his kindly wife busied herself in pre
comfort, and ransacked her humble st
of dry garments, also highly accepta
clothes were dry enough to be worn,
descended from the top of the cliff by
and were giving us their fervent congr
fortunate Leap for Life.

C

strā′tà, beds or layers of earth or rock.
sheer, straight up and down.
al′ti-tude, height.
fos′sils, the r plants imbe and changed
cha′os (*kā′-*), a

Give synonyms of: perish, immense, sensation, c
Explain the figure of speech "precipice frowning" i
What is geology?

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XVI. — THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

GOLDSMITH.

OLDSMITH, the author of "The Deserted Village," "The Trav-
The Vicar of Wakefield," is one of the best-known figures in
ure. He is also one of the men for whom we feel the most
ion. His amiable character shines forth in his works.
was born in Ireland, November 29, 1728, and died in London,
From early life he showed the improvidence and the reck-
y which were to keep him almost constantly in poverty, and
of heart which was to win for him many warm friends. The
ous of these friends was the great Dr. Samuel Johnson.
et and as prose-writer, Goldsmith commanded a style of perfect
rkable beauty. Few poems in our language linger so long in
nd are so frequently quoted, as "The Deserted Village," from
owing extract is taken.
ge preacher" is a portrait of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, the
whose income was actually "forty pounds a year" at the
oet's birth.

yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
till where many a garden flower grows wild;
where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
illage preacher's modest mansion rose.
n he was to all the country dear,
passing rich, with forty pounds a year;
te from towns he ran his godly race,
e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his
place.

acticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
octrines fashioned to the varying hour;
ther aims his heart had learned to prize,
skilled to raise the wretched, than to rise.
house was known to all the vagrant train;
hid their wanderings but relieved their pain:

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The ruined spendthrift, now no lon
Claimed kindred there, and had his
The broken soldier, kindly bade to
Sat by his fire, and talked the nigh
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of s
Shouldered his crutch, and showe
won!

4. Pleased with his guests, the good
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in thei
Careless their merits or their faults
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was h
And e'en his failings leaned to Virt
But in his duty prompt at every ca
He watched and wept, he prayed a

5. And, as a bird each fond endearme
To tempt its new-fledged offspring t
He tried each art, reproved each du
Allured to brighter worlds, and led
Beside the bed where parting life w
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turn
The reverend champion stood. At
Despair and anguish fled the strugg
Comfort came down the trembling
And his last faltering accents whisp

6. At church, with meek and unaffecte
His looks adorned the venerable pla

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rom his lips prevailed with double sway;
ls who came to scoff remained to pray.
vice past, around the pious man,
eady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
ildren followed with endearing wile,
ucked his gown to share the good man's
nile.

dy smile a parent's warmth expressed;
elfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
n his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
e tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
n round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
l sunshine settles on its head.

un), dwelling; house; ge house.
passingly; exceedingly.
e, post or position.
flatter meanly.
one who recklessly avings of thrift or gain.

dis-mayed', *strictly*, deprived of might; rendered powerless by terror; appalled.
cham'pi-on, one who fights in behalf of another.
cliff, a *cleft* rock; a high steep rock, or mountain-side.

ay (3). The usual and correct form now is *bidden* or *bid*.
broken soldier (3); tales of sorrow *done* (3); learned to earing wile (3); midway leaves the storm (7).
ds are how many dollars? Point out a metaphor in section 1; nile in section 7.

---

ervice is true service while it lasts;
olest friends, bright creature, scorn not one:
y, by the shadow that it casts,
the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

Wordsworth. Written in a child's Album

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CHARITY.*

THOUGH I speak with the tongues
angels, and have not charity, I am
ing brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of pro
stand all mysteries, and all knowled
have all faith, so that I could remo
have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods
and though I give my body to be bur
charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind
not; charity vaunteth not itself, is n
not behave itself unseemly, seeketh n
easily provoked, thinketh no evil; re
quity, but rejoiceth in the truth; bea
lieveth all things, hopeth all things, en

Charity never faileth; but whether
cies, they shall fail; whether there
shall cease; whether there be knowl
ish away.

For we know in part, and we prop
when that which is perfect is come,
in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a

* CHARITY here means LOVE, or affectionate re
to do good.

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I thought as a child; but when I became a
t away childish things.

v we see through a glass, darkly; but then
ce: now I know in part; but then shall I
n as also I am known.

w abideth faith, hope, charity, these three;
reatest of these is charity.

PROVERBS.

s that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing:
hat maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.

s little with fear of the Lord, than great treas-
trouble therewith.

is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a
and hatred therewith.

t is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
hat ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a

mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker; and
s glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.

is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whoso-
eceived thereby is not wise.

not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it
s color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.
ast it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an

d name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
ng favor rather than silver and gold.

im′-), a basin-shaped mu-
trument struck together in

pro|h′e-cy, foretelling.
wheth′er, if; whenever. This use of *whether* is now obsolete.

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BRAINARD.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD was born in Connecticut, education at Yale College. Most of his poetic effusi in the newspaper of which he was editor. The fo conception, with the power of graphic expression. that the poet never saw Niagara. **He died in 1828**

THE thoughts are strange that crow
While I look upward to thee. It v
As if God poured thee from his hol
And hung his bow upon thine awfu
And spoke in that loud voice which
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Savio
The sound of many waters; and ha
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back
And notch his centuries in the eter

Deep calleth unto deep. And what
That hear the question of that voice
O, what are all the notes that ever r
From war's vain trumpet, by thy th
Yea, what is all the riot man can m
In his short life, to thy unceasing ro
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou
Who drowned a world, and heaped t
Above its loftiest mountains? — a li
That breaks, and whispers of its Ma

Patmos (now Patmo), an island in the Grecian island St. John the apostle was exiled in the year

Explain the fourth line.

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X. — WHAT THE AIR IS MADE OF.

GEIKIE.

D GEIKIE, an eminent Scottish scientist, was born in Edin-
5. His studies have been mainly in connection with geology.
irst occupant of the chair of Mineralogy and Geology founded
sity of Edinburgh, which position he still holds (1884).

VE and around us, to what part soever of the
rface we may go, at the top of the highest
as well as at the bottom of the deepest mine,
urselves surrounded by the invisible ocean of
vapor which we call Air. It must, therefore,
whole planet round as an outer envelope.
d in this light, it receives the distinctive name
tmosphere, that is, the vapor-sphere, — the re-
louds, rain, snow, hail, lightning, breezes, and

early times men regarded the air as one of the
ients out of which the world was made. It is
ery long since this old notion disappeared. But
well known that the air is not an element, but
und of two elements, — the gases called nitro-
oxygen.

various ways chemists have analyzed or decom-
r into its component elements, but the result is
the same; namely, that in every hundred parts
ary air there are by weight about seventy-nine
gen and twenty-one of oxygen.

ir, when carefully tested, is always found to con-
mething else than nitrogen and oxygen. Solid
s, with various gases and vapors, are invariably

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fully constant proportions of the two

5. The presence of vast numbers of the air may be shown by letting a bea through a hole or chink into a dark r of minute motes are then seen driving the beam, as the movements of the air and thither. Such particles are alwa air.

6. Could we intercept these dancin amine them with a strong microscope them to consist chiefly of little spec among them there sometimes occu al germs, from which, when they fin place, lowly forms of plants or anim Some diseases appear to spread by m ing and growth of these infinitesim bodies, for they are so small as to p into our lungs, and thus to reach our

7. But far more important than th ents are three invisible substances, tw gases, called respectively ozone and c the third, the vapor of water.

After a thunder-storm the air may s ceived to have a peculiar smell, which distinctly given off from an electric m ozone, which is believed to be oxygen and very active condition.

8. Ozone promotes the rapid decomp ing animal or vegetable matter, uniting gases, and thus disinfecting and purifyin most abundant where sea-breezes blow.

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crowded parts of towns. The healthiness or
ess of the air seems to depend much on the
f ozone which is present.

ider next the carbonic acid gas. When a
al is set on fire, it burns away until nothing
le ash is left behind; or when a candle is
continues to burn until the whole is con-
Now, what has become of the original sub-
the coal and the candle? It seems to have
pletely lost; yet in truth we have not de-
ne atom of it. We have simply, by burning,
t into another and invisible form; but it is
ally existent as ever.

e substance of a piece of coal or of a candle is
of different elements, one of which is called
This element forms one of the main ingredi-
of which the substance of all plants and ani-
uilt up. Our own bodies, for example, are in
made of it. In burning a bit of coal, there-
ch is made of ancient vegetation compressed
ed into stone), or a candle (which is prepared
nal fat), we set free its carbon, which goes off
mix with the air. Some of it escapes in the
ttle solid particles of soot.

it the largest part does not go off in smoke.
ile in the act of burning, seized by the oxy-
he air, with which it enters into chemical
ion, forming the invisible carbonic acid gas.
deed, this very chemical union which con-
what we call burning, or combustion. The
we prevent the flame from getting access of
rops down and soon goes out, because the
of oxygen is cut off. All ordinary burning

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12. The amount thus supplied is o
tively small, for the quantity of veg
substance burnt either by man or n
but insignificant, when the whole ma
phere is considered. An infinitely l
furnished by living air-breathing anim

13. In breathing we take air into
it reaches our blood. A kind of burn
for the oxygen of the air unites wi
the blood; carbonic acid is produced,
with the exhausted air which we ex
taking the next breath. When we
air-breathing animal is continually su
acid gas to the atmosphere, we perceiv
this source of supply must be.

14. Living plants in the presence
the power of abstracting from the car
air the carbon of which their framew
made. When they die, their decay onc
the carbon, which, uniting again with
carbonic acid gas, and is carried by rai
taken up by the air. All decaying pl
which are freely exposed to the air fu
gas.

15. Lastly, in many parts of the w
in volcanic regions, this same gas is g
quantities from the ground. From a
sources, then, the atmosphere is con
ished with carbonic acid gas, to supply
by the enormous demands of the veg
carbon.

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ertheless, the quantity of this gas present in
ery small compared with the volume of the
d oxygen. It has been found to amount to
ordinary pure air than four parts in every
nd of air. Yet this small proportion suffices
all the luxuriant growing vegetation of the
ace.

the term water vapor, or aqueous vapor, is
invisible steam always present in the air.
is familiar with the fact, that, when water
t passes into vapor, which becomes invisibly
n the air.

matter how dry the air may appear to be,
ess of this invisible water vapor is always
rough it. Every mist or cloud which gath-
sky, every shower of rain, snow, or hail which
e ground, every little drop of dew which at
athers upon the leaves, bears witness to its

importance of this ingredient of the atmos-
he general plan of our world can hardly be
ted. It is to the vapor of the atmosphere
we all the water circulation of the land, —
gs, brooks, rivers, lakes, — on which the very
nts and animals depends, and without which,
we know, the land would become as barren,
lifeless as the surface of the moon. It is,
to the changes in the supply of this same
but ever present substance, that the rise of
storms is largely due.

e quantity of water vapor in the air varies
to day, and indeed from hour to hour. It is
mparatively small in amount, ranging from

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thousand parts of all.

gĕrm, the rudiment or first principle of a plant or an animal.
in-fin-i-tes'i-mal, infinitely small.
in-gre'di-ent, one of the substances which goes to form a compound.
dis-in-fect'in ever would
mi'cro-scope amining ob viewed with

The four elements (2), according to the old water, fire, and air," and out of these all corporeal su

XC. — DRACHENFEL

BYRON.

1. THE castled crag of Drachenfel
Frowns o'er the wide and winc
Whose breast of waters broadl
Between the banks which bear
And hills all rich with blosson
And fields which promise corn
And scattered cities crowning
Whose far white walls along t
Have strewed a scene which I
With double joy wert *thou* wit

2. And peasant girls, with deep-b
And hands which offer early f
Walk smiling o'er this paradis
Above, the frequent feudal tow
Through green leaves lift their
And many a rock which steep
And noble arch in proud deca
Look o'er this vale of vintage

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one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
gentle hand to clasp in mine!

nd the lilies given to me,
ıgh long before thy hand they touch
ıow that they must withered be;
yet reject them not as such;
I have cherished them as dear,
ıuse they yet may meet thine eye,
guide thy soul to mine even here,
en thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
offered from my heart to thine!

river nobly foams and flows,
charm of this enchanted ground,
all its thousand turns disclose
ıe fresher beauty varying round:
haughtiest breast its wish might bound
ıugh life to dwell delighted here;
could on earth a spot be found
nature and to me so dear,
ld thy dear eyes in following mine
sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

s in *cow*). appears dark, threatening.

corn, *here*, grain in general.
haugh'ti-est, loftiest; proudest.

els (*drä'khen-fĕlce*) (1), or "Dragon's Rock," rises about a above the Rhine, on its right bank, a few miles up the river On the summit are the ruins of a castle of the twelfth century. he poet's sister. — **feudal towers** (2), towers built when the prevailed. By the feudal system the vassals held lands of condition of giving him military service.

bear the vine (1); vintage bowers (2).

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XCI. — MARION'S PARTISAN

SIMMS.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS was born in Cha
April 17, 1806, and died there, June 11, 1870. He w
but is remembered chiefly as a novelist. More tha
came from his pen. These relate, in many cases, t
country, and often have a local coloring. They
novels of Cooper, properly be read in connection wit
history.

General Francis Marion was a leader of the pa
during the Revolutionary war. With his irregular
injury he could upon the enemy, whether British reg
hated Loyalists or Tories.

1. THE adroitness and address of
ship were never more fully displayed t
his camp at Snow's Island; sallying
offered, to harass the superior foe, to c
or to break up, before they could well
ering and undisciplined Tories.

2. His movements were marked b
tude and wariness. He suffered no ris
of proper precaution. He knew his
should be played, before a step was t
drawn.

3. When he himself or any of hi
island upon an expedition, they ad
beaten paths. They made them as
had the Indian faculty to perfection
course from the sun, from the star
and tops of trees, and such other
the woodman acquires only through l
experience.

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d, seeking the heads of the larger water-courses, nem at their first and small beginnings. He the bridges where he could. He preferred speed was essential, a more direct, but not ous, route was pursued.

stream was crossed sometimes where it was On such occasions the party swam their Marion leading the way, though he himself ble to swim. He rode a famous horse called ich he had taken from a Loyalist captain of ne. This animal was a sorrel, of high, gener- d, and took the water as if born to it. The f the brigade soon learned to follow him as as their riders followed his master.

e secrecy with which Marion conducted his ons was one of the causes of their frequent He entrusted his schemes to nobody, not his most confidential officers. He consulted em respectfully, heard them patiently, weighed ggestions, and then silently formed his conclu-

e left no track behind him, if it were possible d it. He was often vainly hunted after by his tachments. He was more apt at finding them ney him. His scouts were taught a peculiar rill whistle, which at night could be heard at astonishing distance. We are reminded of the of Rhoderick Dhu: —

> "He whistled shrill,
> And he was answered from the hill;
> Wild as the scream of the curlew,
> From crag to crag the signal flew."

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crouching in the thicket, or darting a
picking up prisoners, and information,
gether. They cut off stragglers, enco
of the foe, and arrested his supplies on
garrison.

9. Sometimes the single scout, burie
tops of the tree, looked down upon the
tile legions, or hung perched over the
ment till it slept, then, slipping down, st
silent host, carrying off a drowsy sentine
charger, upon which the daring spy flour
ous among his less fortunate companions.

10. The boldness of these adventures
wonderful almost beyond belief. It was
sult of that confidence in their woodma
the practice of their leader, and his inva
naturally taught them to entertain.

a-droit′ness, readiness in invention or execution.

con′voy, a force sent with supply wagons, etc., to protect them on their way; an armed escort.

ad-dress′, skill;

fôrd, place whe crossed on foot

pa-trōl′, a guar which goes the

Partisan warfare, irregular or desultory warfare, detached troops, capturing convoys, etc. — **Rhoderic** Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Canto v. St. 8.

Who were the Tories, or Loyalists, in the time of t

O LAND of lands! to thee we giv
Our prayers, our hopes, our ser
For thee thy sons shall nobly liv
And at thy need shall die for

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CII. — THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BRYANT.

is soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
trampled by a hurrying crowd,
ry hearts and armed hands
untered in the battle cloud.

ver shall the land forget
gushed the life-blood of her brave, —
warm with hope and courage yet,
the soil they fought to save.

l is calm, and fresh, and still;
e the chirp of flitting bird,
lk of children on the hill,
bell of wandering kine, are heard.

emn host goes trailing by
black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
tart not at the battle-cry, —
e it never heard again!

ested those who fought; but thou
minglest in the harder strife
ths which men receive not now,
warfare only ends with life.

dless warfare! lingering long
ugh weary day and weary year;

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7. Yet nerve thy spirit to the pr
And blench not at thy chos
The timid good may stand alo
The sage may frown, — yet

8. Nor heed the shaft too surely
The hissing, stinging bolt of
For with thy side shall dwell,
The victory of endurance bo

9. Truth, crushed to earth, shall
The eternal years of God ar
But Error, wounded, writhes i
And dies among his worship

10. Yea, though thou lie upon the
When they who helped thee
Die full of hope and manly tr
Like those who fell in battl

11. Another hand thy sword shall
Another hand the standard
Till from the trumpet's mouth
The blast of triumph o'er th

kine, cows.
wain, wagon.
shaft, arrow.
blench, sh
en-coun'te
a-loof', at a

Explain: many-weaponed throng (6); bolt of s
examples of personification.

Commit to memory the stanza that pleases you b

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J. Q. ADAMS.

CY ADAMS, a son of John Adams, the second President of the was born at Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767. After graduating llege he applied himself to the study of law, but soon entered He was for half a century in the service of his country, as er, Senator, Cabinet minister, President of the United States, ıtive in Congress. As a Representative he was conspicuous ıce, learning, energy, and courage.

fit while occupying his seat in Congress, and two days later 1848) expired. His last words are said to have been: "This ırth; I am content."

Charter of Independence! The interest which, per, has survived the occasion upon which it d, — the interest which is of every age and ıe, — the interest which quickens with the ears, spreads as it grows old, and brightens ıes, — is in the principles which it proclaims. e first solemn declaration by a nation of the ınate foundation of civil government. It was r-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the the globe.

emolished at a stroke the lawfulness of all gov- founded upon conquest. It swept away the ted rubbish of centuries of servitude. It an- n practical form to the world the transcendent the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It ıat the social compact was no figment of the on, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the ion.

m the day of this Declaration, the people of merica were no longer the fragment of a dis- ire, imploring justice and mercy from an inex-

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a heartless mother; no longer subjects
shattered columns of royal promises,
faith of parchment to secure their ri

4. They were a nation, asserting
maintaining by war, its own existenc
born in a day.

"How many ag
Shall this, their lofty scene, be a
In states unborn and accents yet

It will be acted o'er, but it can never b

5. It stands, and must forever stan
on the summit of the mountain, to wh
itants of the earth may turn their eyes
saving light, till time shall be lost in
globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck l
forever, a light of admonition to the
light of salvation and redemption to th

6. So long as man shall be of a
long as government shall be necessa
moral purposes of society, and so lon
abused to the purposes of oppression,
this Declaration hold out to the sove
subject the extent and the boundaries o
rights and duties, founded in the laws
nature's God.

chär'ter, a written paper or document granting or securing important privileges and rights.
le-ġit'i-mate, lawful.
tran-scend'ent, supremely excellent.
in-ăl'ien-a-ble not be transf
in-ex'o-ra-ble entreaty.
fig'ment, som

What is meant by "Charter of Independence" (1)? "faith of parchment" (3)? — What figure is employed the first paragraph? See page 431. II.

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IV. — CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

COWPER.

OWPER was an English poet of the last century. His writings
nature and a respect for simplicity and truth in human char-
pleasing to all readers of correct taste. His deep religious
in his "Olney Hymns," some of which are found in almost
ymn-book. His longest poem is "The Task." Some of his
are masterpieces, such as "On the Receipt of my Mother's
"On the Loss of the Royal George." His well-known ballad
n" by some readers is considered very diverting.
ole portion of Cowper's life was clouded by melancholy, which
deepened into actual insanity. He died in 1800, in his sixty-

ng noble plea for the rights of the lower animals is taken from
Book VI.

o not enter on my list of friends
n graced with polished manners and fine sense
nting sensibility) the man
eedlessly sets foot upon a worm.
dvertent step may crush the snail
awls at evening in the public path;
that has humanity, forewarned,
ead aside, and let the reptile live.

eeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
harged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
or unwelcome, into scenes
to neatness and repose, the alcove,
amber, or refectory, may die:
ssary act incurs no blame.

, when, held within their proper bounds,
uiltless of offense, they range the air,
e their pastime in the spacious field.

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Disturbs the economy of Nature's r
Who, when she formed, designed th

4. The sum is this: if man's convenien
Or safety interfere, his rights and c
Are paramount, and must extinguis
Else they are all — the meanest thi
As free to live, and to enjoy that lif
As God was free to form them at th
Who in His sovereign wisdom mad

5. Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach
To love it too. The springtime of c
Is soon dishonored and defiled in m
By budding ills that ask a prudent
To check them. But, alas! none so
If unrestrained, into luxuriant grow
Than cruelty, most devilish of them

6. Mercy, to him that shows it, is the
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pardoni
And he that shows none, being ripe
And conscious of the outrage he com
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his

sen-si-bil'i-ty, capacity of being easily moved to pity or sympathy.
in-ad-vĕr'tent, careless; heedless.
ven'om, poison.
ăl'cōve, a recess to sit or lie in.
re-fec'to-ry, a room where refreshments or meals are taken.
e-con'o-my, regular oper
păr'a-mount,
else, otherwise
rep'tile (*-til*), on its belly, legs, as a sna

Explain: take their pastime (3); ripe in years (6).

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CV. — A DOUBTING HEART.

PROCTER.

NE PROCTER, daughter of the poet, Bryan Waller Procter, on in 1825, and died in 1864.

E are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
ance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
ar over purple seas
hey wait, in sunny ease,
he balmy southern breeze,
ng them to their northern homes once more.

must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
e cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
reathe and smile upon you soon again

sun has hid his rays
These many days;
dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon, for spring is nigh,
l wake the summer into golden mirth.

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What sound can break the si
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at la
Brighter for darkness pas
And angels' silver voices stir

To what part of the sentence is the last li
connected?

Write out in brief the lesson taught by these s

XCVI. — MOSES AT TH

GOLDSMITH.

1. As we were now to hold up
higher in the world, my wife sugge
be proper to sell the colt, which w
neighboring fair, and buy us a hors
single or double upon an occasion,
appearance at church or upon a vis
opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutl
ever, as I weakened, my antagonist g
at last it was resolved to part with

2. As the fair happened on the fo
intentions of going myself; but my
that I had got a cold, and nothing
her to permit me from home. "No,
"our son Moses is a discreet boy, an
to very good advantage. You know

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his purchasing. He always stands out and
actually tires them till he gets a bargain."
had some opinion of my son's prudence, I
enough to intrust him with this commis-
the next morning I perceived his sisters
y in fitting out Moses for the fair; trim-
air, brushing his buckles, and cocking his
ins. The business of the toilet being over,
last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted
lt, with a deal box before him to bring home

ad on a coat made of that cloth they call
nd lightning," which, though grown too short,
too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat
ling-green, and his sisters had tied his hair
ad black ribbon. We all followed him sev-
from the door, bawling after him, "Good
luck!" till we could see him no longer.

. . . .

gan to wonder what could keep our son so
fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never
son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he
t he is about. I 'll warrant we 'll never see
is hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy
ins as would amaze one. I 'll tell you a good
t that, that will make you split your sides
hing. — But as I live, yonder comes Moses
horse, and the box at his back."
she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and
under the deal box, which he had strapped
shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, wel-
ses! Well, my boy, what have you brought
he fair?" — "I have brought you myself," said

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but where is the horse?"

7. "I have sold him," replied Moses five shillings and twopence." — "We boy," returned she; "I knew you w off. Between ourselves, three pounds twopence is no bad day's work. Co then." — "I have brought back no mo again: "I have laid it all out in a b it is," pulling out a bundle from his b are, — a gross of green spectacles, wit shagreen cases."

8. "A gross of green spectacles!" in a faint voice. "And you have pa and brought us back nothing but a gr spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried th you listen to reason? I had them a should not have bought them. The will sell for double the money." — "A rims!" cried my wife in a passion: " won't sell for above half the money at silver, five shillings an ounce."

9. "You need be under no uneasin selling the rims, for they are not w I perceive they are only copper w "What!" cried my wife; "not silv silver!" — "No," cried I; "no more saucepan." — "And so," returned she with the colt, and have only got a g tacles, with copper rims and shagreen take such trumpery! The blockhead upon, and should have known his co

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have known them at all."—"To bring me
" returned she; "if I had them, I would
in the fire."—"There again you are wrong,
said I; "for though they are copper, we will
by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are
nothing."

this time the unfortunate Moses was unde-
e now saw that he had been imposed upon
ling sharper, who, observing his figure, had
m for an easy prey. I therefore asked the
ces of his deception. He sold the horse, it
l walked the fair in search of another. A
ooking man brought him to a tent, under pre-
aving one to sell.

ere," continued Moses, "we met another man,
dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds
e, saying that he wanted money, and would
them for a third of the value. The first gen-
no pretended to be my friend, whispered me
em, and cautioned me not to let so good an
I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked
finely as they did me; and so at last we were
to buy the two gross between us."

t, one who contends with
ts down the price.
n, business.
ox of pine or fir.
table on which meat or other things are dressed or prepared for use.

sha-green', a grained leather.

mŭr'rain, a fatal disease among cattle; used here like our "plague take," etc.

hold up our heads a little higher (1); carry single or double green (4); sell his hen, etc. (5), (when a hen's feathers are wet seem to be of so much value): dead bargain (8).

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XCVII.—THE SHANDO

FATHER PROUT.

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY, better known
he assumed as a writer, was born in 1804, at Cork,
in 1866. He received his education at Catholic es
nent, and became proficient in both the classic and

Father Prout loitered and lived in many cities.
brilliant, witty, and fantastic productions to the m
His exquisite poem of "The Shandon Bells," the m
drolleries, appeared in Fraser's Magazine in 1834.

1. WITH deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of those Shandor
Whose sounds so wild
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their m

2. On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet C
With thy bells of Shanc
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the rive

3. I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral sh
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vib
But all their music spoke naugl

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For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
he belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
ir thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
he gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
gs o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly; —
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
pleasant waters of the river Lee!

There 's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk, O!
St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
m the tapering summit of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
t there is an anthem more dear to me, —

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That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the rive

ki-osk′ (*kē-ŏsk′*), a Turkish summer-house supported on pillars.

min′a-ret, a a mosque.

Shandon Bells, a fine peal of bells in St. Anne ruins of old Shandon Castle. — **Adrian's Mole** (5) Emperor Hadrian, or Adrian, in Rome. It is now t — **Vatican** (5), the magnificent papal palace at (*not′r dăm*), a celebrated cathedral in Paris. The — **dome of Peter** (6), St. Peter's, which adjoins largest cathedral in the world. — **St. Sophia** (7), th in Constantinople, was transformed by the Moham mosque, or prayer-house. — **bell in Moscow** (7). "king of bells," in Moscow. It is nineteen feet h feet around the mouth. It is placed on a granite p as a chapel. A piece having been broken out of the the door.

The lines of what stanzas form the refrain?

Write the first stanza, dividing the lines so as t six lines. Show how some of the other stanzas m

XCVIII. — THE FIORDS OF

MISS MARTINEAU.

HARRIET MARTINEAU was born in Norwich, En an earnest thinker, and a writer of many enterta Among these are tales for children and young pe travels in foreign countries. She wrote a series leading principles of political economy, which we favor. Miss Martineau died on June 27, 1876.

1. EVERY one who has looked at th must have been struck with the sin its coast. On the map it looks so jag mixture of land and sea, that it appea

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ıal struggle between the two,— the sea striv-
ndate the land, and the land pushing itself
e sea, till it ends in their dividing the region
em.

ıe spot, however, this coast is very sublime.
traggling promontories are mountainous, tow-
s of rock, springing up in precipices from the
ile the bays between them, instead of being
ith shelving sandy shores, on which the sea
s waves, as in the bays of our coast, are, in
narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of
out in fields and meadows.

high rocky banks shelter these deep bays,
ds, from almost every wind; so that their
e usually as still as those of a lake. For
weeks together, they reflect each separate
the pine forests which clothe the mountain
mirror being broken only by the leap of
tive fish, or the oars of the boatman, as he
spect the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the
arries out his nets or his rod to catch the
or char, or cod, or herrings, which abound,
easons, on the coast of Norway.

difficult to say whether these fiords are the
ıtiful in summer or in winter. In summer,
er with golden sunshine; and purple and green
from the mountain and forest lie on them; and
y be more lovely than the faint light of the
ons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures
peaks which then show themselves on the
but before the day is half over, out come the
he glorious stars, which shine like nothing
have ever seen.

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constellations of the sky, as they silently
peak to peak of these rocky passes, ar
waters so clearly that the fisherman, as
boat for his evening task, feels as if h
shoot forth his vessel into another heav
his way among the stars.

6. Still as everything is to the eye,
hundred miles together along these
there is rarely silence. The ear is
a thousand voices. In the summer
racts, leaping from ledge to ledge of
there is the bleating of the kids tha
and the flap of the great eagle's win
abroad from its eyrie, and the cries
of sea-birds which inhabit the islets;
sounds are mingled and multiplied by t
till they become a din as loud as that

7. Even at night, when the flocks
and the birds at roost, and the echoes
to be asleep, there is occasionally a sw
too soft for even the listening ear to
Every breath of summer wind that ste
pine forests wakes this music as it
leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with
the strings of a musical instrument,
breath of the night-wind in a Norweg
ens a myriad of tiny harps; and t
mournful music may be heard in gu
night through.

8. This music of course ceases whe
comes laden with snow; but yet the

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a mass of snow, too heavy to keep
and tumbles from the mountain peak
now and then, a loud crack of the ic
glacier; and, as many declare, there
be heard by those who listen when the
are shooting and blazing across the sky

9. Nor is this all. Wherever there i
the rocks on the shore where a man m
and clear a field or two, — wherever
form beside the cataract where the sa
his mill, and make a path from it to
road, — there is a human habitation
that belong to it. Thence, in wint
music and laughter, and the tread of
hum of many voices. The Norwegi
and hospitable people; and they hold
ings, in defiance of their Arctic clima
season of the year.

in-un'date, overflow; flood.
char (*tshär*), a fish of the salmon kind.
fiords (pronounced *fyôrdz*).
eyrie (*ā'ri*), eagle's nest.
glacier (*gla's* ice moving tain slope.
av'a-lanche, sliding down

What does the suffix *et* or *let* mean in *islet* and *leaf*

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X. — LIFE'S GREAT MYSTERIES.

CARLYLE.

ARLYLE was born in Ecclefechan, Scotland, December 4, 1795, elsea, a suburb of London, February 5, 1881.

life Carlyle devoted to purely literary pursuits. His purpose and his moral aim so high, that he exerted an unexampled the thought of his contemporaries. He particularly strove to s and heroism of character seem impressive to his readers. He over of downright honest work, and a fierce denouncer of all ckery, whether in social life, trade, politics, or religion.

s singularly rugged, disjointed, and original, so much so as to readers from taking pleasure in reading his works. Some of his The French Revolution," "Sartor Resartus," and "Heroes and ." The following extract is from the last-named work.

remember that fancy of Plato's, of a man who n to maturity in some dark distance, and was n a sudden into the upper air to see the sun at would his wonder be, his rapt astonishment, ht we daily witness with indifference! With pen sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty , his whole heart would be kindled by that would discern it well to be godlike; his soul l down in worship before it.

y, just such a childlike greatness was in the nations. The first Pagan thinker among rude first man that began to think, was precisely l-man of Plato's. Simple, open as a child, yet depth and strength of a man. Nature had as ame to him; he had not yet united under a e infinite variety of sights, sounds, shapes, and which we now collectively name Universe, or the like, — and so with a name dismiss it

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flashing in on him there, beautiful, av
Nature was to this man, what to the th
it forever is, *preter*natural.

4. This green, flowery, rock-built ea
mountains, rivers, many-sounding se
deep sea of azure that swims overh
sweeping through it; the black cloud
together, now pouring out fire, now hai
is it? Ay, what? At bottom we do n
can never know at all.

5. It is not by our superior insight th
difficulty; it is by our superior levity,
our want of insight. It is by *not* thinki
to wonder at it. Hardened round us,
every notion we form, is a wrappage of
says, mere *words*. We call that fire of
der cloud "electricity," and lecture lea
and grind the like of it out of glass
what is it? what made it? whence co
goes it?

6. Science has done much for us; b
science that would hide from us the gr
infinitude of nescience, whither we can
on which all science swims as a mere
This world, after all our science and sci
miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, magical
whosoever will *think* of it.

7. That great mystery of TIME, were t
the illimitable, silent, never-resting thin
rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an
ocean-tide, on which we and all the Univ

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s forever very literally a miracle; a thing
is dumb, — for we have no word to speak

Universe, ah me! what could the wild man
? what can we yet know? That it is a Force,
ndfold complexity of Forces; a Force which
That is all; it is not we, it is altogether
om *us*. Force, Force, everywhere Force; we
a mysterious Force in the center of that.
ere is not a leaf rotting on the highway but
in it: how else could it rot?" Nay, surely,
eistic thinker, if such a one were possible, it
miracle too, this huge, illimitable whirlwind
which envelops us here; never-resting whirl-
n as immensity, old as eternity. What is it?
ation, the religious people answer; it is the
God's!
neistic science babbles poorly of it, with sci-
menclatures, experiments, and what not, as if
poor dead thing, to be bottled up in Leyden
sold over counters; but the natural sense of
ll times, if he will honestly apply his sense,
it to be a living thing, — ah, an unspeakable,
hing! towards which the best attitude for us,
er so much science, is awe, devout prostration
ility of soul, — worship, if not in words, then
e.

e and uncivilized; heathen.
n prescribed form.
(*li'dn*), a jar in which an
harge of electricity may be
ted. It was invented in

ex-ha-la'tion, vapor or mist.
in-scru'ta-ble (*in-skrōō'-*), unsearchable or unexplainable.
no-men-cla'ture, names; terms.
nes'cience (*nĕsh'ens*), ignorance; the opposite of true *science*.

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ARNOLD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, son of the celebrated master
born on December 24, 1822. He was educated at Oxfo

Mr. Arnold has published a volume of poems, whic
are pleasing in sentiment and expression. As a pr
educational, and social matters, Mr. Arnold always
ing to say. His style, too, is singularly attractive, b
idiomatic.

1. WEARY of myself, and sick of askin
What I am, and what I ought to b
At this vessel's prow I stand, whic
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit

2. And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send
"Ye who from my childhood up ha
Calm me, ah! compose me to the

3. "Ah! once more," I cried, "ye sta
On my heart your mighty charm r
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon y
Feel my soul becoming vast like y

4. From the intense, clear, star-sown
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are?

5. "Unaffrighted by the silence roun
Undistracted by the sights they se

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hem love, amusement, sympathy.

vith joy the stars perform their shining,
e sea its long moon-silvered roll;
f-poised they live, nor pine with noting
fever of some differing soul.

led by themselves, and unregardful
t state God's other works may be,
r own tasks all their powers pouring,
attain the mighty life you see."

born voice! long since, severely clear,
like thine in mine own heart I hear:
lve to be thyself; and know that he
inds himself loses his misery!"

Explain the last two lines of the sixth stanza?

ATTENTION THE SOUL OF GENIUS.

DEWEY.

DEWEY was born in Sheffield, Mass., in 1794, and graduated at ege in 1814. He was settled as pastor over Unitarian churches ew York, and other places, and gained reputation as a pulpit-turer. He died in 1882.

E young man," it is often said, "has genius f he would only study." Now the truth is, as I e the liberty to state it, that genius will study; in the mind which does study; that is the very f it. I care not to say that it will always use

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2. By study, I mean — But let o
geniuses and hardest students of any
me. "Study," says Cicero, "is the p
tense occupation of mind directed wit
of will to any subject, such as philosop
etry, letters." Such study, such inten
and nothing else, is genius.

3. Attention it is, — though other q
this transcendent power, — attention
very soul of genius: not the fixed ey
over a book, but the fixed thought.
action of the mind which is steadily c
one idea or one series of ideas, — whi
point the rays of the soul, till they
and fire the whole train of its thoug

4. And while the fire burns within,
may indeed be cold, indifferent, negli
appearance; he may be an idler, or a
ently without aim or intent; but st
within. And what though "it bursts
as has been said, "like volcanic fires,
original, native force?" It only show
tion of the elements beneath.

5. What though it breaks like lig
cloud? The electric fire had been col
mament through many a silent, caln
What though the might of genius app
sive blow, struck in some moment
or at the crisis of a nation's peril?

6. That mighty energy, though it ma
the breast of a Demosthenes, was once

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mother's eye watched over its dawning. A
e guarded its early growth. It soon trod
ul step the halls of learning, and found other
ake and to watch for it. It went on; but
upon its path, and the deep strugglings of
soul marked its progress, and the cherishing
ature silently ministered to it.
elements around breathed upon it, and
to finer issues." The golden ray of heaven
, and ripened its expanding faculties. The
tions of years slowly added to its collected
d energies, till, in its hour of glory, it stood
lied in the form of living, commanding, irre-
uence!
orld wonders at the manifestation, and says,
trange that it should come thus unsought,
ated, unprepared." But the truth is, there
a miracle in it than there is in the towering
eminent forest tree, or in the flowing of the
l irresistible river, or in the wealth and the
the boundless harvest.
hful aspirants after intellectual eminence,
get, I entreat you — banish, banish forever,
and senseless idea that anything will serve
se but study, — intense, unwearied, absorbing

s, acting from its own
ee.
rning point.
gave service.

pre-em'i-nent, superior; loftier than the others.
as-pi'rant, one who seeks with eagerness.

the mind concentrated on one idea (3); expanding facul-

Demosthenes and Cicero? Tell, as well as you can, what is
hilosophy"; by "poetry"; by "geometry."

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CII. — THE CHAMBERED N

HOLMES.

THE nautilus, while growing, vacates successively partitions them off into air-tight chambers.

This little poem meets all the requirements of the h

1. THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poe
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purp
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun
hair.

2. Its webs of living gauze no more unf
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wo
As the frail tenant shaped his growi
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless cry

3. Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for t
Stole with soft step its shining archw
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, a
no more.

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for the heavenly message brought by thee,
ild of the wandering sea,
st from her lap, forlorn!
ıy dead lips a clearer note is born
ver Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
hile on mine ear it rings,
h the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings: —

hee more stately mansions, O my soul,
s the swift seasons roll!
ave thy low-vaulted past!
h new temple, nobler than the last,
ıee from heaven with a dome more vast,
ll thou at length art free,
g thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

ean.
, having colors like those
ow.
vault; cell.
un-sealed′, opened.
spi′ral, a curved line receding continually from the center.
for-lôrn′, forsaken; in sad plight.

), in Grecian mythology, was a demigod, and the sea- Neptune, the god of the sea. He blew through a shell to llay the sea.

our own words the moral.

THE BEST ARMOR.

AT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
ice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
l he but naked, though locked up in steel,
ose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakespeare.

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CIII.—RIP VAN WINK

IRVING.

RIP VAN WINKLE, in Irving's story, is a shiftless, goo loves to carry a fishing-pole or a fowling-piece, but not t Henpecked at home, he saunters off with his gun on dog at his heels. One day, just at dusk, while far up i tains, he encounters a strange man, whom he accompan the rocks. There he finds a company of odd-looking ninepins. Rip's fear does not prevent him from drinkir which they quaff in profound silence. The result is sleep, which lasts twenty years, though it seems to him, only one night has gone by. During these twenty yea War has occurred. Rip, now an old man, picks up his its worm-eaten stock, and makes his way to his native v

1. THERE was, as usual, a crowd of door of the inn, but none that Rip r very character of the people seemed c was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy t looked in vain for the sage Nicholas V broad face, double chin, and fair long clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of id Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling tents of an ancient newspaper.

2. In place of these, a lean, bilious with his pocket full of hand-bills, was hemently about rights of citizens, elec of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, her six, and other words, which were a per jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

3. The appearance of Rip, with his beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his unc an army of women and children at

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the attention of the tavern politicians. They
ound him, eying him from head to foot with
iosity. The orator bustled up to him, and,
im partly aside, inquired on which side he
ip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short
little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising
inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or

was equally at a loss to comprehend the ques-
n a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in
ocked hat, made his way through the crowd,
em to the right and left with his elbows as he
d, planting himself before Van Winkle, with
kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen
sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very
anded, in an austere tone, what brought him
ection with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at
, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the
"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dis-
I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place,
al subject of the King, God bless him!"
re a general shout burst from the by-standers:
! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away
!" It was with great difficulty that the self-
t man in the cocked hat restored order; and,
ssumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded
the unknown culprit what he came there for,
om he was seeking. The poor man humbly
him that he meant no harm, but merely came
search of some of his neighbors, who used to
out the tavern. "Well, who are they? name

p bethought himself a moment, and inquired,

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a little while, when an old man replied
voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he i
these eighteen years! There was a w
in the churchyard that used to tell al
that's rotten and gone too." "Where's
"O, he went off to the army in the
war. Some say he was killed at the s
Point; others say he was drowned in a
of Anthony's Nose. I don't know; he
again."

7. "Where's Van Bummel, the scho
went off to the wars, too; was a grea
and is now in Congress." Rip's heart d
ing of these sad changes in his home
finding himself thus alone in the world
puzzled him, too, by treating of such en
time, and of matters which he could n
war, Congress, Stony Point. He had n
after any more friends, but cried out i
nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

8. "O, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaime
"O, to be sure! That's Rip Van Wink
ing against the tree." Rip looked, and
counterpart of himself as he went up
apparently as lazy, and certainly as ra
fellow was now completely confounded;
own identity, and whether he was hi
man. In the midst of his bewilderment,
cocked hat demanded who he was, an
name.

9. "God knows!" exclaimed he, at
"I 'm not myself, — I 'm somebody el

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no, that's somebody else got into my shoes.
elf last night, but I fell asleep on the moun-
they 've changed my gun, and everything 's
nd I 'm changed, and I can't tell what 's my
who I am!"

e by-standers began now to look at each other,
significantly, and tap their fingers against
eads. There was a whisper, also, about secur-
n, and keeping the old fellow from doing mis-
ne very suggestion of which the self-important
ne cocked hat retired with some precipitation.
ritical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed
he throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded
ne had a chubby child in her arms, which,
at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!"
; "hush! the old man won't hurt you."

e name of the child, the air of the mother, the
er voice, all awakened a train of recollections in
"What is your name, my good woman?"
"Judith Gardenier." "And your father's
"Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his
t it's twenty years since he went away from
h his gun, and has never been heard of since;
came home without him; but whether he shot
or was carried away by the Indians, nobody
I was then but a little girl."

ip had but one question more to ask, but he
th a faltering voice: "Where 's your mother?"
too had died but a short time since; she
blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New Eng-
dler." There was a drop of comfort, at least, in
lligence. The honest man could contain himself
r. He caught his daughter and her child in his

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nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?

13. All stood amazed, until an old
out from among the crowd, put her h
and, peering under it in his face for a m
"Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkl
Welcome home again, old neighbor. W
you been these twenty long years?"
soon told, for the whole twenty years
but as one night.

14. To make a long story short, the
up, and returned to the more importan
election. Rip's daughter took him ho
her. She had a snug, well-furnished h
cheery farmer for a husband, whom R
one of the urchins that used to climb
Rip now resumed his old walks and h
found many of his former cronies, th
worse for the wear and tear of time; bu
ing friends among the rising generation
soon grew into great favor.

phlegm (*flĕm*), sluggishness; indifference.
coun'ter-part, something which corresponds to another; an exact copy.
ref-u-gee', one to another c refugee.
cro'nies, intim

Babylonish jargon (2), confused cries and noises, city. See Rev. xviii. — **Federal or Democrat** (3), t ical parties of that time. — **Anthony's Nose** (*an'to-* rocky promontory on the east side of the Hudson R West Point.

Explain: hand-bills (2); heroes of seventy-six (2);

Can you tell any difference between "speak" and "t and "austere," — "large" and "enormous"?

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CIV. — ABOU BEN ADHEM.

HUNT.

JNT, an English writer of considerable merit, was born in 1784, 1859. His light essays, of a garrulous, rambling, but lively now his most readable prose. One of his most popular poems

intimate with the great writers Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats,

BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
one night from a deep dream of peace,
w within the moonlight in his room,
g it rich and like a lily in bloom,
gel writing in a book of gold.

ing peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
the presence in the room he said,
writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
ith a look made of all sweet accord,
red, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
is mine one?" said Abou. — "Nay, not so,"
l the angel.

Abou spoke more low,
eerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
me as one that loves his fellow-men."
gel wrote, and vanished. The next night
e again with a great wakening light,
owed the names whom love of God had blessed,
o! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

ee). — **Abou Ben Adhem** is here given as the name of an f. — **it** (line 4) refers to "moonlight." — **sweet accord** (line 9), r gracious sweetness.

he simile in lines 3 and 4.

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CV. — MEXICO AS FIRST S
SPANIARDS.

PRESCOTT.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, one of the gr
rians, was born in Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796, and
He was a grandson of the illustrious Colonel Pre
American forces at Bunker Hill.

A special interest attaches to Prescott's career f
his life was spent in partial or total blindness. Y
success as a student and as a writer. His Histories
and most widely read of all historical writings.
Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Mex
Peru," and "The Reign of Philip II. of Spain."

1. THE troops, refreshed by a nigh
early on the following day, in gainin
sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like
the two great mountains on the north
progress was now comparatively easy,
forward with a buoyant step, as the
treading the soil of Montezuma.

2. They had not advanced far, when,
of the sierra, they suddenly came on a
than compensated the toils of the pr
was that of the Valley of Mexico, or
more commonly called by the natives;
picturesque assemblage of water, wood
vated plains, its shining cities and sha
spread out like some gay and gorgeous
them. In the highly rarefied atmospher
regions, even remote objects have a brilli
and a distinctness of outline which see
distance.

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ching far away at their feet were seen noble
oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow
naize and the towering maguey, intermingled
ards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in
and for their religious festivals, were even
ndant in this populous valley than in other
Anahuac.

he center of the great basin were beheld the
pying then a much larger portion of its sur-
at present; their borders thickly studded with
hamlets, and, in the midst, — like some In-
ess with her coronal of pearls, — the fair city
, with her white towers and pyramidal tem-
ing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters, —
med "Venice of the Aztecs."

n over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec,
nce of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with
grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day
broad shadows over the land. In the distance
he blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened
ening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the
tal of Tezcuco, and, still farther on, the dark
rphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich
hich Nature had devised for the fairest of her

h was the beautiful vision which broke on the
he conquerors. And even now, when so sad
has come over the scene; when the stately
ave been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered
fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many
bandoned to sterility; when the waters have
eaving a broad and ghastly margin white with
station of salts, while the cities and hamlets

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that desolation broods over the landscap
ble are the lines of beauty which natu
its features, that no traveler, however c
them with any other emotions than th
ment and rapture.

7. What, then, must have been the
Spaniards, when, after working their to
the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle pa
eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes
tine magnificence and beauty! It was
cle which greeted the eyes of Moses fr
of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of th
cried out, "It is the promised land!"

si-er′ra (*se-ĕr′rà*), a jagged and saw-like range of mountains.
ma-guey′ (*-gwā′*), a plant, called also the American aloe.
pic-tūr-esque′
pŏr′phy-ry, a
pris′tine (*-tĭn*)
tab′er-na-cle,

Pronounce: gorgeous, pyramidal, ghastly, coronal

Ahualco, pronounced *ä-wäl′kō;* **Tenochtitlan,** *t*
huac, *ä′nä-wäk′;* **Chapultepec,** *chä-pōōl′tä-pĕk′;*
Pisgah, *pĭz′gä.*

Explain: to annihilate distance (2); "Venice of th
tabernacle (7). — Point out a simile in par. **4.**

Find in the Bible the passage to which the last sent

Write sentences each containing one or more of th
freshed, buoyant, compensated, brilliancy, rapture,

My crown is in my heart, not on
Not decked with diamonds and In
Nor to be seen: my crown is call
A crown it is that seldom kings e

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THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

LONGFELLOW.

1.

ıe Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
their silent pipes no anthem pealing
s the villages with strange alarms.

2.

ı a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
the Death-Angel touches those swift keys!
ıd lament and dismal Miserere
ıingle with their awful symphonies!

3.

ven now, the infinite fierce chorus,
ries of agony, the endless groan,
through the ages that have gone before us,
ıg reverberations reach our own.

4.

ı and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
ıgh Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song
ıd, amid the universal clamor,
distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

5.

the Florentine, who from his palace
els out his battle bell with dreadful din,
ztec priests upon their teocallis
the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

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The shout that every prayer for mer
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pil
The wail of famine in beleaguered t

7.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenc
The rattling musketry, the clashing
And ever and anon, in tones of thund
The diapason of the cannonade.

8.

Is it, O Man, with such discordant no
With such accurséd instruments as
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kin
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

9.

Were half the power that fills the wor
Were half the wealth, bestowed on c
Given to redeem the human mind fro
There were no need of arsenals or f

10.

The warrior's name would be a name
And every nation that should lift a
Its hand against a brother, on its fore
Would wear forevermore the curse

11.

Down the dark future, through long g
The echoing sounds grow fainter, an
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vi
I hear once more the voice of Christ

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nd no longer from its brazen portals
ast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
tiful as songs of the Immortals,
)ly melodies of love arise.

ilding where weapons ade or stored.
sim'fo-), unison or harnds.
be-lea'guered (*-gēr'd, g* as in *get*), surrounded by an army.
di-a-pa'son (*-zun*), the whole compass of tones.

e (*miz-*), the 51st Psalm, sung to express penitence. The Latin with "Miserere mei, Domine!" Have mercy on me, O Lord! 4). The Cimbri were ancient tribes of Northern Germany. — Scandinavians, people of ancient Norway and Sweden. — The Aztecs occupied Mexico when the Spaniards conquered **is** (*-tls*), pyramidal structures used by the Aztecs or ancient religious purposes.

CVII. — PATRIOTISM.

MEAGHER.

FRANCIS MEAGHER (*mā'her*) was born in Ireland, in 1823. gaged in a political movement in favor of "home rule" in Ire- arrested, convicted, and banished for life to Van Diemen's Land. ping he took refuge in the United States (1852). During our ed with distinction on the side of the North. in Montana, in 1867.

REFT of patriotism, the heart of a nation will and cramped and sordid; the arts will have ring impulse, and commerce no invigorating ciety will degenerate, and the mean and the triumph.

triotism is not a wild and glittering passion, orious reality. The virtue that gave to Pagan- dazzling lusters, to Barbarism its redeeming

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altar in every clime, — its worship and

3. On the heathered hills of Scotla
Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The
in the brilliant literature of the day, pa
age to the piety and heroism of the
Orleans. In her new senate hall, E
sculptor place, among the effigies of h
the images of Hampden and Russell.
graceful capital of Belgium, the daring
has reared a monument, full of glorious
three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

4. By the soft blue waters of Lake
the chapel of William Tell. On the an
revolt and victory, across those waters
in the July sun, skim the light boats of
tons; from the prows hang the banner
lic; and as they near the sacred spot t
Lucerne chant the hymns of their old po
bursts forth the glad Te Deum, and hea
the voice of that wild chivalry of the m
five centuries since pierced the white e
and flung it bleeding on the rocks of

5. At Innspruck, in the black aisle of
dral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels be
of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and
Tyrol who forgets the day on which he
walls of Mantua? It is a festive day a
quiet, noble land.

6. In that old cathedral his inspiri
recalled amid the pageantries of the alt
appears in every house; his victories a

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in the songs of the people, and when the
own, a chain of fires, in the deep red light of
eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy
claims the glory of the chief whose blood has
ative land a sainted spot in Europe.

, images.
a system of society
by the worship of
e gods.

de-ġen'er-ate, fallen to a low or base state; degraded.
păġ'eant-ries (*păj'ent-riz*), pompous shows or displays.

(3). John Hampden was an English patriot who resisted the
ires of Charles I. — **Russell** (3). William, Lord Russell, was
triot who was beheaded on a false charge in 1683. — **Geefs**
nguished Belgian sculptor. The revolution referred to is that
resulted in freeing Belgium from Holland. — **Te Deum** (4),
hristian hymn in Latin. The first words are "Te Deum lauda-
raise Thee, O God! — **Uri** (*o͞o'ree*). Tell was born and lived
of Uri. — **Innspruck** (*ins'pro͞ok*) (5). The capital city of the
. — **An'dreas Ho'fer** (5) led the Tyrolese peasantry against
ch and Bavarians. At last he was seized and shot by order of
Mantua, in 1810.

III. — HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE!

COLLINS.

COLLINS, an English lyric poet, who was a friend of Dr. John-
Goldsmith, was born in 1720, and died in 1756. His poems are
native. He excelled in the power of personification, — the giv-
uesque shape and pictorial hue to abstractions." The "Ode to
" and the "Ode to Evening" are among his best.

ow sleep the Brave who sink to rest
y all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
eturns to deck their hallowed mold,
he there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

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There Honor comes, a pilgrim
To bless the turf that wraps th
And Freedom shall awhile repa
To dwell a weeping hermit the

CIX.—THE DIGNITY OF

REV. DR. McCLINTOCK.

JOHN McCLINTOCK, D. D., who died in 1870, in h
a distinguished Methodist clergyman and pulpit orat
and a voluminous writer He graduated at the Univ
His most important literary work is the "Cyclopædia
cal, and Ecclesiastical Literature," of which he and
editors.

Residing in Paris during our Civil War, Dr. Mc
country great service by his pen and voice.

1. UNTIL you make the experiment o
yourself to the test of toil, you know no
are made of, nor what faculties you p
wish to know what you are? Act, ar
out; slumber, and you shall never k
alone does a man's nature project itse
tangible, intelligible reality; in action
character unfolded.

2. The dark germ within lies sleepi
until the man obeys his destiny and
being by the determination to act; a
atmosphere of labor, under the free s
warm sunshine, it grows and is devel
ing branches and extended boughs, wi

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the deep root of that tree of life, hidden far
the earth, is labor, or the will to labor?
branches may be stripped and shattered by
; the trunk itself may be riven by the light-
t if that strong root remain, it will send forth
d vigorous shoots again, and defy the elements.
be worth in you, its development lies with
s; it is for you to say whether it shall sleep,
ted by others, unknown even to yourselves, or
it shall show itself in action, — that only uni-
terion of a man's claims and his merits.
ere are many young persons of romantic tem-
who look forward to the attainment of the
ends of human life, without dreaming of the
t must be paid for them. They are forever
castles in the air. The future is their dreamy
Their imagination is more potent than Aladdin's
They dwell in cloudland, and fill it with their
geous creations. To their ardent spirits, time
nce are nothing; they pass through space with
ed, and bear down barriers with a giant's arm.
t they should wake from these enchantments,
"Lo! it was but a dream!"
rust that none of you breathe this sentimental
ere; but are you not inhabiting one as dense,
so romantic? You are all looking forward to
Have you calculated the cost? Have you pre-
e instruments? The edifice of your fortunes is
ared by yourselves: have you laid the foun-

rust, at least, that your experience thus far will
the lesson that labor is the price of success.

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possible to get something for nothing; th
declaration, "Thou shalt eat thy bread in
thy brow," has not lost its force; and that
well to the nourishment of the intellect as
nance of the body.

7. Look out into the great world, and s
the great men? Who have been the le
formers, the thinkers, the heroes, of mankin
process was their being built up, — the Pl
ros, the Pauls, the Burkes, — giants of thei
it by dreams and visions, by sloth and self

8. You have communed with great men
pose if you have not learned that, howe
may have differed, in one respect they v
Their sinews grew by labor. The record
is but a register of their deeds. Endowed
may have been, with high powers, they
them to lie rotting in indolence; but, with
and strong hand, fulfilled their mission of
and by night. Their works do follow them

tan'ġi-ble, that may be touched; *hence*, real.
in-tel'li-ġi-ble, that may be understood; plain; clear.
cri-te'ri-on, standard; test.
com-mūned', co thoughts.
ed'i-fice (*-i-fis*), l
en-dowed', gifted.
reġ'is-ter, record

Explain: building castles in the air (4); Aladdin's cloudland (4).

Find out something about Plato, Cicero, Paul, Burke.

Substitute synonyms for the italicized words: —

He has a very *potent* imagination.

Distance is nothing to their *ardent* spi

Have you *calculated* the cost?

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CX. — TRUE GREATNESS.

LADY E. CAREW.

rest action of our human life
orning to revenge an injury;
o forgives without a further strife
dversary's heart to him doth tie;
is a firmer conquest, truly said,
the heart than overthrow the head.

worthy enemy do find,
ield to worth, it must be nobly done: —
of baser metal be his mind,
ase revenge there is no honor won.
ould a worthy courage overthrow?
ho would wrestle with a worthless foe?

y our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
use they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
hearts are tasked beyond their power but seld;
weakest lion will the loudest roar.
s school for certain does this same allow,
neartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

d (1), truly called. — **To yield . . . nobly done** (2). It must thing to yield to a worthy enemy. — **baser metal** (2), baser **worthy courage** (2), a worthy, fearless enemy. — **seld** (3), is the original word, but is now disused.

re of speech in the last line of the first stanza? See page 432, in "win the heart"; "overthrow the head."

poem in prose, expressing the sentiments clearly.

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CXI. — HOW TO MAKE CONVERSA PLEASANT.

FRANKLIN.

[FRANKLIN had drawn up a list of virtues, such as industry, tranquillity, for daily use in self-examination.]

1. MY list of virtues contained at firs but a Quaker friend having kindly inform was generally thought proud, — that my itself frequently in conversation, — that I tent with being in the right when discuss but was overbearing, and rather insolent convinced me by mentioning several instan mined to endeavor to cure myself of this and I added HUMILITY to my list, giving meaning to the word.

2. I cannot boast of much success in *reality* of this virtue, but I had a good de to the appearance of it. I made it a rule direct contradiction to the sentiments o all positive assertion of my own.

3. I even forbade myself the use of expression in the language that importe ion, such as "certainly," "undoubtedly adopted instead of them, "I conceive," " or "I imagine," a thing to be so or so; or to me at present."

4. When another asserted something an error, I denied myself the pleasure o him abruptly, and of showing immedia surdity in his proposition; and in answ by observing that, in certain cases or circ

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" or "seemed to me" some difference, etc.
on found the advantage of this change in my
the conversations I engaged in went on more
. The modest way in which I proposed my
procured them a readier reception, and less
ion. I had less mortification when I was
be in the wrong; and I more easily prevailed
rs to give up their mistakes, and join with me,
happened to be in the right.
s mode, which I at first put on with some vio-
natural inclination, became at length so easy,
abitual to me, that perhaps for the last fifty
one has ever heard a dogmatical expression
ie.
d to this habit (after my character of integrity)
it principally owing, that I had early so much
with my fellow-citizens when I proposed new
ons or alterations in the old, and so much in-
n public councils when I became a member;
s but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to
esitation in my choice of words, hardly correct
nage, and yet I generally carried my points.
reality there is perhaps no one of our natural
so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, strug-
n it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much
pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and
ep out and show itself.

n: dogmatical expression (6); carried my points (7).

ynonyms of: discussing, overbearing, humility, acquiring, senti-
egrity, assertion, reception, principally, alterations.
u tell any difference between "I *proposed* to do something," and
sed to do something"?

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LOWELL.

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,
Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged
So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen midge;
Out of the stillness, with a gathering cr
Like rising wind in leaves, which now dec
Now lulls, now swells, and all the while i
The huddling trample of a drove of shee
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradual
In dust on the other side; life's emblem
A confused noise between two silences,
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.

2.

On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed g
Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the brimm
Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silen
Of some slow water rat, whose sinuous
Wavers the long green sedge's shade fro
But up the west, like a rock-shivered surg
Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-wh
Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its
And falling still it seems, and yet it clin

3.

Suddenly all the sky is hid
As with the shutting of a lid,
One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow,

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he pane they are crookedly crawling,
d the wind breathes low;
the circles widen on the river,
n and mingle, one and all;
nd there the slenderer flowers shiver,
k by an icy raindrop's fall.

4.

n the hills I hear the thunder mutter,
e wind is gathering in the west;
turned leaves first whiten and flutter,
en droop to a fitful rest;
n the stream with sluggish flap
ggles the gull and floats away;
and nearer rolls the thunder-clap,—
shall not see the sun go down to-day:
aps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
tramples the grass with terrified feet,
artled river turns leaden and harsh:
can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

5.

ook! look! that livid flash!
nstantly follows the rattling thunder,
ome cloud-crag, split asunder,
ell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
e earth, which crouches in silence under;
l now a solid gray wall of rain
off the landscape, mile by mile.

6.

a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile.
t seemed but now a league aloof,
rsts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof;

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Through tattered foliage the hail tear
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling, —
Will silence return nevermore

7.

Hush! Still as death,
The tempest holds his breath
As from a sudden will;
The rain stops short, but from the ea
You see it drop, and hear it from the
All is so bodingly still;
Again, now, now, again
Plashes the rain in heavy gouts,
The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening,
And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle song, —
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence dead and dul
As if the cloud, let go,
Leapt bodily below
To whelm the earth in one mad ove
And then a total lull.

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Gone, gone, so soon!
No more my half-crazed fancy there
Can shape a giant in the air;
No more I see his streaming hair,
The writhing portent of his form;—
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Are shattered rigging from a fight at sea,
Faint and few, are drifting over me.

us, not trembling; not
kind of trumpet whose
r and shrill.
nding in and out; wavy.
of sea-bird.

bōd'ing-ly, as if foreshowing ill.
gouts (*ou* as in *out*), drops.
pôr'tent (or *por-tent'*), something which foretokens an evil.
wĭl'der-ing, bewildering; perplexing.

aped wake (2). The appearance of the disturbed water in the swimming rat.

rock-shivered surge (2); wind-hurled pile (6) a league
Explain the last two lines in the first stanza.

verses in which the sound corresponds to the sense.

LIFE.

FE! we 've been long together,
hrough pleasant and through cloudy weather
'is hard to part when friends are dear;
erhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear:
hen steal away, give little warning;
Choose thine own time;
not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning."

Mrs. Barbauld.

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CXIII. — THE MINUTE-MAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

CURTIS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was born in Providence, ruary 24, 1824.

As a writer of sketches and light essays for magazin Curtis has contributed much to the best current literature of his writings have been published in book form, and hav readers. His style is characterized by ease, clearness, an feeling which comes from high moral purpose.

He also ranks among the foremost of popular orators a

The following extract is from an Oration delivered April 19, 1875, the one hundredth anniversary of "Conc

1. OF the beginning of the retreat Bridge, of the terrible march of the ex from this square to Boston, I have no ti the tale. Almost as soon as it began, setts was in motion. The landscape w armed men. They swarmed through e and byway, across the pastures, and ove

2. The British column marched stea from trees, rocks, and fences, from hous sheds, blazed the withering American fi echoed and flashed; the woods rang; th an endless ambuscade of flame. The Am to the appalled British troops to drop fr to spring from earth. With every step t deadlier, the danger more imminent.

. . . .

3. Such was the opening battle of the a conflict which, so far as we can se liberty in two hemispheres, saved Engla

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nd whose magnificent results shine through
as the beacon-light of free popular govern-
d who won this victory? The minute-men
a, who in the history of our English race
always the vanguard of freedom.

minute-man of the American Revolution! —
ne? He was the husband and father who,
ve liberty, and to know that lawful liberty is
uaranty of peace and progress, left the plow
row and the hammer on the bench, and, kiss-
and children, marched to die or to be free.
ne son and lover, the plain, shy youth of the
nool and the village choir, whose heart beat
or his country, and who felt, though he could
ith the old English cavalier, —

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

minute-man of the Revolution! He was the
niddle-aged, and the young. He was Captain
Concord, who said that he went to battle as
to church. He was Captain Davis, of Acton,
oved his men for jesting on the march. He
eon Josiah Haynes, of Sudbury, eighty years
marched with his company to the South Bridge,
d, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington,
s gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill.

was James Hayward, of Acton, twenty-two
, foremost in that deadly race from Concord
estown, who raised his piece at the same
with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You
ad man." The Briton dropped, shot through
t. James Hayward fell, mortally wounded.
" he said, "I started with forty balls; I have

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I love more than my mother that I a
turned out."

7. This was the minute-man of th
The rural citizen, trained in the comm
church, and the town-meeting, who ca
that thought, and whose gun, loaded w
brought down, not a man, but a syst
gratefully recall to-day, — him, in yon
wrought in the metal which but feebly
exorable will, we commit in his immort
reverence of our children.

8. And here among these peaceful
the county whose children first gave
American union and independence, her
of Middlesex, county of Lexington an
Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty
ute-man stood at the old North Bridg
we or our descendants, false to liberty,
and humanity, betray in any way thei
into life as a hundred years ago, take
descend, and lead us, as God led you, in
to save the hopes of man.

im'mi-nent, threatening, — said of an evil likely to happen.

guar'an-ty (*găr'an-tĭ*), warranty; security.

cav-a-lier', *or* horseman or gallant man.

minute-man, one ready at a minute's notice to resi
early period of the Revolutionary struggle. —The **mil**
are trained in military tactics, but not regular soldiers.

Explain "who carried a bayonet that thought, and
with a principle," etc. (7)

[1] A bronze statue representing a "Son of L

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XIV. — THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

1. In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot;
When the files
Of the Isles,
From the smoky night encampment
Bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer
Rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

2. Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers
O'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder
Cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

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Cannoneers;
And the "villainous saltpeter"
Rang a fierce, discordant meter
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger,
Came the Horse-Guards' clang
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher
Burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

4. Then the old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white in
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swing
And his brazen throat was ring
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath.
And rounder, rounder, rounder
Roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

lung'ing, thrusting.
ram'pant, standing erect on the hind legs, as if for attacking a person.
a-main', with mig
six-pound'er, a ca a ball weighing s

Continentals (1), the soldiers of the Continental army, American Colonies was called in the Revolutionary war. –

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rs of the British Isles. — **Unicorn** (1). The fabulous animal corn is represented in the British coat of arms. — **"villain-r"** (3). See page 39 (the citation from Shakespeare, King - **Horse-Guards** (3), a British cavalry regiment.

— WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

KNOWLES.

ERIDAN KNOWLES was a popular dramatist and actor, born at nd, in 1784. He died in 1862.

gs and peaks, I 'm with you once again!
to you the hands you first beheld,
w they still are free. Methinks I hear
it in your echoes answer me,
id your tenant welcome home again!

Hail! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
nigh you lift your heads into the sky!
nuge you are! how mighty, and how free!
e the things that tower, that shine, — whose smile
s glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
or unrobed, do all the impress wear
e divine.

Ye guards of liberty,
vith you once again! I call to you
all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
ow they still are free. I rush to you
ough I could embrace you!

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I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss his broad expanded wi
Lay calm and motionless upon the air
As if he floated there without their ai
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up!

5. Instinct
I strung my bow; yet kept he roundi
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about; absorbed, he heede
The death that threatened him. — I co
'T was liberty! I turned the shaft asi
And let him soar away!

CXVI. — VOYAGE OF THE MA

EVERETT.

1. METHINKS I see it now, that one s
turous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn
with the prospects of a future state, and
the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing
sand misgivings, the uncertain, the t
Suns rise and set, and weeks and mon
winter surprises them on the deep, but b
the sight of the wished-for shore.

2. I see them now, scantily supplied w
crowded almost to suffocation in their ill
delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitou

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ven in fury before the raging tempest, in their seaworthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm rough the rigging. The laboring masts seem from their base; the dismal sound of the heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with in- floods over the floating deck, and beats with g weight against the staggered vessel.

see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of h, — weak and exhausted from the voyage, armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on drinking nothing but water on shore, without without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

ut now the volume of history, and tell me, on nciple of human probability, what shall be the this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of science, in how many months were they all ff by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within ndaries of New England? Tell me, politician, ng did this shadow of a colony, on which your ions and treaties had not smiled, languish on tant coast? Student of history, compare for me lled projects, the deserted settlements, the aban- adventures of other times, and find the parallel

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the house- ads of women and children? was it hard labor are meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined rise, and a broken heart, aching in its last mo-

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the sea? — was it some, of all of these unn
ried this forsaken company to their mela
And is it possible that neither of these ca
all combined were able to blast this bud
it possible that, from a beginning so feebl
worthy not so much of admiration as o
have gone forth a progress so steady, a gr
derful, a reality so important, a promis
fulfilled, so glorious?

What does the speaker mean by the last words — "a
fulfilled, so glorious"?

CXVII. — THE PILLAR OF THE

NEWMAN.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, an eminent English scholar
Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, was born in Lo
graduated at Trinity College, Oxford.

Cardinal Newman possesses the true poet's gift, but it
for the most part, in the form of prose. He is a volumi
pally on moral or spiritual subjects. His style is unsurpass
English writer, in ease, lucidity, and grace.

1. LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircli
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to s
The distant scene, — one step enough

2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Shouldst lead me on:

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Lead thou me on!
ɔved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
de ruled my will: remember not past years.

long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
ɛr moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
ıd with the morn those angel faces smile
hich I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

The Pillar of the Cloud. See Exodus xiii. 21.

I. — THE WORLD OF BRUTE ANIMALS.

NEWMAN.

ʌN anything be more marvelous or startling, un-
were used to it, than that we should have a race
gs about us whom we do but see, and as little
ıeir state, or can describe their interests, or their
as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and

is indeed a very overpowering thought, when we
ix our minds on it, that we familiarly use, I may
d intercourse with, creatures who are as much
rs to us, as mysterious, as if they were fabulous,
ly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his
which Eastern superstitions have invented.
hey have apparently passions, habits, and a cer-
ccountableness, but all is mystery about them.

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after this life.

4. Is it not plain to our senses that th
inferior to us in the scale of beings, with
connected without understanding what it
difficult to faith to admit the word of S
cerning our connection with a world sup

CXIX. — SNOW-FLAKES.

HAWTHORNE.

1. THERE is snow in yonder cold gra
morning! and, through the partially fro
panes, I love to watch the gradual begi
storm. A few feathery flakes are scat
through the air, and hover downward wi
flight, now almost alighting on the earth,
again aloft into remote regions of the
These are not the big flakes, heavy wi
which melt as they touch the ground, and
ous of a soaking rain. It is to be, in go
wintry storm.

2. The two or three people visible on t
have an aspect of endurance, a blue-nosed,
tude, which is evidently assumed in anti
comfortless and blustering day. By nig
least before the sun sheds another glimm
upon us, the street and our little garden wi
with mountain snowdrifts.

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whatever burden may be laid upon it; and,
ern eye, the landscape will lose its melancholy
and acquire a beauty of its own, when Mother
e her children, shall have put on the fleecy
r winter's wear. The cloud spirits are slowly
ner white mantle.

et, indeed, there is barely a rime like hoarfrost
rown surface of the street; the withered grass
ass-plat is still discernible; and the slated
he houses do but begin to look gray instead

All the snow that has yet fallen within the
ence of my view, were it heaped up together,
rdly equal the hillock of a grave.

s gradually, by silent and stealthy influence,
changes wrought. These little snow particles,
e storm spirit flings by handfuls through the
bury the great Earth under their accumulated
permit her to behold her sister Sky again for
onths. We, likewise, shall lose sight of our
familiar visage, and must content ourselves
king heavenward the oftener.

. . . .

w look we forth again, and see how much of his
storm spirit has done. Slow and sure! He
day, perchance the week, before him, and may
own time to accomplish Nature's burial in
A smooth mantle is scarcely thrown over the
grass-plat, and the dry stocks of annuals still
nemselves through the white surface in all parts
arden.

he leafless rosebushes stand shivering in a shal-
wdrift, looking, poor things! as disconsolate as

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perish with the summer; they neither what they retain of life seems but the of death. Very sad are the flower s winter!

8. The roofs of the houses are now where the eddying wind has kept them ba corners. To discern the real intensity of must fix upon some distant object, — as y and observe how the riotous gust fights scending snow throughout the intervening times the entire prospect is obscured, t have a distinct but transient glimpse of t like a giant's ghost; and now the dense between, as if demons were flinging snow other in mid-air.

9. Look next into the street, where we ing parallel to the combat of those fanc the upper regions. It is a snow battle What a pretty satire on war and militar be written, in the form of a child's story, the snowball fights of two rival schools, defeats and victories of each, and the fin one party, or perhaps of neither! What p worthy to be chanted in Homeric strains! ing of fortresses, built all of massive snow b feats of individual prowess, and embod martial enthusiasm!

10. And when some well contested and tory had put a period to the war, both a unite to build a lofty monument of snow u tle-field, and crown it with the victor's sta

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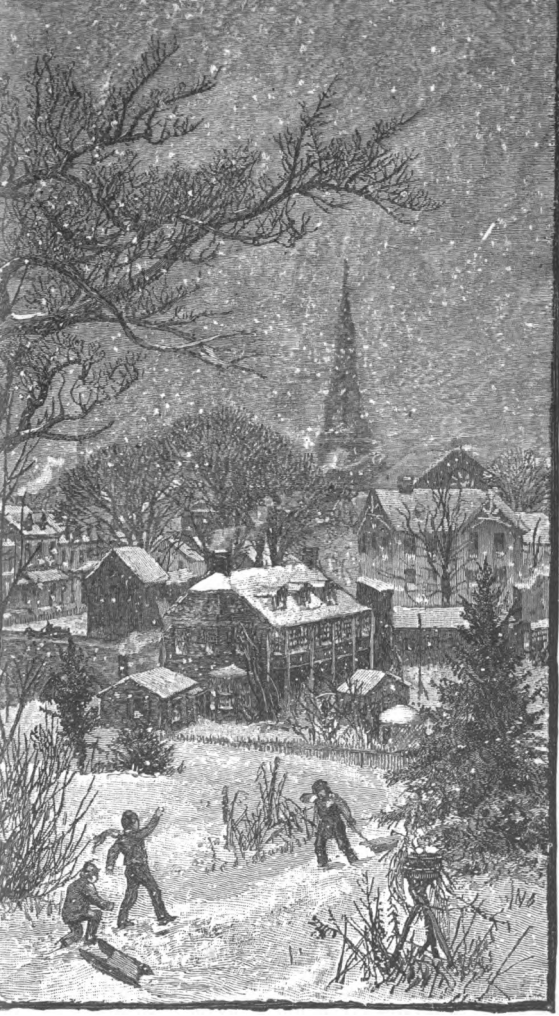

A NEW ENGLAND SNOW-STORM.

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upon the level common; and, unmindful
victory, would ask, "How came it
reared it? And what means it?" The
estal of many a battle monument has
questions, when none could answer.

por-tent'ous, serving to foreshow.
dis-cern'i-ble (*diz-zĕrn'-*), visible.
ped'es tal, the base or support of a column or statue.
cou'rĭ-er (*kōō'-*), a messenger.
in-tĕr-vĕn'ing, coming between.
sat'ire, a species
vice or folly to
prow'ess, bravery
an'nū-als, plants
year.
pro-vōked' (*-vōkt*

Explain: a blue-nosed, frosty fortitude (2); eddying strains (9); embodied onsets (9).

Point out a simile in paragraph 8.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of th
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er th
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited
Hides hills and woods, the river and
And veils the farmhouse at the garde
The sled and traveler stopped, the cou
Delayed, all friends shut out, the hou
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

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CXX. — THE SKYLARK.

HOGG.

GG, a Scotch poet very inferior to Burns in genius, was like humble birth and almost total lack of education. He wrote a great beauty, and many that are no longer read.
early life tended sheep for a livelihood on the Ettrick River, he alled "the Ettrick Shepherd."
rn in 1770, and died in 1835.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
et be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place:
abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
ical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
et will thy welcome and bed of love be!

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Blest is thy dwelling-place
O to abide in the desert with the

blithe'some (*th* as in *this*), sprightly.
chĕr'ub, angel.
cum'ber-less, free from care.
des'ert, *here*, a wild place; a solitude.
'ell, a barren or stony hill.
gloam'ing, twil
lea, meadow.
mat'in, morning
moor'land, mars
sheen, bright.

CXXI. — THE INFLUENCE OF

MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, an English autho
born on October 25, 1800, and died on December 28,
degree at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Macaulay's chief work is his "History of England,
tending through five volumes, covers a period of only
history is as interesting as a novel. Its style is wond
fascinating. The same may be said of his "Miscellaneo
subjects, chiefly of an historical and biographical chara
Ancient Rome" will always be a favorite with young re

1. IF we consider merely the subtlety
the force of imagination, the perfect e
gance of expression, which characterize t
of Athenian genius, we must pronounce
cally most valuable; but what shall we
reflect that from hence have sprung, d
rectly, all the noblest creations of the h
that from hence were the vast accomplish
brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering
the plastic imagination of Dante, the hu
tes, the comprehension of Bacon, the wit
supreme and universal excellence of Shak

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he triumphs of truth and genius over preju-
ower, in every country and in every age, have
riumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great
e made a stand against violence and fraud, in
of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit
lst of them, inspiring, encouraging, consoling,
lonely lamp of Erasmus, by the restless bed of
the tribune of Mirabeau, in the cell of Galileo,
ffold of Sidney.

who shall estimate her influence on private
? Who shall say how many thousands have
e wiser, happier, and better by those pursuits
she has taught mankind to engage, — to how
studies which took their rise from her have
th in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in
society in solitude?

power is indeed manifested at the bar, in
e, in the field of battle, in the schools of phi-
But these are not her glory. Wherever lit-
onsoles sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it
adness to eyes which fail with wakefulness
, and ache for the dark house and the long
here is exhibited, in its noblest form, the im-
fluence of Athens.

dervish, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate
on to his comrade the camels with their load
and gold, while he retained the casket of that
is juice which enabled him to behold at one
the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it
ggeration to say, that no external advantage is
pared with that purification of the intellectual
h gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth
ental world, all the hoarded treasures of the

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6. Her freedom and her power have
twenty centuries been annihilated; he
degenerated into timid slaves, her langu
barous jargon; her temples have been g
successive depredations of Romans, Turl
men; but her intellectual empire is imp

7. And when those who have rivaled
shall have shared her fate; when civilizat
edge shall have fixed their abode in dist
when the scepter shall have passed away
when, perhaps, travelers from distant r
vain labor to decipher on some molderi
name of our proudest chief, shall hear
chanted to some misshapen idol over tl
of our proudest temple, and shall see
man wash his nets in the river of the
masts, — her influence and her glory wi
fresh in eternal youth, exempt from
decay, immortal as the intellectual princi
they derived their origin, and over whicl
their control.

dis-qui-si'tion (*-zish'un*), a systematic discussion of any subject.
pri-me'val, belonging to the first ages; primitive.
dy'nas-ty (*dī'na*) succession of family.
an-ni'hi-lāt-ed,

Ju'venal, a Roman poet who flourished about A. D. greatest of Italian poets (b. 1265, d. 1321). He wrote media" (*de-ve'nà kom-mā'de-à*). — **Cervantes** (*sĕr-vān't* (b. 1547, d. 1616) who wrote "Don Quixote." — **Bacon**, S English philosopher (b. 1561, d. 1626). — **Butler**, **Samu** who wrote "Hudibras" (b. 1612, d. 1680). — **Eras'mus** classical scholar and theologian (b. 1467, d. 1536). — French philosopher and mathematician (b. 1623, d. 1

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— **Sidney, Algernon,** an English statesman who was be-
3 on a false charge of treason. — **river of the ten thousand**
at is, the Thames. (What figure? See page 432, III.)

— ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.

BYRON.

exquisite lines from "The Giaour," we have Byron at his best
The striking simile by which Modern Greece is depicted with
ity unchanged, "but living Greece no more," the selection of a
ve as a type of the degenerate Greeks, and the noble sentiments
e appeal is made, all combined, stir the soul as only the truest

who hath bent him o'er the dead
the first day of death is fled,
first dark day of nothingness,
last of danger and distress,
ore Decay's effacing fingers
e swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
marked the mild, angelic air,
rapture of repose that 's there,
fixed yet tender traits that streak
languor of the placid cheek,
but for that sad, shrouded eye,
hat fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
nd but for that chill, changeless brow,
ere cold obstruction's apathy
alls the gazing mourner's heart,
if to him it could impart
doom he dreads, yet dwells upon, —
, but for these, and these alone,

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He still might doubt the tyrant's pow
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!

Such is the aspect of this shore:
'T is Greece, but living Greece no mo
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness of death,
That parts not quite with parting bre
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tom
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling passed a
Spark of that flame, perchance of heave
Which gleams, but warms no more its ch

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-c
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grav
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slav
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lav
O servile offspring of the free!
Pronounce what sea, what shore, is th
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of the former fires;

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ll add to theirs a name of fear
at Tyranny shall quake to hear,
d leave his sons a hope, a fame,
ey too will rather die than shame:
r Freedom's battle once begun,
queathed by bleeding sire to son,
ough baffled oft, is ever won.

ar witness, Greece, thy living page!
test it many a deathless age!
hile kings, in dusty darkness hid,
ave left a nameless pyramid,
y heroes, though the general doom
ath swept the column from their tomb,
mightier monument command,
he mountains of their native land!
here points thy muse to stranger's eye
he graves of those that cannot die!

were long to tell, and sad to trace,
ach step from splendor to disgrace;
nough no foreign foe could quell
hy soul, till from itself it fell;
es! self-abasement paved the way
o villain bonds and despot sway.

(*jowr*, *ow* as in *cow*). — **obstruction's apathy** (line 14), the ich the bodily powers are obstructed; that is, death. — **Ther-**42), a famous pass leading from Thessaly into Southern Greece, nidas and his three hundred Spartans withstood the attacks of se Persian host. — **Sal'a-mis** (46), a small island in the Gulf ten miles west of Athens. Near this island the Greeks under les gained a memorable naval victory over the Persians in 480 B. C. **eless pyramid** (62). The origin of the pyramids is lost in an- A common opinion was that they were intended as tombs for kings.

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CXXIII. — WOLSEY AND CROM

SHAKESPEARE.

THE following scene is taken from the historical play VIII." Cardinal Wolsey had been prime minister of Engl of enormous wealth and unbounded power, but, in losing king, had lost all. Thomas Cromwell was a friend a household, who remained faithful to his benefactor in his

Wol. Farewell, a long farewell, to all m
This is the state of man: to-day he puts fo
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blo
And bears his blushing honors thick upon l
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full s
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have venture
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladd
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
At length broke under me, and now has lef
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide m
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretc
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' fav
There is,* betwixt that smile we would aspi
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin
More pangs and fears than wars or women
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

* We should now write the plural form *are*. Formerl ning a sentence, was often followed by a plural subject.

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Enter CROMWELL, *and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!
I have no power to speak, sir.
What, amazed
isfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
nan should decline? Nay, an you weep,
en indeed.
How does your grace?
Why, well;
truly happy, my good Cromwell.
nyself now; and I feel within me
above all earthly dignities,
nd quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
ined pillars, out of pity, taken
ould sink a navy, too much honor:
burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden
y for a man that hopes for heaven!
I am glad your grace has made that right use
t.
I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
fortitude of soul I feel,
re more miseries, and greater far,
y weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
ews abroad?
The heaviest and the worst
displeasure with the king.
God bless him!
The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
ancelor in your place.
That 's somewhat sudden;
s a learned man. May he continue
his Highness' favor, and do justice

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May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept o
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with v
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marri
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled
Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glor
In that one woman I have lost forever!
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, C
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have t
What and how true thou art: he will adva
Some little memory of me will stir him —
I know his noble nature — not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cro
Neglect him not; make use now, and provi
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs fore
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iro
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lo

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nd forever shall be yours.
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
miseries; but thou hast forced me,
y honest truth, to play the woman.
our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
en I am forgotten, as I shall be,
p in dull cold marble, where no mention
ore must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
lsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
nded all the depths and shoals of honor,
nee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
nd safe one, though thy master missed it.
t my fall, and that that ruined me.
l, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
ge of his Maker, hope to win by it?
yself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
on wins not more than honesty.
thy right hand carry gentle peace,
ce envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
he ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
l's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
ll'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
Prithee, lead me in:
ake an inventory of all I have,
last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
y integrity to Heaven, is all
now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
out served my God with half the zeal
d my king, he would not in mine age
eft me naked to mine enemies!
. Good sir, have patience.

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aspect' (line 19), look. Shakespeare accents this wor
ble. — **their ruin** (19), the ruin which princes inflict
Satan. — **an** (25), if. — **Cranmer** (50). Thomas Cran
burnt at the stake in 1556). — **Lady Anne** (52). Ann
the second wife of Henry VIII. — **in open** (54), witho
an acknowledged wife. — **has gone beyond me** (58), cir
reached me. — **the noble troops** (61), the Cardinal's ret
— **make use now** (70), make interest now. — **prithee** (

CXXIV. — FROZEN WORD

ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milston, Wiltshire, En
was educated at Oxford. **He died in 1719.**

The writings on which his fame chiefly rests are his
for the "Tatler" and the "Spectator," periodicals pub
form between 1709 and 1714. Addison's contributions
variety of subjects, and many of them have not ceased to
their readers ever since they were first given to the public.
terized by light and playful fancy, delicate, sunshiny
graceful style, and almost faultless diction. The genero
pervades them makes known the sweetness of temper an
of the man.

The following delightful paper shows the ingenious
humor characteristic of Addison's peculiar genius. No
credulous as to take this facetious story as the relation o
It is a pleasant satire on the tales of those travelers wh
"draw the long bow," and affords innocent diversion b
into the realm of fancy and imagination. Such stories
Gulliver, the Voyages of Sindbad, and even the Fables
description. They do not have the essence of a lie, wh
or in word, is *the intention to deceive.*

1. THERE are no books which I m
than in travels, especially those that d
countries, and give the writer an opportu

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d or contradicted. Among all the authors of
d, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mande-
as distinguished himself by the copiousness of
ention and the greatness of his genius.
he second to Sir John I take to have been Fer-
Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure and
led imagination. One reads the voyages of these
at wits with as much astonishment as the travels
sses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in
. All is enchanted ground and fairy-land.
have got into my hands, by great chance, several
ripts of these two eminent authors, which are
ith greater wonders than any of those they have
nicated to the public. The present paper I in-
o fill with an extract of Sir John's journal, in
that learned and worthy knight gives an account
freezing and thawing of several short speeches
he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. The
n put into modern language is as follows: —
We were separated by a storm in the latitude of
omuch that only the ship which I was in, with a
and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova
a. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and
urselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel
themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some dis-
from each other, to fence themselves against the
encies of the weather, which was severe beyond
nation.
"We soon observed, that in talking to one another
st several of our words, and could not hear one
er at above two yards' distance, and that too when
t very near the fire. After much perplexity, I

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6. "I was soon confirmed in this conj
upon the increase of the cold, the whole c
dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was s
afterwards found, that he spoke as well as
sounds no sooner took air than they were c
lost. It was now a miserable spectacle t
ding and gaping at one another, every mar
no man heard. One might observe a seam
hail a ship at a league distance, beckon
hands, straining his lungs, and tearing hi
all in vain.

7. "We continued here three weeks ir
plight. At length, upon a turn of wind,
us began to thaw. Our cabin was imme
with a dry clattering sound, which I afte
to be the crackling of consonants that bro
heads, and were often mixed with a gentle l
I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so
the English tongue. I soon after felt a br
pers rushing by my ear; for those, being c
gentle substance, immediately liquefied ir
wind that blew across our cabin.

8. "These were soon followed by syllabl
words, and at length by entire sentences,
sooner or later, as they were more or less c
that we now heard everything that had
during the whole three weeks that we had
if I may use that expression.

9. "It was now very early in the morning
my surprise, I heard somebody say, 'Sir Jol
night, and time for the ship's crew to go to

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ıcluded that he had spoken these words to me
's before, though I could not hear them before
nt thaw. My reader will easily imagine how
e crew was amazed to hear every man talking,
o man opening his mouth.

n the midst of this great surprise we were all
ard a volley of oaths, lasting for a long while,
ed in a very hoarse voice, which I knew be-
the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow,
taken his opportunity of swearing at me when
ht I could not hear him; for I had several
en him the strappado on that account, as I did
o repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when
ı on shipboard.

When this confusion of voices was pretty well
ugh I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing
not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch
ich lay about a mile farther up into the coun-
crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had
covered their hearing, though every man uttered
with the same apprehensions that I had done.

At about half a mile's distance from our cabin,
l the groanings of a bear, which at first startled
upon inquiry we were informed by some of our
that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having
led upon that very spot about a fortnight be-
the time of the frost. Not far from the same
e were likewise entertained with some posthu-
arls and barkings of a fox.

We at length arrived at the little Dutch settle-
d, upon entering the room, found it filled with
at smelt of brandy, and several other unsavory

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his sword; but not knowing where to l
he put it up again. We were stunned w
fused noises, but did not hear a single v
half an hour after; which I ascribed to
obdurate sounds of that language, which
time than ours to melt and become aud

14. "After having here met with a ve
come, we went to the French cabin,
amends for their three weeks' silence, we
disputing with greater rapidity and confu
I heard in an assembly even of that
language, as I found, upon the first giving
fell asunder and dissolved.

15. "I was here convinced of an er
I had before fallen; for I fancied that f
of the sound it was necessary for it
up, and, as it were, preserved in breath
my mistake when I heard the sound o
a minuet over our heads. I asked the
upon which one of the company told m
play there above a week longer if the t
'For,' says he, 'finding ourselves bereft
prevailed upon one of the company, who
cal instrument about him, to play to us
to night; all which time we employed in

16. Here Sir John gives very goo
reasons why the kit could be heard du
but as they are something prolix, I p
in silence, and shall only observe that
author seems, by his quotations, to have l
in the ancient poets, which perhaps r

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ted to the embellishment of his writings.

ı-cy, severity, — used of her.
inlet; a cove.
.o, a punishment which l in hoisting the offender lenly letting him fall.
(*kŏl′-*), given to anger.
kit, a small fiddle.
val′et, a man-servant who attends on a gentleman's person.
ob′dū-rate, harsh; stubborn.
min′ū-et, a tune played for a slow, graceful dance.
pro-lix′, long and tedious.

ın **Mandeville,** an English traveler, born about 1300, who wrote travels full of extravagant stories. — **Ferdinand Mendez Pinto** ıguese traveler, who wrote a marvelous account of his adventures Japan, etc. He died in 1583.

e meaning of "posthumous" (*pŏst′ū-mŭs*), when applied to the *ld, writing, fame.* — Find out something about Ulysses, and some- ut the Red Cross Knight.

CXXV. — SKIPPER BEN.

LUCY LARCOM.

LARCOM, an American writer, born at Beverly Farms in Massachu- 1826, has won the attention of a wide circle of appreciative readers. says: "Her ballads have the true flavor and feeling of the breezy land sea-coast."

SAILING away!
ɔsing the breath of the shores in May,
ropping down from the beautiful bay,
ver the sea slope vast and gray!
nd the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind;
or a vision comes on the rising wind
f a gentle face that he leaves behind,
nd a heart that throbs through the fog bank dim,
Thinking of him

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Fixed on the dangerous island height
That bars the harbor he loves from sig
And he wishes at dawn he could tell t
Of how they had weathered the southv
To brighten the cheek that had grown
With a wakeful night among specters
Terrors for him.

3. Yo — heave — yo!
Here's the Bank where the fishermen
Over the schooner's sides they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land
Something that stirs like his apple tre
And two soft eyes that beneath them
Lifted to him.

4. Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slit sails tea
"Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ann
Then hark to the Beverly bells once n
And each man worked with the will o
While up in the rigging, now and the
The lightning glared in the face of Be
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

5. Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple and eyes t
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain!

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again shall he walk at ease
his blossoming apple trees,
whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down
was known in the still old town:
dy guessed how the fisherman brown,
the look of despair that was half a frown,
his fate in the furious night, —
the mad billows with hunger white,
within hail of the beacon light,
shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells
to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
vas the anguish a moment tells, —
passionate sorrow death quickly knells;
he wearing wash of a lifelong woe
t for the desolate heart to know,
se tides with the dull years come and go,
nope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

rain, etc. (5), is connected with "Pierces the memory," etc.

lliteration in stanza 6; also one in stanza 7. (Alliteration is
n element of beauty in English speech. Such expressions as
main," "time and tide," "wake and watch," are examples.
should not seem studied or far-fetched.)

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CXXVI. — THE CLOUDS.

RUSKIN.

1. It is a strange thing how little, in g know about the sky. It is the part c which nature has done more for the sak man, more for the sole and evident purp to him and teaching him, than in any works; and it is just the part in wl attend to her.

2. There are not many of her other w some more material or essential purpose t pleasing of man is not answered by every organization; but every essential purpos might, so far as we know, be answere three days or thereabouts, a great, ugl cloud were brought up over the blue, a well watered, and so all left blue again with perhaps a film of morning and eve dew.

3. And, instead of this, there is not any day of our lives when nature is n scene after scene, picture after picture glory, and working still upon such exqui stant principles of the most perfect beau quite certain that it is all done for us, for our perpetual pleasure. And every r placed, however far from other sources of beauty, has this doing for him consta

4. The noblest scenes of the earth car known but by few; it is not intended tha

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ys in the midst of them: he injures them by
nce; he ceases to feel them if he be always
n. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it
oo bright or good for human nature's daily
is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual
nd exalting of the heart; for soothing it, and
it from its dross and dust.
letimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes
ver the same for two moments together, almost
its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness,
vine in its infinity, — its appeal to what is im-
us is as distinct, as its ministry of chastise-
of blessing to what is mortal, is essential.
yet we never attend to it; we never make
ect of thought, but as it has to do with our
nsations; we look upon all by which it speaks
re clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears
o the intention of the Supreme that we are
more from the covering vault than the light
dew which we share with the weed and the
ly as a succession of meaningless and monot-
idents, too common and too vain to be worthy
ment of watchfulness or a glance of admi-

n our moments of utter idleness and insipid-
urn to the sky as a last resource, which of
mena do we speak of? One says it has been
another it has been windy, and another it
warm. Who can tell me of the forms and
ices of the chain of tall white mountains that
e horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the
nbeam that came out of the south, and smote
ir summits, until they melted and moldered

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the dead clouds when the sunlight left ther
and the west wind blew them before it l
leaves ?

8. All has passed unregretted as unseer
apathy be ever shaken off, even for an i
only by what is gross or what is extrao
yet it is not in the broad and fierce man
the elemental energies, not in the clash
nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the
acters of the sublime are developed. G
the earthquake nor in the fire, but in tl
voice.

9. It is in quiet and subdued passages
majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the
that which must be sought ere it is se
ere it is understood; things which the ar
for us daily, and yet vary eternally; wh
wanting, and never repeated; which are
always, yet each found but once: it is
that the lesson of devotion is chiefly ta
blessing of beauty given.

not too bright, etc. (4). This quotation is from
beginning "She was a phantom of delight."

Point out cases of alliteration in paragraphs 6 and 7
is excessively used in these paragraphs ?

THE soft blue sky did never
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blu

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CXXVII. — SUNRISE.

THOMSON.

IOMSON wrote "The Seasons," an extended but popular poem ghout by a certain stateliness or pomp of diction. He also wrote of Indolence," and the national song of "Rule Britannia." was born in Scotland in 1700, and died in 1748.

omes the powerful king of day,
in the east. The lessening cloud,
ing azure, and the mountain's brow
vith fluid gold, his near approach
glad.

Lo! now, apparent all,
e dewbright earth, and colored air,
in boundless majesty abroad;
s the shining day, that burnished plays
and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
ming from afar.

Prime cheerer, Light!
terial beings first, and best!
ine! Nature's resplendent robe!
whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
ntial gloom; and thou, O Sun!
rrounding worlds! in whom best seen
t thy Maker, may I sing of thee?

e shining day (2), that is, the *light* of day. (What figure? 2, III.) — **burnished,** resplendent; that is, the light renders ght or resplendent. — **High gleaming,** etc., refers to rocks and

: efflux divine (3); vesting beauty; unessential gloom.
figure in the first line, and show its appropriateness.

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CXXVIII. — SILAS FINDS HIS T

GEORGE ELIOT.

GEORGE ELIOT is the pseudonym of Miss Mary An
woman who wrote novels of such remarkable depth and
some good judges considered to outrank all other novelis
Her works display so great learning, and make such
reader's attention, that they can hardly be regarded as

Miss Evans was born, November 22, 1819, and died,

Some of her principal works are "Adam Bede," "Th
"Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," and "Midd

Silas Marner is described, in the story of the same na
lived alone in a cottage situated in a retired place. He w
and his trust in God and man had been shaken by treach
only delight was in counting over in the evenings his litt
fruits of his earnings. This gold had been stolen from it
time before the occurrence of the event which is here rel

The mother perishes in the snow near Silas's cottag
creeps in at the open door, and is saved to grow up and
his lonely life.

1. IN the evening twilight, and later
night was not dark, Silas looked out
prospect round the stone-pits, listening
with hope, but with mere yearning an
morning he had been told by some o
that it was new-year's eve, and that
and hear the old year rung out and th
because that was good luck, and might b
back again.

2. Since the on-coming of twilight
his door again and again, though only t
diately at seeing all distance veiled by t
But the last time he opened it the sn
and the clouds were parting here and th
and listened, and gazed for a long whil

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mething on the road coming toward him then, aught no sign of it; and the stillness and the ckless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and his yearning with the chill of despair.

went in again, and put his right hand on the the door to close it; — but he did not close it: rrested, as he had been already since his loss, nvisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a mage, with wide but sightless eyes, holding door, powerless to resist either the good or might enter there.

ien Marner's sensibility returned, he continued n which had been arrested, and closed his door, of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of rmediate change, except that the light had im, and that he was chilled and faint. He he had been too long standing at the door and out.

rning toward the hearth, where the two logs had art, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, l himself in his fireside chair, and was stooping his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it s if there was gold on the floor in front of the gold — his own gold — brought back to him as usly as it had been taken away! He felt his gin to beat violently, and for a few moments unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the treasure.

e heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, tched forth his hand; but instead of the hard h the familiar, resisting outline, his fingers en- d soft, warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas

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marvel: it was a sleeping child, — a ro
with soft, yellow rings all over its hea

7. Could this be his little sister come
a dream, — his little sister whom he ha
in his arms for a year before she died,
small boy without shoes or stockings?
first thought that darted across Silas's
ment. Was it a dream?

8. He rose to his feet again, push
gether, and, throwing on some dried le
raised a flame; but the flame did not dis
— it only lit up more distinctly the li
of the child and its shabby clothing. It
like his little sister. Silas sunk into l
less, under the double presence of an i
prise and a hurrying influx of memor
when had the child come in without
He had never been beyond the door.

9. But there was a cry on the hearth
awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it c
clung round his neck, and burst louder
that mingling of inarticulate cries with
which little children express the bewild
ing. Silas pressed it to him, and almos
uttered sounds of hushing tenderness
thought himself that some of his porri
got cool by the dying fire, would do to
with, if it were only warmed up a litt

10. He had plenty to do through
The porridge, sweetened with some dr
from an old store which he had refrai
for himself, stopped the cries of the little

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her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas,
ut the spoon into her mouth. Presently she
from his knee and began to toddle about, but
pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and
er lest she should fall against anything that
urt her. But she only fell in a sitting pos-
the ground, and began to pull at her boots,
up at him with a crying face, as if the boots
.

le took her on his knee again, but it was some
ore it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that
boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm
He got them off with difficulty, and baby was
happily occupied with the primary mystery of
toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to
the mystery too.

But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas
child had been walking on the snow. and this
him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary
y which it could have entered or been brought
house. Under the prompting of this new idea,
nout waiting to form conjectures, he raised the
his arms and went to the door.

s soon as he had opened it there was the cry
mmy!" again, which Silas had not heard since
l's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he
st discern the marks made by the little feet on
n snow and he followed their track to the furze-
"Mammy!" the little one cried again and
tretching itself forward so as almost to escape
las's arms, before he himself was aware that
as something more than the bush before him,
there was a human body, with the head sunk

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in'flux, a flowing in.
ob-liv'i-on, forgetfulness.
cat'a-lep-sy, trance
in-ex'pli-ca-ble, un

invisible wand of catalepsy (3). The allusion is t
fairy who by waving her wand should suddenly deprive o
feeling.

CXXIX. — OLD-FASHIONED GAL

LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB is one of the few authors, like Golds
whom the reader learns to love. He is sometimes called
gentle Elia," from the writings on which his literary fam
says of Elia." These essays are delightful reading, abo
thought, quaint humor, and tender pathos. We learn, too
about the author, — his habits, opinions, and some of the
as the beauties of his character.

Lamb was born in London, in 1775. During thirty-th
he was a clerk in an office of the East India Company. H

1. JOSEPH PAICE, of Bread Street Hill,
one of the directors of the South Sea Com
only pattern of consistent gallantry I h
Though brought up a merchant, he was
tleman of his time. He had not one sy
tion to females in the drawing-room, and
shop or at the stall. I do not mean tha
distinction. But he never lost sight of
looked it in the casualties of a disadva
tion. I have seen him stand bareheaded
please — to a poor servant-girl, while sh
quiring of him the way to some street, —
ture of unforced civility as neither to er
the acceptance, nor himself in the offer,

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l, after women; but he reverenced and upheld,
form in which it came before him, *womanhood.*
een him — nay, smile not — tenderly escorting
-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower,
his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that
receive no damage, with as much carefulness
e had been a countess. To the reverend form
le Eld he would yield the wall (though it were
ncient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than
afford to show our grandams.

e was never married, but in his youth he paid
esses to the beautiful Susan Win'stanley, — old
ley's daughter of Clapton, — who, dying in the
ys of their courtship, confirmed in him the reso-
f perpetual bachelorship. It was during their
urtship, he told me, that he had been one day
her with a profusion of civil speeches, — the
gallantries, — to which kind of thing she had
manifested no repugnance; but in this in-
vith no effect. He could not obtain from her a
acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed
t his compliments. He could not set it down to
for the lady had always shown herself above
tleness.

Then he ventured, on the following day, finding
ittle better-humored, to expostulate with her on
dness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual
ess, that she had no sort of dislike to his atten-
that she could even endure some high-flown com-
ts; that a young woman placed in her situation
ight to expect all sort of civil things said to her;
e hoped she could digest a dose of adulation,

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had commenced his compliments — she
him by accident, in rather rough langu
young woman who had not brought hom
quite to the appointed time, and she thou
"As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a y
a reputed beauty, and known to be a for
have my choice of the finest speeches fro
of this very fine gentleman who is courti
I had been poor Mary Such-a-one," (nan
liner,) "and had failed of bringing home t
the appointed hour, — though perhaps I ha
the night to forward them, — what sort of
should I have received then? And my v
came to my assistance; and I thought th
only to do *me* honor, a female, like mysel
received handsomer usage: and I was de
to accept any fine speeches, to the compr
sex the belonging to which was, after all,
claim and title to them."

5. I think the lady discovered both gen
just way of thinking, in this rebuke which
lover; and I have sometimes imagined tha
mon strain of courtesy, which through life
actions and behavior of my friend toward
kind indiscriminately, owed its happy o
seasonable lesson

6. I wish the whole female world wo
the same notion of these things that Miss
showed. Then we should see something
of consistent gallantry; and no longer
anomaly of the same man a pattern of tr

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of his female sweetheart, the disparager and
of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate —
ale — maiden cousin. Just so much respect as
n derogates from her own sex, in whatever
n placed, — her handmaid or dependent, — she
to have diminished from herself on that score;
obably will feel the diminution, when youth and
and advantages not inseparable from sex, shall
r attraction.

hat a woman should demand of a man, in
p, or after it, is, first, respect for her as she is
n; and, next to that, to be respected by him
l other women. But let her stand upon her
character as upon a foundation; and let the at-
incident to individual preference be so many
dditaments and ornaments — as many, and as
as you please — to that main structure. Let
lesson be, with sweet Susan Winstanley, to
her sex.

(*-prence'*), change of hu-
opinion without reason;

nce, opposition of mind;

late, argue with and en-

com'pro-mise (*-miz*), *here*, the putting to hazard.
a-nom'a-ly, departure from the common rule; irregularity.
ad-dit'a-ments, things added
dĕr'o-gates, detracts; takes away.
hand'maid, a female servant.

the figures "Female *Eld*" (2); "known to be *a fortune*" (4).

To thine own self be true;
d it must follow, as the night the day,
ou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare.

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CXXX. — WASHINGTON AT NEW

EVARTS.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS, one of the foremost lawyers of th and widely known as an orator, was born in Boston in 1818. Yale College in 1837, he studied law and was admitted to York City. During President Hayes's administration he v State.

After the surrender of Cornwallis and the British arm Washington established his headquarters at Newburg on t the American armies were encamped in the neighboring fie remained eighteen months, awaiting the result of negoti At last the treaty was signed, acknowledging our independ 18th of October, 1783, Congress issued a proclamation disch 3d of November, all who had engaged to serve during the w

The following eloquent tribute paid to the services and cl ington is taken from Mr. Evarts's oration, delivered at the Ce tion in the city of Newburg, October 18th, 1883.

1. ON this very day, one hundred years a issued a proclamation disbanding all the Washington, from Princeton, under date of N 1783, put forth his "Farewell Address to of the United States."

2. These two remarkable papers emb their counsels, their exhortations, their their warnings, and their benediction, the the soldiers of the whole country. They the evidence and the annunciation that th of Independence was accomplished, and th established.

3. No formal proclamations, no authenti ernment, could carry the weight, could re tention, could pervade the public mind, c the hearts, could stimulate the conscience,

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ir promised land, as did these personal words of
eat leader.

e stood, he was to stand, upon the level of com-
izenship with themselves. But it was a citizen-
ich had been built up, and was to endure, as a
of glory to a whole people, and an inheritance
perish, till they had lost the virtues illustrated
ulcated by Washington.

he interest, the reverence, that we feel as we
hese great transactions, as we stand upon the
ere they were enacted, center upon Washington.
verywhere and at all times, the part played upon
d, in these closing months of the Revolution, was
conspicuous nor complete in its greatness than
nifestation of his life.

ad these events closed his public service, had he
rever retired from the great theater of action and
, had he never filled out our admiration and our
le by the eight years of private life and the eight
f the chief magistracy which followed the sur-
of his military command, — if his great presence
framing of the Constitution and in the guidance
nation by high statesmanship and pure adminis-
if all this had been wanting to the full splen-
his fame, if he stood to his countrymen in their
y as he stood upon this very spot one hundred
go, — his face would have shone to all this peo-
did the face of Moses to the children of Israel
e delivered the Tables of the Law.

nd now, after a hundred years of marvelous for-
nd crowded experiences, we confront the days
e works and the men of the first age of the

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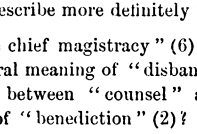
pendence by establishing our right to
though other powers sought to draw us int
the war for boundary, which pushed our
Pacific, and rounded our territory; the wa
stitution, which established for this peo
them and forever, "Liberty and Union
inseparable."

8. These rolling years have shown gr
growth, and strength, increasing strength
and numbers ever expanding, while intellig
art, culture, and religion have pervaded an
this material greatness. Wide, however, a
and vast our population to-day, these are
to the name, the fame, the power of the
acter of Washington. No spot in the
inhospitable to his glory, and no people in
in the influence of his power and his virtue

dis-band'ing, dismissing from military service.
au-then'tic, true and authoritative.
in-cul'cāt-ed, taug
in-hos'pi-ta-ble, u

passing from the wilderness, etc. (3). What event is here alluded to? Find in the Bible something said abo ised to the Israelites. — **the face of Moses** (6). See E 30. — **Three wars** (7). Describe more definitely these w

Explain the phrases "the chief magistracy" (6); "fran tion" (6). What is the literal meaning of "disbanding" (any difference in meaning between "counsel" and "e What word is the opposite of "benediction" (2)? Can y ence in meaning between "reputation" and "character" (



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CXXXI. — UNION AND LIBERTY.

HOLMES.

1.

' the heroes who left us their glory,
e through their battle-fields' thunder and flame
d in song and illumined in story,
e o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
and Liberty! One evermore!

2.

f our firmament, guide of our Nation,
e of her children, and honored afar,
wide beams of thy full constellation
er each cloud that would darken a star!

3.

unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
ing the standard of Liberty's van?
not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
ing with men for the birthright of man!

4.

by madness and treachery blighted,
ns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw
vith the arms of thy millions united
e the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

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Lord of the Universe? shield us and gu
Trusting Thee always, through shadov
Thou hast united us, who shall divide u
Keep us, O keep us, the Many in One
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

bla/zoned (*-znd*), proclaimed. | **il-lu/mined,** lighte

Explain: sprinkled with starry light (1); empire unsc
erty's van (3); the Many in One (5).

What real meaning is expressed metaphorically in the
lines of the second stanza?

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re of speech is a deviation from the plain and ordi-
le of speaking, with a view to greater effect. When,
f saying, "That is very strange," we exclaim, "How
" we use a figure (exclamation). "Now is the
our discontent," is figurative (metaphor); the word
' is diverted from signifying a season of the year,
ss a condition of the human feelings.*

simile (*sim'i-le*) expresses a likeness or a similarity
ns between two objects different in kind. A simile
lly introduced by *like*, *as*, *so*, or *thus*. Examples: —
llad of Chevy Chase stirs the heart *like the sound of*
t." "That man is *as cunning as a fox*." "Like
ıer pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them
him."

ı [the miller] *like the working bee in blossom dust*,
ıched with his mill they found."

metaphor is a compressed simile. The objects are
to be, not similar, but identical. Examples: —
rewd *man* is a *fox*." "That *boy* is a *snail*." "*He*
ı in the fight." "The wish is *father* to the thought."
ɛtaphor can be expanded into a full simile. Thus,
phor, "The boat *flies* through the water," may be
into, "As a bird flies in the air, so the boat moves
ıter," or the relation between the bird and the air
ɜ the same as the relation between the boat and the
The three terms which we are supposed to know are
ıg, *boat*, — the unknown term being the motion of
which by means of the three known terms itself

notes are given chiefly on the authority of Bain's "English Com-
l Rhetoric," and Abbott and Seeley's "English Lessons."

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Metaphors may be expressed; as, "The thoug
or implied; as, "This is a *striking* thought."

III. **Metonymy** (*me-ton'ĭ-mĭ*) is the namin
some accompaniment; as, (1.) the sign, or an
junct, for the thing signified; (2.) the cause
the effect for the cause; (3.) the instrument
doer; (4.) the container for the thing contain
ples: — (1.) "*Gray hairs* should be respected
people or *old age* (either the *sign*, or the *effec*
"There is too much *red tape* in this business,"
(2.) "You write a bad *hand*," that is, "han
put for *writing*, the effect. "The *pen* is mi
sword," that is, *intelligence* . . . than *force*
bayonets think." (4.) "The *kettle* boils," th
in it. "She sets a good *table*." An autho
works, as, "Have you read *Milton?*"

IV. **Synecdoche** (*sĭn-ek'dŏ-ke*) consists, in
mon form, in naming a thing by some part of
are fifty *sail* in the harbor," that is, *ships*.
thousand *souls* in town." "Give us this day o
that is, *food*. "She had seen sixteen *summe*
whole for a part is also called synecdoche; a
year," for the spring. This figure includes th
species for the genus; as, "He is a *cut-throa*
derer; or the genus for the species; as, a *crea*
also, the putting of the abstract for the con
for *the young;* or the concrete for the abst
father yearns in his breast," that is, *fatherly*

V. **Personification** consists in attributing l
inanimate things; as, "Old *Ocean* smiles";
prow, and *Pleasure* at the helm."

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